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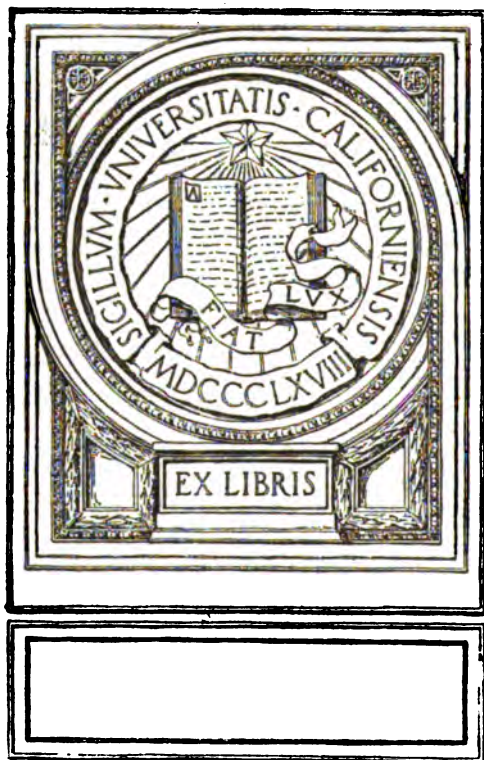
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# **LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES**





# LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

BY

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF

"CIVILIZATION AND PROGRESS," "HISTORY OF INTELLECTUAL  
DEVELOPMENT," "THE WHEEL OF WEALTH," ETC.

ON

RELIGION AS IT STANDS TO-DAY;  
RELIGIOUS CONVERSION; SPIRITUALISM;  
IMPERIAL POLITICS; FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION;  
SOCIALISM, ETC.

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## PREFACE

I SHOULD scarcely have ventured to republish here, by way of winding up my literary career, those of the following chapters which have already appeared elsewhere, were it not for some considerations which the War has forced into prominence. The most general of these perhaps is, that the War like a sudden upheaval in Geology has, by its clearance of the field of old and outgrown doctrines and theories, quickened the pace, as it were, of every kind of Social, Moral and even Intellectual Evolution; if, indeed, it has not entirely short-circuited most of them. So that doctrines which would have otherwise lingered on for generations, have, to the surprise of their adherents, been swallowed up as if by an earthquake, and buried in graves from which there is no resurrection. If, therefore, I were asked, what parts, then, of all my ponderous tomes, written many of them long before the War, have survived it unscathed, I should answer—these “Last Words.” They are in a way, my last will and testament in a nutshell. Had my line been the Mathematics, the War as such could not have affected them a jot; nor can it touch much of my purely Historical studies on the “Evolution of Civilization,” nor my “History of Intellectual Development.” But as for my Political predictions, my schemes of Social reconstruction, my Political Economy of Free Trade or Protection, or the future of Socialism, the War will either “make me, or undo me quite.” And therefore on these “Last Words” as the tattered remnants of an “Old Guard,” stripped to their barest

v

bones, I am content, in spite of the War, to stand or fall. Should I stand the ordeal, I trust they will be accounted to me for righteousness; as having followed at least truly Scientific lines. On the other hand, should my predictions fail to meet the wants of the New Times before us, I must then be content either to be put among the ranks of the "kite-flying" prophets who take their chance of a hit or a miss; or must fall back on the younger men of the coming generation, to correct, supplement or altogether to supersede my labours. At any rate, these "Last Words" are the condensed epitome of any legacy, which, as an old soldier in the cause of Scientific Truth, I have to leave to the younger generation, from a lifetime spent in devotion to the problems with which they deal.

A generation ago, the reigning kings in the Intellectual world were John Stuart Mill, Darwin, and Herbert Spencer. Spencer had shortly before superseded Mill, and Buckle, and Comte; and he and Darwin dividing the sovereignty of the Intellectual world, like Caesar and Antony, between them, reigned alone; supreme each in his separate sphere, from London to Paris, and from Paris to Germany, America and Japan; the one as the philosopher of Evolution in general, the other of Biology in particular. I had hoped myself to have followed on the lines of Spencer, my earliest Master; but when as a young man I had settled down to work, I found that I was unwillingly obliged to deny the Materialistic basis of his entire System—except in a single great Principle of his to which I have ever remained his debtor.

In the meantime, curiously enough, Samuel Butler, running on parallel basic lines to my own, was denying Darwin's great doctrine of the Evolution of Species from "Natural Selection" alone. But unfortunately

for both of us, we found ourselves up against a stone wall; not of prejudice, but of *genuine belief* throughout the whole domain of the Scientific World; and our work, in consequence, was ignored, and buried for the time in silence and oblivion. Nor was there any Court to which we could appeal. For, again, curiously enough, the Academical Professors at the Universities ignored us all alike; not only myself and Butler; but even the great Darwin and Spencer himself! What then were we to do? As for the effect of this boycott, I took it as gaily as if it were the stimulus of a stiff and bracing breeze on a stormy beach; but poor Butler took his neglect deeply to heart, and soured by it, withered away under it, dying before his prime. And there both of us remained as "literary outcasts" for more than twenty years; until just before the War, signs of favouring breezes here and there were felt blowing definitely in our favour, and breathing propitiously on our bones long since dead!

And now what do we find to-day? Spencer's Philosophy is said to be dead; great as was its colossal superstructure, and its real power; and yet, in my judgment, there is scarcely a division of it in which he cannot give all of us "points" even yet. Darwin's basis has been superseded in turn by the once despised Butler; and as for the Academical Dons who in the old days listened to the lightest whispers from Germany as if they were oracles, they are now seen flying from them as from a pestilence, and, like St. Peter, denying that they had ever known them! The old Academical Political Economy, too, which entrenched itself on the Free Trade principles of John Stuart Mill and Marshall, has not only been suspended during the War, but in my judgment has gone, never to return—until the conditions, summarized in the article in these "Last Words," are realized.

Another revolution which the War has effected is, that the Religion of Christ, and the doctrines of the Church, which were still sufficient to meet the needs of sorrow-laden souls, are now giving place to a Spiritualism of "spooks" and "mediums," on whose scraggy and beggarly shake-down, not merely the bewildered, the stricken, and the bereaved, are content to lie down in peace calmly awaiting their death—but even the "Intellectuals" as well. Is this not a strange topsy-turveydom? And would it not indeed be a theme for comedy, were it not so pathetic a tragedy? For consider it—That the very Christianity which when it came into the world occupied itself largely in casting out these "spooks" and "mediums," these sorcerers and necromancers—that this Christianity, I say, should in its decadence have so lost itself and its hold on the minds of men, that these "mediums" from their superior pose and elevation, can now actually condescend to patronize it—going even so far as to suggest that if its old and moribund leaves and branches could only be sprinkled by *their* healing waters, it would be revived in all its pristine vigour; and like the old and "wappened widow" in Shakespeare's "Timon," be "spiced to the April day again"! Is this not monstrous in this "so-called" Twentieth Century? No wonder that Father Vaughan, representing the Roman Catholic Church, should in his disgust on seeing Protestants lying down under this degradation, feel in his cheek a blush of shame! To me, as an outsider, there seems, I confess, something in the *continuous tradition* of the old Original Church after all! I have dealt at length here with all this, in my chapter on "Sir Oliver Lodge and Spiritualism."

Intimately associated with all these Religious phenomena is the problem of "Religious Conversion." I have tried to show what its psychology is, and how

it acts; and what its significance is, and what it is not; as well as what part the immense power it has had on the minds of the great Founders of Religions, has played in Civilization, and in the lives and characters of individual men throughout the ages.

In the paper on "Emerson, Cicero, the Stoics and Myself" I still keep to aspects of the Religious Problem as it exists to-day. It is a kind of four-handed game of Thought and Religious Speculation; and in spite of its brevity contains my last words on the central doctrines of the persons concerned. Emerson is a writer not to be thoroughly understood "without prayer and much fasting"; and his every thought is important, inasmuch as he still remains the Founder and Inspirer of the world-wide "Ethical Societies" of to-day.

Leaving these Religious problems, I come to my "last words" on what may be called the "High Politics" of to-day, and after the War: my articles on Canada, and India, and the still unsolved problem of Free Trade or Protection. In the first, a "Warning to Canada," I, as a Canadian myself, have laid down the *principles* which, in my judgment, should regulate the Trade relations of Canada and the United States, after as before the War—principles which must be jealously guarded in all Reciprocal Treaties between the two countries, so long as they are *separate* nations under different flags.

The article on the "Problem of India" written before the War, and prepared by me with much labour and care, lays down, in more or less detail, the principles which, in my judgment, should guide our Administration—however long we should remain there. It brought down on me at the time a three-column Editorial in the leading pro-English paper at Allahabad; as if I had proposed something of the nature



of a revolution! But what has been the result? That the War has transformed my harmless propaganda into something so axiomatic and mild, that the reader will, I fear, be bored by its insipidity and tameness!

The short sketch on "Free Trade and Protection" is my last word on the subject. It is the condensed epitome and essence of my "Wheel of Wealth"—freed from the merely Historical Evolution of the Science of Political Economy. In this short sketch I have gone so far as to say, that if these few propositions of mine can be refuted, I will gladly return again to-morrow, to the Free Trade doctrines in which I was brought up. But, so far, with all my insistence, I have not yet been able to "draw out" my Free Trade friends to a square and open issue. Written before the War, it will, I believe, still hold after the War, under the *specific* conditions which, in these my "last words" on the question, I have laid down.

The short "Letters to the Press" included in this volume, are mere trifles—but all I hope with a point in them.

The one on "My Reply to the Socialists," recounts and sums up the controversy I had with the Leaders of the different Schools and groups of Socialists in the *Fortnightly Review* some years ago; and is of value only, in so far as it shows that instead of attacking *me* in their replies, they mainly attacked each other!

The letter on the "Spirit of Vendetta in Party Politics" is a concrete illustration in our own day of the wise maxim—that Liberty, like a highly-cultured flower, can only be maintained, as Burke said, by "eternal vigilance."

The one on "Some Dantean New Year's Political Warnings" is, in spite of its brevity, perhaps the most important single Political Principle which I have to

## PREFACE

xi

leave behind. Until the War, it was not only not realized, but not even recognized as of the slightest importance; and even now is only being laid to heart as the War is more and more forcing it on the minds of each and every nation.

The letter on "The Classics in Translations" is a trifle, too, of little consequence, except in so far as it is a conviction engendered by my own personal experience.

As for the article on "A Literary Outcast" it also is a trifle, of which I am myself the subject-matter; but if it may help to warn the young men who are embarking on a Literary Career, of what they may expect if their lines of work should happen in any way to lie parallel with my own, I shall be content.

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, S.W.



# CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. ON RELIGIOUS WINDOW-DRESSING IN GENERAL . . . . .	1
II. ON MR. WELLS' NEW RELIGION IN PARTICULAR . . . . .	17
III. RELIGION AS IT STANDS TO-DAY . . . . .	50
IV. PRACTICAL RELIGION . . . . .	78
V. THE PROBLEM OF RELIGIOUS CONVERSION . . . . .	87
VI. SIR OLIVER LODGE AND SPIRITUALISM . . . . .	116
VII. EMERSON, CICERO, THE STOICS, AND MYSELF . . . . .	131
VIII. A WARNING TO CANADA . . . . .	145
IX. THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA PROBLEM . . . . .	164
X. FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION . . . . .	187
XI. A LITERARY OUTCAST . . . . .	193
XII. LETTERS TO THE PRESS :—	
(1) A REPLY TO MY CRITICS . . . . .	203
(2) THE SPIRIT OF VENDETTA IN PARTY POLITICS . . . . .	210
(3) SOME DANTEAN NEW YEAR'S POLITICAL WARNINGS . . . . .	215
(4) THE CLASSICS IN TRANSLATIONS . . . . .	220
(5) "ABIDE WITH ME" . . . . .	223



# LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

## I

### ON RELIGIOUS WINDOW-DRESSING IN GENERAL

I HAD recently seen an advertisement of Mr. Wells' new book on Religion, entitled "God, the Invisible King," and while waiting for it to come from Mudie's, I thought I would walk leisurely down to my Club, and think over, as I went along, what kind of new Religion was likely to be included under this mystic title of "God, the Invisible King." In writing my work on the "History of Intellectual Development," I had been obliged to know fairly minutely all the main doctrines of the great religions of the world in Ancient, Mediæval and Modern times ; and from my knowledge of Mr. Wells' former books, I had always expected that before he had "drowned his book" like Prospero, he would round up his other comprehensive studies by giving us a separate volume on Religion. But where to find an opening for a new Religion at this time of day, I could not imagine. Every possible position from that of the Hindoo, the Buddhist and the Mohammedan, to the Christian, the Comtist, the Agnostic, the Materialist and the Atheist seemed to

B

## 2 LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

me to have been thoroughly and minutely surveyed, and I could not see a rood of unoccupied ground on which he could find a spot on which to hoist his flag. From my inveterate habit, engendered by my training, of tracing the rise, growth and evolution of new religions from those which had preceded them, I had forgotten for the moment, that Mr. Wells in his other books had expressly repudiated this idea of a steady evolution from stage to stage of anything either in the Social, Moral, Intellectual or Religious world, having any value whatever. His position as distinctly laid down in his "Modern Utopia," is that the past Evolution of Humanity up to the present time, can be no guide for what is likely to lie before us in the Future. And accordingly he suggests that the only true plan for a Philosopher, whether of Morals or Politics or of Religion, is to send up his own individual kite, as it were, and let the crowd below, gazing upward at the show, choose each man for himself, without any compulsion, and through his own private eye-glass, which would best suit himself, according to his own taste, affinity, inclination or prepossession; just as each voter in a Parliamentary Election picks and chooses his own favourite candidate from the particular Political kite he is flying. And the philosophical reason Mr. Wells gives for believing that this kite-flying method is the best for knowing what it were best to believe and do in all these high matters of Religion, of Government, of Morals and the rest (as against all those who look for wisdom from men's knowledge and experience of the Past) is quite simple. And to make sure that he has got down far enough, so as to come on a real rock-basis of principle from which to build, he goes down to the simple sheep; and admits that if this basis should not prove to be low and solid enough,

his kite-flying method would fall altogether to the ground.

The essence of it is that as no two sheep are exactly and in every way alike, how then can we ever know what any *particular* sheep will do or become? He says definitely that it would require a round billion of sheep, at least, as a fair basis for a generalization of what any particular sheep would do! I was amazed at this, for I had always understood that if the leading ram among a flock of sheep jumped over a rod or other obstacle that was before it, all the other sheep would jump too, even when the rod or obstacle was withdrawn. And I began to suspect that he had forgotten that animals that go in flocks or herds have no individual initiative, but can be predicted from the action of their leaders, to a practical, if not a dead, certainty. Otherwise, except that I knew that Mr. Wells in this matter of animals was a Darwinian Evolutionist I should not have been surprised had he said that any individual sheep might become a dog, a horse or a cow! Why not? But he does not hint at this possibility; and pressing his principle home, goes on to add, that if no two sheep can be predicted as to what they will do or become, how can any two men? and why therefore should not any one who chooses to put up a kite, out of his private imagination or invention, and without reference to any knowledge of the Past, be the very man who should give a new Religion, Science, or Philosophy to the world? And if so, why not Mr. Wells himself? I could not say, and yet I could not see, as I have said, any new point in this matter of Religion that had been left unoccupied up to the present time. I remembered that Shakspeare himself, a single human sheep, if I may say so, who was a man of no mark or likelihood in his time, with no knowledge



#### 4 LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

of Evolution in its Modern sense, had "off his own bat," as it were, given to all who have come after him a lead in the world of Art, even if he did not with his usual modesty intervene publicly in such an abstruse matter as Religion. I was much perplexed by these considerations; especially as I felt certain that as a convinced Evolutionist, no new invention could fall from the clouds unless the would-be kite flyer had some previous invention before him which he hoped to supersede; no Scientist a new theory, unless some old and decaying one to start from; no new Religion unless he had the old Religion of his country to jump off from—as Buddha did from Brahmanism; Christianity from Judaism; Moham-medanism from Judaism and other local cults; Protestantism from Roman Catholicism, and the like; each new Religion having one foot on the old from which to jump off to the new and higher. But I was perplexed nevertheless; and as I went along to my Club thinking it over quietly, I passed through the Grove, Oxford Street, Piccadilly and Regent Street, and other crowded thoroughfares; and back again on my return by Bond Street, and some of the quieter side streets in St. James's and Mayfair; looking in at the shop windows here and there as I sauntered along; and I seemed to get an idea. And, curiously enough, this idea would keep connecting itself with the problem of which I was thinking, namely, of what this new Religion of Mr. Wells' could be like. I can only suppose it must have been by some "unconscious cerebration," as the doctors say, or by "subliminal suggestion," as those who practise Hypnotism say; but whatever it may have been, the idea suddenly flashed in on me that Mr. Wells' new Religion must belong to the type of what in business circles is now known as "window-dressing."

When I got home Mr. Wells' book had arrived; and as the print was large and easy reading, and the book of about some two hundred pages, I managed to get through it quickly, making occasional notes here and there; but it was so circuitous, insinuating, and serpentine in its movements, that I felt that I must go into it more carefully later on. And this is why it was that I had connected Mr. Wells' book in some mysterious way with "window-dressing." But as I was musing over these matters, I found that out of the mist a distinction seemed to arise which had before escaped me. It was that there was an inner and invisible "window-dressing," if I may say so, that was in its way as potent as the outward and visible one; and more important still, that the religious window-dressing kept step *pari passu* as nearly as possible with the commercial one. This was clearly noticeable in the shops which I passed on my way home from the Club. I noticed that the visible and ostentatious ones were in the Grove, in Oxford Street, Piccadilly and some parts of Regent's Street. At one shop I saw an assortment of every conceivable shape, quality and polish of ladies' boots, at another any kind of pattern and design in dresses and mantles and cloaks, from which the passers-by were to make their own free choice and selection; just as Mr. Wells says of his kite-flyers, each on his or her own individual judgment; and entirely without regard to Fashion (for that Mr. Wells entirely rules out, as it would only show that human beings were worse than his sheep and had no independent opinion of their own at all—which he emphatically denies)—and all without any importunity or pressure on the part of the shopkeeper.

As I mused on it, I thought it a most delightful device—no pushing, no insistence, an infinite variety

## 6 LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

of choice, and each possible customer among the passers-by, left to judge for himself or leave it—and, not like many of those suburban shopkeepers who stand in their doorways and if you happen to look at their old china, old clothes, old glass or what not, at once step forward to importune you to buy—a most objectionable procedure to retiring people like myself and others! It was the acme, I thought, of “Middle Class respectability” the “golden mean” of Aristotle in this matter of window-dressing: and it immediately jumped to my mind that this was precisely the kind of window-dressing which in an unconscious way I had been associating with Mr. Wells’ New Religion. But it was of the *visible* order, and Mr. Wells’ title was “God, the Invisible King.” And then I remembered there was an *invisible* kind of window-dressing as well, which was not less efficacious in its own way and for its own purposes. For as I walked along some of the side streets in St. James’s and Mayfair, I noticed that there were tailors and other shop-keepers, who had nothing but a plain brass-plate on their doors, and nothing in the windows at all! These were those who, having enjoyed the favour and patronage of Royalty and the Aristocracy for generations, did not need it. Then there were the old firms who had been there also for generations, and who have only small signs with names in simple, almost archaic, lettering over their windows. These must have duly impressed the readers, as they did myself; for to come on them suddenly after the golden flamboyant sign-boards of Oxford Street, and even Piccadilly, means that they are a class apart, as it were, and not to be lightly mixed up in one’s mind with the common herd of shop-keepers, nor to be estimated by their mere face value; any more than are some of those old

aristocratic members of the great West End Clubs, who actually walk abroad, wearing shabby coats and hats, carrying "gamp" umbrellas, and with their trousers bagging at the knees! No! we must distinguish in these matters.

But on the whole, we may call all these the invisible shop-keeping window-dressers; and to one or others of these shop-keepers—visible and invisible window-dressers—I thought I saw in my musings, that there was some Religion that corresponded. It struck me as quite a new idea, this of mine, which I had not seen before; and I was so pleased with it that had I been a young beginner, wishing to make my way in the literary world, I should have written a pamphlet on it! But the reader will judge for himself.

Corresponding, then, to those simple brass-plates of the tailors in Savile Row, is the great Roman Catholic Church, which, coming down by Tradition from the beginning of Christianity itself, of course does not need any window-dressing at all; and so does not practise it. Then there are the great Protestant Churches of the Reformation, equal in silence and dignity to the Catholic Church, and who would disdain any window-dressing except as a mere indication of the particular division of Protestantism to which they belong. But if I had to make a choice I would give it to the Scotch Calvinism in which I was brought up. It is true it has made some small concessions to the spirit of the age, in this matter of window-dressing, by the introduction of hymns and, later, even of organs, all of which my dear mother detested; but that was when I was quite a lad, and although I enjoyed them personally as a relief, especially the hymns, and later the organs, I dared not hint so! It would have broken her heart; showing

## 8 LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

how stalwart was the great Calvinistic Creed, and how free from every kind of window-dressing. Then there were the Quakers, in their quiet conventicles, usually in some narrow and silent side street, who are absolutely, perhaps, the least window-dressed of all (for even the Catholics and the others do *try* to make converts in, not an underhand, but a quiet kind of way), and they would feel degraded at the suggestion of anything like window-dressing. So, too, would the Jews even, who, whatever they might have done in the old days at Jerusalem, do not in these days want any "proselytes of the gate" in any shape or form.

Then there are the great Intellectual Schools, outside the Christian Churches, whose whole propaganda is mainly Religious in character—the followers of the "Religion of Humanity," for example, with Comte at their head; and the "Agnostics," with Darwin, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer as their leaders; and the "Ethical Society" with Dr. Stanton Coit, Mr. McCabe, Sir Gilbert Murray, Mr. Washington Sullivan, Mr. Hobson, Mr. Gooch, and others as their representatives—as well as purely private and individual Thinkers like Carlyle and Emerson; none of these men, being at once Religious and Intellectual Aristocrats, would dream of playing down to the populace, and would disdain to exhibit their wares either in shop windows or at street corners. All these I was inclined to include among the "invisible" window-dressers, as I have called them, who are none the less potent than the rest;—with this simple exception, that they have little or no influence over the ordinary readers of the Press, or the ordinary Churchgoers. Who (outside its communion) cares in England for what a Roman Catholic thinks; or of a stalwart Scotch Presbyterian; or of a Quaker;

or of a Positivist or Agnostic, or a merely intellectual Religious Thinker like Carlyle or Emerson? Nobody. And why? Because the doctrines of these men are so clear-cut, so definite, so straightforward, logical and above-board as it were, that they simply *cannot* be window-dressed. They cannot be made artistic by any amount of labour; and the books of the purely Intellectual Religious Thinkers, if window-dressed at all, can be pushed only by the arts of advertisement and window-dressing of the book-sellers and publishers themselves.

And now mark the difference when you come to the Sects and Religion and Cults who practise these fine arts. The younger and latest branches of the Protestant tree require a good deal of pushing and advertisement to keep them going—by means of religious newspapers, tracts, large sign-boards outside, and gentle invitations at the door to the passers-by to come within. And, of course, in the case of the Salvation Army and the Church Army—with their cymbals and drums, their trumpets, solicitations and shoutings at the street corners—we have the most unblushing window-dressing and advertisement of all!—if I may say so without offence. But General Booth and the heads of the Church Army knew what they were about—and their success proves it.

But at this point of my musings and reflections I struck up against a paradox which puzzled me. Why should it be that these Salvation and Church Armies, who were preaching the simplest and purest Christianity of all—that of the words of Jesus Christ Himself, and no other—and therefore anterior in time to the great Catholic Church itself; why is it that these should have to be so loud and importunate in their solicitations, and so deafening in their appeals, while the Catholic Church, and the others I have

mentioned, can afford to remain so silent and dignified, although resting on Tradition only?

I felt there must be something wrong here with Human Nature itself *somewhere*; or else, as is more probable, that I had got so infatuated and muddled by this pet analogy of mine between Shopkeeping and Religious window-dressing, that I could not see clearly; and so for the moment I gave it up. One point, however, struck me. It was that Mr. Wells patronized and even adopted that very point of "Religious Conversion," which the Salvation Army, like Jesus Himself, makes the cardinal point in its propaganda. He must have felt, I thought, that from its success it would be a splendid feature, a crowning flower, as it were, in his artistic presentation; and would have the advantage of being without the vulgarity which attaches to the tambourens, cymbals, and shoutings which, I felt sure, would be abhorrent to him. But I had forgotten for the moment that Mr. Wells was already a "converted" man. He tells us so definitely, at the point where his argument requires it; and uses the very expression, "We who are converted." After I had read his book more carefully and got a clear grip of what his "God, the Invisible King" was, I could not imagine how he could have been "converted" in the ordinary sense, by *that* kind of God. But I left that over for the moment also.

In the meantime, I had been noticing that there were a number of new and unorthodox kind of people who professed to have Religions of their own. These were the "Spiritualists" and others who were making a real art of their own particular window-dressing, and were collecting great crowds of gazers in front of their shop windows. And I found to my surprise that among those looking into these

Spiritualistic windows on the very tiptoe of eagerness and expectation, were some representatives of the Old Orthodox Religious Churches, as well as their subordinates of the more recent Sects. I noticed that some of them had note-books in their hands; and one clergyman in particular I noted, who was trying to read the title of Sir Oliver Lodge's book on his son Raymond (which was then being extensively advertised), and which went to prove that Sir Oliver had had communication from "the other side," as they call it, from his son killed in the war; but which the clergyman apparently could not see clearly on account of the crowd of women in mourning weeds (for their dead sons lost in the war, too, I imagined) who blocked the thoroughfare. I felt sure that the number of them in front of this "Spiritualist's" establishment had much impressed him; and that he probably hoped to get from the book some "tips" or "wrinkles," as the Sporting men say, which would give comfort to the bereaved fathers, widows, or mothers in his own congregation, and so draw them away from these insinuating "Spiritualists."

This was only my fancy, of course, but it seemed to me, in my then mood, to be analogous to what the very best of the shopkeeping window-dressers do; as when, for example, a shopwalker from Whiteley's, say, will stroll around in his leisure to Barkers in Kensington, or to Marshall & Snelgrove's in Oxford Street, just to pick up a "wrinkle" for the bettering of his own window-dressing, and the bringing of it more up-to-date. But, in all this, as was usual with me when any new idea comes hot and flush upon me, I found I was partly right and partly wrong. For I have been credibly informed and on good authority, that most of the Clergy and Ministers of the Churches,



have stood even more firmly and defiantly by the "Old Faith" since this irruption of "Spiritualism"; and have even definitely denounced it as the work of the Devil himself—who, as is his wont, tempts us the more strongly when he sees an opening, as in this present terrible war. I rejoiced at that. But I have also seen from letters published in the high class Press, that there is a certain large section of the nominal adherents of the Churches who believe that all sections—Catholic, Protestant, Salvation Army and the rest—would be "revived" and strengthened at their roots by an infusion of "Spiritualism": provided, of course, that it were definitely certain that the souls of men *really* did exist after death, and could be communicated with, as is the case with Sir Oliver Lodge and his son. Now, this rather dashed my spirits; and made me feel that I was right in thinking that some at least of those clergymen who were looking in on tiptoe at the "Spiritualist's" window, were really trying to get, both for themselves and their congregations, from this new superstition, some fresh accession of Faith—which they admitted had been sadly and gradually waning for many years. I was revolving all this in my perplexity when an old American friend of mine—a hardened cynic and old bachelor, but a good fellow too—came in; and on my explaining to him the situation, and of how glad I was that most of the Christian Churches were holding out strongly and even aggressively against this new revival of Spiritualism—which Christianity came into the world to put down, did put down, and for nineteen hundred years kept down—I thought, by his manner, that my remarks did not appeal to him, and that he thought I was much too simple and optimistic for the present world, for he said drily: "They will all go over to it sooner or later, clergymen and all; what you call the

window-dressing will do it." "Yes," I said, "it may be so of course ; but you will have to except at least three divisions of the older Church, on the one hand—the Roman Catholics, the Presbyterians, and the Quakers,—and the Salvation and Church Armies on the other. These at least will save the situation ; *they* will never go over ; the first by the dignity of their long Tradition, and the second by the assurance and certainty of their *personal* 'conversion' and faith."

And then I remembered the "Christian Scientists," and wondered whether I could not include them ? Like the Quakers, they worked on their devotees by a kind of unconscious hypnotism, through the medium of "silent prayer" ; but with this difference, that whereas the "Christian Scientists" concentrate entirely and without any intermediary on God Himself, and do not make much of Christ Jesus, except as a fellow-worker as it were ; the Quakers link themselves up with Jesus as their Leader *directly* (with His Sermon on the Mount as their guide) ; and their silent prayers, although really directed to God, are always *through* Christ as the Mediator—precisely as one would have known from the difference in time and stage of religious evolution in which these respective cults took their rise. The "Christian Scientists," in a word, stand simply on the fact that God is, and *must* be, Good ; and that if you admit this, how, in the last analysis, can there be anything that can be "Evil" anywhere ? To imagine so, must be an illusion of the poor limited human mind, as Emerson thought, which can have no *real* existence at all. Your toothache, they said, could have no existence unless you imagined it had ; and they had warrant for it, I reflected, when I remembered that Shakspeare himself had said that "There was nothing either good or bad but that

*thinking* made it so." And the cure for it, therefore, was simple ; that you should deny it, and again and again deny it ; and (especially if you had a sufficient number of the "powerful prayer workers" all silently praying for you at once) the truth of their doctrine would be proved by its certain and absolute efficiency.

Why then, I thought, should not these "Christian Scientists" be included among those who did not require any window-dressing? Why not? I was accordingly just about to set them down among the number of those others I have mentioned, when my cynical American friend came in ; and, on my suggesting it, he actually laughed outright! "Why," said he, "these Christian Scientists in America are the biggest window-dressers of all, bar none—not even the Salvation Army or the rival candidates for the Presidency! You are too simple, my friend, and much too credulous and optimistic, as I have told you before, and you do not know the world. I tell you, that all the Churches, give them a little time, will line themselves up and range themselves around the 'Spiritualists' and the 'Christian Scientists,' as Mark Twain foresaw ;—and the window-dressing will do it. Personally, I will back the Spiritualists, because they were first in the field, and have given people all they require in the way of consolation after death—a thing the 'Christian Scientists' had overlooked. But if you imagine these Christian Scientists will not add this important particular to their repertoire and propaganda now the war is on, you are much mistaken. If you don't believe me, wait and see." This perplexed me more than ever, and for the moment I had quite forgotten Mr. Wells. And I felt that until I had thoroughly digested what he had to say, I could not be sure where I stood in the midst of all these conflicting new Religions. But

I still felt sure that Mr. Wells would not *impose* his New Religion on us ; but would frankly, like our most respectable class of shop-keepers and tradesmen in the West End, allow us each to judge for himself, after appraising his goods. And secondly, that he would not do any vulgar window-dressing, but that we should find, in all he says, an artistic propriety and freedom from exaggeration, a subdued moderation and temperance of expression, such as Hamlet insists on in his advice to the players. And then I felt I could say no more until I concentrated on Mr. Wells' book itself, and could give a connected account of his new "God, the Invisible King" to the reader.

But I had not finished reading the book again before all the newspapers had reviewed it ; as if it had been the last momentous utterance and pronouncement in politics of the Prime Minister himself ! I was somewhat surprised at this, but my American friend was at my elbow, and he at once saw the reason. "Wells, you know," he said, "is what we call a 90 per cent. man as against the 10 per cent. men of the ordinary intellectual mortals ; so that his lightest word carries nine times the weight on these matters, over others. He is *facile princeps*, the first of all those on whom the window-dressers in the Press have to keep their eye. They must give him extensive space in their columns (in spite of the present dearth and price of paper !), and in their haste to supply the public must give him absolutely first consideration." I had myself noticed that even the Bishop of Birmingham had jumped at him at once ; and, in the *Weekly Dispatch* had said definitely that, in spite of objections here and there, Mr. Wells was "not far from the Kingdom of God." All this made me feel more strongly than

ever that I must give his book, "God, the Invisible King," the most careful and minute scrutiny, lest this absolute unanimity of consideration given him by all sections of the Public and the Press should overwhelm one's critical judgment altogether—as we know it so often does.

I, accordingly, sharpened my lead pencil to take more minute and careful notes; and although he was in many places so circuitous, insinuating, and almost serpentine in his noiseless, gentle, and unobtrusive glidings in the grass, I managed, I think, to keep fairly closely on his trail; and later on will try and communicate my definite conclusions to the reader.

## II

### ON MR. WELLS' NEW RELIGION IN PARTICULAR

My first superficial impression on reading Mr. Wells' "God, the Invisible King," was that in no part of it, as I had expected, was there anything that could be called original, anything that would justify its claim to being a new Religion. It seemed to be an exquisite artistic piece of window-dressing rather: a beautiful bouquet composed of the flowers of many religions, all so arranged that while concealing their ruder stems, they formed a really new artistic creation; and when I closed the book I felt that should Mr. Wells never add another work to the long list he has already given us, he might on his death-bed proudly exclaim, as Nero did on his—"What an artist dies with me." When he brought his "Veiled Being" and his "God, the Invisible King," on his stage to characterize his religious ideas, I felt there was a magical potency in the very sound of them, which would attract multitudes who would otherwise be repelled if their bare and wintry branches could not be clothed in summer leaves and flowers. When I came on those recurring phrases of the "Veiled King," and "God, the Invisible King," I felt like old Polonius in "Hamlet" when the players came to the Castle to give Hamlet a taste of their quality; and when Hamlet querying aloud as to

what the actor meant by the "mobled Queen," Polonius settled it off hand and at once by his outspoken comment, "Mobled Queen—that is good." So, too, when I read of the "Veiled Being," and of "God, the Invisible King," I inwardly said to myself, "That is good!" For I felt as Hamlet himself says in another connexion, there must be something in these mystic phrases, "if philosophy could only find it out." The "Veiled Being" suggested to me something like the great Sphinx of Egypt which still overlooks the desert with its solemn religious inscrutability. "God, the Invisible King," on the other hand, suggested the invisible Emperor's Clothes in the fairy tale, with their marvellous potency, but left me questioning whether, like them, there would turn out to be anything in this phrase or not. And then I discovered that this "Veiled Being" had no relation with us human beings at all! but was only a kind of preliminary puppet to be withdrawn at the earliest moment in order that his real "God, the Invisible King," might henceforth fill the stage; just as the Goddess in the old Greek Mysteries, and the Serpent God of the old Egyptian cults, come on the stage when the preliminary puppets with their accessories were withdrawn; the difference being that whereas their gods come on in darkness or a subdued shade, Mr. Wells' God comes on like a *prima donna* with full limelight on, and a blaze of trumpets announcing his arrival; after which the old "Veiled Being," having served his purpose, disappears, and is no more seen. This could do no great harm, I thought, but as a piece of artistic window-dressing it was most impressive and effective, and for its purpose in every way superb. For all the time, the reader will be surprised to hear, it was only an old thing called by a new name; in reality

the old "Unknown Force" of the Agnostics with Herbert Spencer at their head, and Darwin and Huxley as his most distinguished lieutenants—a "Something of a Something," as Frederic Harrison derisively called it, which was to take the place of the God the Father of Christianity, but of which we could know nothing whatever—except that it could not be known. Herbert Spencer, I understand, in his later years, or shortly before his death, got a definite hold of it, and put his sign-manual on it. It was the Ether of Space. And this is precisely what Mr. Wells' "Veiled Being" really is, with a slight difference in its mathematical expression, as we shall see later on. And yet how differently the "Veiled Being" sounds from that of a mere cold and dreary abyss of Ether between the stars, and how much more impressive and suggestive the exquisite phrase: "The Veiled Being."

After this, his "Veiled Being" being withdrawn, the stage is clear for the entry on it of Mr. Wells' own "God, the Invisible King,"—the real God, in purple and full panoply, as we shall see, and in a strong limelight, and with all his readers on the tiptoe of expectation. And I must say, a most splendid and stimulating figure it is when dressed up. For it is a real God, a real live Person, and a real Divine Person—although invisible to the unregenerate, until they get their eye on it, and get accustomed to it. For it "requires some knowing," as people say. I could not help thinking that as he had disowned God the Father and had put in His place the "Unknown Force" or Ether of Herbert Spencer—his "Veiled Being," about none of whom anything could be known—his God must be none other than Jesus Christ Himself,—redressed as it were. But I was mistaken. For when Mr. Wells



came in from the side-wing of the Stage, with a pointer in his hand, to explain the particulars of this new God of his own creation—the “Invisible King”—he said definitely that for one and another reason which we would find in his book, Jesus Christ could in no sense be allied to his own God, or have anything to do with Him, let alone be identified with Him. And then he told us, that the supreme characteristic of his own “God, the Invisible King,” was—Courage. I must say, I thought this was a good and strong note. I knew that all men and all women would like it; and especially as Mr. Wells makes him as handsome as Apollo himself! For all the world, as we know, likes those splendid naked young men whom we see painted on the Greek vases, as the runners in the great foot race from Marathon to Athens, and handing on their lighted torches to one another as they go. The reader knows the sort of young man I mean; and Mr. Wells gives him his last finishing touch, in his epithet—“lip-parted.” I thought that very exquisite. We can see the succession of these youths as they come in near the winning post, striving with all their might to outrun each other, with just that amount of “lip-parting” in their breathlessness and eagerness, as shall bring out the curves of beauty and symmetry in their lines. But then, strangely enough, later on, he seemed to hint that he was going to lump all these splendid young fellows together in their single long line into *one* Person—his “God, the Invisible King”! It was as if he had taken the long line of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race crew winners from the beginning of the records, and compressed them all into a single composite photograph, as it were, as a Single Person, and labelled it his “God, the Invisible King.” That at any rate was what he seemed to be doing. And

then at the end of his discourse the curtain fell, and he left us to find out the particulars in more detail from his book itself.

Having started me on these ideas, I thought, as I walked home, that it would have been better, perhaps, had he selected the whole crowd of Athletes who had won, not these merely local contests, but the Great International Olympic games themselves—games which were open to all Greece, and not to Athens alone. In the first place, because they included all athletic games whatever, besides running. Then because the winners, wherever they came from, were ever after, as a token of honour, supported in their own homes at the public expense, their very persons being in a way held sacred. And more than all, that those who happened to be Athenians had statues erected to them along the road leading up to the Parthenon, alternating as they did, on either side, with the very gods themselves, the great Divinities of Grace—Zeus, Apollo, Mercury, Ceres and the rest—and all alike under the patronage and protecting care of the great Goddess of the Parthenon, Minerva herself. For these and other reasons, I felt that the long line of Olympic winners would round up into a finer and fuller single orchestral harmony, if I may say so,—especially if he were to make a single synthetic unity of them, a single Person, as Mr. Wells insists for his “God, the Invisible King,”—than any other. As a possible alternative, I could only think of the long line of the great champion Roman Gladiators—those who had beaten all competitors, and on retiring in years and honour, were given the wooden sword as an emblem of their once prowess and dignity in their profession—the *rude donatus* of Horace—but I put this aside, as I felt sure that with their records of brutality and blood, they would not appeal to Mr.

Wells, delicate and artistic as he is by temperament and by his peaceable preoccupations.

While revolving all this on my return home, my cynical American friend and neighbour came in, and on my telling him of these musings of mine, he said : "No, I don't agree with you. Wells ought to have selected the great line of splendid Matadors of Spain—the great Bull-fighters—and rounded them up into what he calls his 'synthesis,' or unit as a single Person, if he wishes a symbol for his 'God, the Invisible King.' And then, if his object is to do a bit of window-dressing, he would have caught all the men, and three-fourths of the women as well! for the women among those old Greeks and Romans, although they might occasionally have a peep and a choice, had no voice."

This was only his cynicism, I thought, for he was a good fellow at bottom, and I changed the subject. When he had gone, I felt that Mr. Wells was after all right in selecting his splendid "lip-parted" Athenian runners, handing on their torches, as the best Ideal and symbol of his new "God, the Invisible King"—at any rate if window-dressing were really his object; but of that I could not as yet be sure. It would suit our own time precisely, I thought, which does not care for anything cold, dry, abstract, or logical; but must have plenty of life, picturesqueness, and colour, which Mr. Wells as a novelist is morally bound to give them. And besides, it would have a charming decorative effect, in colour, picturesqueness, variety and design, just as we see it in these antique Grecian vases; and I could not see how anything else could be more effective for his purpose. I was, therefore, inclined to back him for all I was worth, against all competitors in this matter of window-dressing in the cause of Religion. My only disappointment was, that

he had not concentrated on some particular youth, some single Apollo, as it were, instead of a long line of them stretching along the ages, all more or less faded now and indistinguishable except those immediately in front of us; as we see in our long line of great Statesmen whose statues line the entrance to the House of Commons, each of whom had the homage of the world in his day, but are now all alike dim or forgotten. There were too many of them, I thought, brought altogether at once and in a heap, to make up a single God; or as my friend remarked when I mentioned it to him: "You might worship the North Pole itself perhaps, but you could no more worship that long stretched-out line than you could worship the Equator, as Sidney Smith said; and as you know, no woman can love more than one man—at any rate at a time!"

Jesus Christ would have been my choice, although He was of "no special outward form or comeliness;" but as I have said, Mr. Wells will not have Him on any consideration.

And then I suddenly remembered that Mr. Wells' title is "God, the *Invisible* King," and I felt that I had "put my foot in it," as they say. I could hear Mr. Wells jeering at me for my stupidity; and I could hear him saying, "My dear sir, you have altogether misrepresented me. You don't understand. What I meant was not the bodies and persons of this endless line of youths, but *their minds and souls only*; the rest was only symbolical and metaphorical." I was relieved; it was his insistence and the glamour of his presentation that led me away for the moment, but I wasn't such a fool as I looked. All the worse for you, I thought; for although I was fascinated by his splendid youths, I knew no one would care a fig for a line of mere spirits, or ghosts, even if like

Macbeth's, they were stretched out to the crack of doom. No! I thought, I must go into this "Invisible King" more carefully. As an old campaigner, I could think of nothing except that it must be the long line of men who had lived and worked for what is called "the Ideal in the Mind," since the beginning of Humanity on earth—for I remembered that he had said that his God had a "beginning." So that what he meant was, the long line of Philosophers, Founders of Religions, Prophets, Poets, Scientists and other great Intellectuals who have made Human Civilization what it is; and of whom Mr. Wells is now constituting himself our present representative; or as one writer calls him, "the popular prophet of the People." But this is only Comte's "Religion of Humanity." If so, why did Mr. Wells not say so plainly? Had he done so, I should have been largely with him, for it is practically my own Religion on its Human and Moral side—this Ideal in the Mind of Man. It is only, I repeat, the "Religion of Humanity" of Comte, which has its Calendar of the "Great Men" of all ages, and of every kind, as objects of our devotion, and who are to us a source of communion, help and inspiration; precisely like the "Communion of Saints" in the Church Calendar,—except that they are mainly Intellectual and Moral, instead of being mainly Moral and Religious. And it is precisely these, who are the beads strung on the single thread of Mr. Wells' new Religion, that constitute his "God, the Invisible King." They are the Religion also of the "Ethical Societies," and all the others devoted to the "Service of Man." But why, I repeat, did he not say so plainly, and so avoid the necessity of any new Religion, only under another name? There are two or three reasons which we shall see presently,—one, my friend's suggestion, the other my own.

My friend, with his usual cynical promptness and clean-cutness, resolved the matter off-hand as soon as I mentioned it to him. "Don't you know," he said, "that this 'Religion of Humanity' of Comte's has been preached for sixty years or more by a few men in every Western nation, of the highest ability and distinction, and yet, like Unitarianism, it has not made more than relatively a mere handful of followers? I admit that this was due partly to Comte having wished to cry 'halt' to further abstract Scientific investigation for its own sake; and so put Spencer, Huxley and the scientific world generally against him and his Religion; believing as they did that abstract Scientific Knowledge, even if not at once utilizable, would be in the end of more importance than any Religion whatever that existed in their time—and in this Mr. Wells will agree with them. But mainly, I think, because Wells saw no chance of any kind of window-dressing in it. For how could he, in place of the image he had raised in us of his line of splendid youths, eager for adventure, and 'facing the morning sun,' as he says, as if in defiance even—how, I say, could he replace these by the busts and effigies of old skin-dried philosophers like Socrates and Plato; old mummies like Aristotle, Archimedes, or Euclid; old faded Prophets like Isaiah; or, in modern times, by Galileo or Newton, or Hegel or Herbert Spencer, or even in the aggregate by the Royal Society itself! How, I repeat, could Wells ask people to worship these 'old plugs' as we Americans say, and especially as a rounded-up aggregate lot, single and indivisible as he insists, as his one, 'God, the Invisible King'? The thing could not be done. He might as well ask the British Public to worship the long line of busts of the old Roman Emperors (the broken-nosed ones and all!)

in the British Museum. The public would not have them at any price, my friend; they simply could not be window-dressed, even if they had themselves once been young in their time;—and there would neither have been buyers nor sellers! Shakspeare himself, I admit, would not have made a bad candidate for the honour, if Wells had kept his God to a really *single* person like you or me, and not insisted that his God was a rounded up *line* of all those who have worked in the cause of Humanity—or, as he elsewhere calls it, the ‘Human Species.’ He says so plainly himself. Comte, the founder of the ‘Religion of Humanity,’ and Herbert Spencer, the great Philosopher, he regards as desiccated specimens, and says elsewhere that they are only a couple of ‘pseudo-scientific interlopers’! Think of it! what would their followers say to this? And in his present book he adds, that the ‘Religion of Humanity’ failed through ‘its bleak abstraction and unspiritual texture.’ There you have it! They are not, you see, like his line of Golden Youths, and cannot be window-dressed! And yet, as you say, his new Religion, is nothing more or less than this old ‘Religion of Humanity,’ faked, and by his glamour, made popular and presentable.”

Somehow, I did not quite agree with my friend; and when he had gone, as I was determined to do strict justice to Mr. Wells, I remembered something that we had both overlooked, and which I intended to point out to him when I next saw him. It was this: that Mr. Wells had stipulated for another element in his new Religion which was to be added to this of the “Religion of Humanity,” and which he insists is not only of primary, but of absolute importance; namely, that all those who were to constitute his new God, were to be personally and individually “Converted” men, in our religious sense

of the term—whatever else they might be. Now this made all the difference, and was an addition which in point of fact changed not so much the nature and structure either of Comte's "Religion of Humanity" or of Mr. Wells, but our entire *attitude* to it rather; and so made it practically, as Mr. Wells contends it is, quite a new Religion. And it is because of the absence of this personal touch of "Conversion" in their religion that he speaks in such contemptuous terms of those who hold what is practically the substance of his own Religion. For example, he says of Sir Harry Johnson's "Humanitarianism,"—"God is not Humanitarian." And I wondered what my solemn and most serious friends of the "Ethical Society," working devotedly through all the towns of the land, would say of Mr. Wells' characterization of them? "Their movement," he says, "is only the cheerful self-determination of a number of bright little individuals (much stirred but by no means overcome by Cosmic Pity) to the 'Service of Man,' and he concludes that their Religion is like "sending a contribution to the Red Cross Ambulance, or taking part in a public demonstration against the Armenian Massacres, or to do any other nice exterior thing." At these unworthy gibes, my friend, like myself, was disgusted and indignant.

Mr. Wells meanwhile goes on to add that "God is not there," and all this of the "Service of Man" is a hobby, sentimentality or hypocrisy, in the undisciplined prison of mortal life. But at this point, my friend could not stand it any longer, and burst out: "If I had belonged to any of these societies, nothing less than blood would have ensued; but as I have not yet seen any hint of protest against it, I have concluded that they have taken it 'lying down.' That is the worst of what comes of having any one



outwardly with you, and among you, and yet not of you."

My friend's indignation did not, of course, touch me so deeply, for I saw at once that Mr. Wells' point in these gibes of his was, that the men belonging to these Societies of the "Religion of Humanity," the "Ethical Movement," and the "Service of Man," were not *as individuals* "converted" men in the proper and religious sense of the term—not men like the Salvation Army men of the "street corner," and so could have no religion in Mr. Wells' sense; and in consequence not the "go" about them to realize Mr. Wells' "Kingdom of God." And I could not dispute it. As for himself, he tells us frankly that he is a really "converted" man in the proper sense of the term; that he had "turned right about face," as the Salvation Army men say they did, when they are describing their conversion. But, personally, I could not see how he could have got "converted" to begin with. For, let not the reader forget, that to get "converted" and to turn "right about face" at a moment's notice, as the conversion is when it is instantaneous, is no easy business. It requires a previous preliminary period of "prayer and much fasting"! The really "converted" men who have been effective in the world, have always gone through a long probation in which the "conviction of sin" as they call it, is the main element, and the desire to escape from its consequences, most pressing. But hitherto, they have always had held out before them a God or a Christ who was personally waiting with open arms to receive them. But on Mr. Wells' principle that no two sheep are alike, let alone any two men, how then are you to assume that if a few are easily converted, the rest can *necessarily* be converted at all? There is a flaw in his logic

here, I thought. But as I have said, I could not conceive by what, where, or by whom Mr. Wells could have been converted. He could not have been converted, I imagined, by any "conviction of sin," for he has not said so, or given any outward sign of it. He could not have been converted either by God the Father, God the Son, or by God the Holy Ghost; for he regards them as myths, and repudiates them all alike, going even so far as to say not only that "it is a great relief to get the Cross out of the way," but "the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, or all of them at once"; and further, that once relieved from these old fictions of the imagination, "men's minds would become ready for the coming of God." And as a consequence he adds, "Then He comes!" "This experience," he continues, "is an undoubtedly immediate sense of God, an absolute certainty that one is not alone by one's self." "Closer He is than breathing and nearer than hands or feet;" "and our lives are changed." "We are assured then that there is a Power that fights with us against the confusion and evil within us as without," and then, "there comes into the heart an essential enduring happiness and courage."

There, then, we have it—"Conversion" with all its well-known consequences. Poor Soul! I felt it all so pathetic; and yet in some obscure way I felt sorry for him too. I was delighted, too (if the reader can understand the contradiction), for I knew that if really "converted" in my sense, he had got hold of "the right end of the stick"; for I had so often felt how much better a man in many ways I should have been myself, had I been converted; how earnestly I had tried to be, but how I had failed; and had long given myself up, as St. Paul and the Calvinists say, as one who was "pre-destined" to be damned!

But where could Mr. Wells have got his "conversion" from? I kept saying to myself. Carlyle tells us of his conversion to the "Everlasting Yea" as against his former "Nay"; Goethe tells us of his, in his way; the Salvation Army at the street corners, in their thousands, tell us the details of theirs with a simplicity and good faith which I cannot deny, and in which I absolutely believe. The pathos of it all is, that like a railway ticket, it is "not transferable"; and not necessarily communicable to another, any more than the sight of a ghost by one person can be made properly *believable*, in the strict sense of the term, unless he has seen one himself. There is where the pathos in all these things come in, because they are as hopeless as a man or woman's unrequited love. But I was sure that Mr. Wells had been really "converted" by something or somebody; and that if he were, he would go far. And that is why I felt the Bishop of Birmingham, in spite of Mr. Wells' almost blasphemous utterances against the Trinity, still was able to say, that, in his opinion, Mr. Wells was "not far from the Kingdom of God." But still I kept wondering from all this, how Mr. Wells could get from it to his "God, the Invisible King." He could not have got it, I thought, from his line of golden "lip-parted" youths; for these he had expressly said were only *symbols* of the Courage of his God. Nor could he have got it from the long line of old skin-dried Philosophers, Prophets and Founders of Religion; for these, like the Philosophers and Scientists, did not profess to be "converted" at all; and as for the Founders of Religion—all contradicted one another so much, and on so many of the points which in the past have been the main outward instruments of Conversion—Miracles and the rest—that they have led to entirely different doctrines among themselves; and

all alike different from Mr. Wells. Nor could he have got converted from the "still small voice" of Conscience within us, which he ultimately makes his sheet anchor; for that has been all along with us from the beginning of Humanity in however small a degree, but has not yet, so far as I have learned, "converted," in my or Mr. Wells' sense of the term, a single human soul.

Where, then, and when, and by what means, or by whom, could Mr. Wells possibly have been converted? I could see no way.

At this point, my cynical friend came in—as usual just when I was either in a state of over-exultation or despondency, as I then was—and again pulled me together.

"Why, my dear fellow," he said, "if Wells says he is converted, no doubt he is; but as he says himself that he got the points about 'conversion' from Prof. James's book on Conversion, either he thought that conversion would make an excellent artistic element in his composite religion (inasmuch as ordinary professing Christians are aware that they are not converted, but wish they were, and admire or envy those whom they really believe to be so); or else Wells has been led to it himself by a general disgust with the world and himself, or by some sudden stroke of misfortune which throws a man back on himself—as is not uncommon. My own opinion is, that as he does not tell us how he *came by* it but only that he *has* it, he must have been hypnotized into it by somebody or other. If so, then that, like all Hypnotism, is only a mere momentary thing, my friend; it is not lasting; and really has little effect on a man's *character*—as we see in those nigger conversions in America at Camp meetings, where they are converted by the gross in a single evening,

and yet will rob hen roosts on their way home! No! there is nothing in sudden 'conversions' or hypnotism of that kind—if that is what Wells means. Don't be too simple and uncritical, my friend!"

Well! I knew the negro "conversions" as well as he did, for I was born and brought up in the midst of them in Canada; and when my friend had gone, I felt that although direct and honest, he was too superficial; and I still believed that if a man were really "converted" in my sense, no misfortune could really hurt or touch him further in this world; and I felt, as I have said, that this is what the Bishop of Birmingham must have had in his mind when he declared, that Mr. Wells was "not far from the Kingdom of God." But whether Mr. Wells were really converted in my sense, of course I could not know; and except that I had the curiosity to know just how he came by it, I could get no further. If it came gradually, slowly, and solidly, as it were, from "a conviction of sin," it would prove lasting and good; if instantaneous or hypnotic, it would be like the negroes, here to-day and gone to-morrow, and there I had to leave it. But my friend, like an evil genius was again at my elbow.

"You will have noticed," he began, "that Wells says, later on, that when once converted you can fall into Sin, like David and the niggers, 'seventy times seven,' and yet be forgiven; provided you pull yourself together, and resolve not to do it again—until the next time! I don't altogether like that note, my friend, it leaves too many loopholes. And therefore, I say, let Wells tell us plainly how or by what means he was converted, and then we can judge for ourselves whether it was 'hypnotic,' 'sentimental,' or 'real.'"

I did not like that note of Mr. Wells' myself—and

felt that if I were once converted, I would not backslide, but would strive to "live up to it," and not keep slipping away into sin again like the simple negroes. And then I remembered that the best "converted" men, from their habit of minute self-scrutiny, always felt themselves to be the "chief of sinners." Oliver Cromwell, Spurgeon, Newman and the Saints of Catholicism, must each have felt that he was himself the "Chief of sinners."

But here again my friend interposed as usual by saying, "Yes, but you must remember that these men were old and tried 'converts' of the right sort; but what we want to know is whether Wells' 'conversion' is of that kind or not. It looks suspicious when he speaks so lightly of these relapses into sin. The others you mention would have thought these relapses very serious offences indeed; and would not have spoken or written like Wells. They would have seen that it would only have been an encouragement to humbugs—like the teaching of those heretics of the Early Christian Church who had to be expelled for it—and so they wisely held their tongues. Besides, it is one thing to confess that you are a 'sinner in general' (even if not the *chief* of them), and quite another to say you are sinners in some *particular*. Few converts will confess that they are mean, or stingy, or unscrupulous, or envious, or personal cowards, while they will even glory in openly confessing, as if they were not at all ashamed of it, that they were 'sinners in general,' even if they have inwardly to excuse and even condone their smaller meannesses and declensions! We must distinguish, my dear fellow, and not lump all these things together as you are inclined to do; for you will remember that Plato himself makes the

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## 34 LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

supreme test of intellect to be in the *degree* to which men have the power 'to properly distinguish and define.'"

At this point I was so worried and perplexed by the circuitness and want of directness in all these subtleties, chasing one another as they did like dogs and rats around a barrel, that I determined to "short-circuit" Mr. Wells and his cynical critic; and to turn to the more definite and direct steps by which Mr. Wells had to his own satisfaction finally disposed of the central doctrine of the Christian Religion—namely, of the Divinity (for purposes of worship) of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Of God the Father (Mr. Wells' "Veiled Being") I shall have more to say presently; but I still think that Mr. Wells could not have done better than to have simply made Jesus Christ, his "God, the Invisible King." The reason he would not have Him even as one in the long line of his "Ideals of the Species," as he calls them, or of Humanity, is mainly that, unlike his own brilliant Grecian youths, He lacked Courage and Manliness; and that He drooped His head on the Cross, and expired with "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" on His lips. I should scarcely have believed that Mr. Wells would have ventured to go so far as to publicly say this, and had I been behind him I should have pulled his coat tail, jogged him, and whispered in his ear, "Don't say that;" but that he does so, only proves his own courage in the face of current religious prejudice and opinion. That I am not misrepresenting him, as the casual reader might otherwise imagine, will be seen from a few quotations. "The accepted figure of Jesus in the Churches," he says, "instinct with meek submissiveness, is not in the tone of our worship." "The drooping pain-drenched figure of

Christ, and the sorrowful cry to His Father 'My God! My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' jar on our spirits." And again, "No crucifix or praying to a pitiful God for us, but rather that we should show God with a hand or a foot torn away from its nail" (and "kicking out"! as my friend irreverently added, as I read the passage), "and with eyes not downcast, but resolute against the sky." I wondered what the Bishop of Birmingham would think of this, while declaring that Mr. Wells was "not far from the Kingdom of God"! Mr. Wells continues and tells us that what he requires in his own God is "A face without pain, the pain lost and forgotten in the surpassing glory of the struggle and the inflexible will to live and prevail. We do not care how long the thorns are drawn, nor how terrible the wounds, so long as He does not droop." "There you have it," my friend added, "He must not droop—or at any rate, look like it!" And then Mr. Wells continues, "God is Courage, beyond any conceivable suffering." "A moribund figure is the completest inversion of His likeness as we know Him"—that is to say, we of the new Religion of Mr. Wells. "Our symbol," he goes on, mounting higher and higher, "ought to be Christ Risen and trampling victorious on a broken Cross, which would be far more in the spirit of our worship." "Wells is getting *exalté*: some stray dog must have bitten him!" added my friend. Pray be quiet, I said, and listen; Mr. Wells has still more to say about this matter. To prove, for example, that he is in good company, he quotes the late Bishop Westcott and the present Rev. Mr. Temple in his support. The former tells a lady friend that he prefers thinking of Christ Risen to Christ on the Cross (as if in this instance He had cut only a sorry figure!), and the latter goes back to the "Book of Revelation" of



St. John, for what his own ideal of Christ should be now that He is Risen—"Head and hair white as wool or snow; eyes a flame of fire; feet as of burnished brass refined in a furnace; voice like the roar of many waters; and in His hands seven stars, a sharp two-edged sword out of His mouth; countenance as the sun shineth in its strength"—and the rest of the passage as we know it. I wondered why these learned Divines should have supported Mr. Wells in this way; but I merely wanted to help readers (who are unfamiliar with these involutions of Theology) to see precisely what Mr. Wells' new Religion is; and to let them judge for themselves—as Mr. Wells himself always insists. You send up your own particular kite of doctrine among the rest, and if people select yours, well; but if not, then it is not so well, but does not matter. But Mr. Wells still goes on and says, "It is not by suffering that man conquers death, but by fighting." "Our God dies a million deaths, but the thing that matters is not the deaths, but the immortality." In reference to Jesus in particular, he sums Him up by saying, that "when we cease to worship Him, we can begin to love Him;" for He "is a Saint of non-resistance."

"A bad note that of Wells," chirped in my friend, "especially in these War times, when so many Pacifists are abroad, and at a discount, and when Public Opinion runs so strongly against them." "Yes," I replied, "but it only shows Mr. Wells' courage." "Yes," he said, "but you take this new Religion of Wells' too seriously, as I have so often had to tell you—and by what means? By his simply taking the old Religion of Comte—the 'Religion of Humanity'—window-dressing it, putting a new label on it, and calling it his 'God, the Invisible King'—excepting only his demand for personal

'conversion.' His God has its beginning, like Comte's, with Humanity ; is made up of a succession of distinguished human benefactors, lumped in their aggregate into a 'Person,' like Comte's 'Humanity' ; that Person has Courage, as all the Great Men who have devoted themselves to Humanity throughout the ages, with their forward-looking eyes, must have had, just like Comte's 'Humanity' ; there is no Infinity in any or all of the individuals, nor are they mere abstractions, but all are, as he says, as real as a bayonet thrust or an embrace,' just like Comte's ; but being their *minds* (which is his point) and not their bodies, they have nothing to do with Space, but exist only in Time, just like Comte's ; and any one or all of them, could have 'his hair cut or nails pared' without losing his identity, as a single Intellectual and Moral Being, or being any the worse for it, as with Comte's 'Humanity' ! It looks forward to the Future—not like the old God of Christianity, 'old and bearded and wrinkled,' as Wells represents Him, but 'young, radiant and on tiptoe, brave and wise and growing in wisdom and strength, eager and with a sword, and the lips falling apart in the great adventure for the future ; and also with golden harness to confront the morning sun,' which, metaphorically and picturesquely put, is precisely the 'Religion of Humanity' of Comte ; of the 'Ethical Societies' ; and of those devoted to the 'Service of Man'—barring always, as you say, Mr. Wells' insistence that each particular man among them should be a personally 'converted' man in its religious sense. But what on the whole is this, but only Comte's old 'Religion of Humanity' window-dressed ? He says himself that his New Religion is the 'Ideal in Man,' 'able to unite men in the Religion of the Future for the Human Species'—in a word, for Humanity at

large. What else can it mean? And his insistence in my judgment on 'Conversion,' is brought in merely because without it he could neither deny his adhesion to, or identification of himself with it, or could window-dress it into a New Religion. There you have it in a nutshell." "Yes," I assented, "I partly think you are right."

In the meantime, in my own mind, I had been ranging farther afield, and wondering why, if Mr. Wells would not have Jesus Christ at any price, the Holy Spirit would not have answered his demands without this necessity of founding a brand new Religion. For the Holy Spirit has been in continuous operation since Christ left the world; and in the form of an "Over Soul," as Emerson thinks, lies at the back of, and is even identical with, the "still small voice" of Conscience, on which Mr. Wells lays so much stress as the very string on which all his long row of beads are strung. And then I remembered that Mr. Wells definitely says, that there is nothing new in his Religion except this—that "his God is finite;"—and so excludes any kind of Holy Spirit in the ordinary sense of the term. But I still pressed the point on my friend that Mr. Wells need not have felt that he could not put up with the Holy Ghost as his God, because he was Finite. I pointed out that the "Higher Mathematics" (which to Mr. Wells is sacred) has ruled that the Infinite is only the rounding up, as it were, of the Finite. Why then throw over the Holy Ghost on a trifle like that!

"Yes," he added, "you know that it was by the 'Higher Mathematics' that Wells wiped out at a single stroke Herbert Spencer's Agnostic God, or 'Unknown Force,' the Ether, which he had to get out of the way as a dangerous rival, that might otherwise have disputed the sovereignty with the New

God of his own which he was going to put on the stage. And the way he did it was by declaring that according to the Higher Mathematics, the Ether had no existence as such at all; but was only a mathematical 'formula satisfying phenomena!'"

I was pleased to hear my friend say this, for I liked him sympathizing with me; and yet in justice to Mr. Wells, you must not forget that although you can round up mere numbers and figures, which are abstractions into the "limit" called Infinity, you cannot round up a succession of real Human Beings,—each of different, complementary, or contradictory characters at every stage of Human History—in that way. I saw that, and felt that *he* ought to have been the critic of Mr. Wells and not I, for nothing seemed to escape him! "It only proves," he added, "what you say, that Wells was like that old 'Serpent of Eternity,' which was so circuitous and insinuating, that it is represented by Goethe with its tail between its teeth, so that it is almost impossible to tell where the head ends and the tail begins, or whether, indeed, it has head or tail at all!"

But I was still interested to hear what my friend thought of Mr. Wells' "Veiled Being"—corresponding, as we have seen, to our God the Father. Mr. Wells' description struck me as beautifully expressed, and that it was not a pure piece of window-dressing, although it looked like it. "Listen to this," I said, when he next came in to see me, "as it is about the 'Veiled Being' of which, he says, we can know nothing whatever, nor can know,—'This "Veiled Being," enigmatic and incomprehensible, broods over the mirror upon which the busy shapes of life are moving. It is as if it waited in a great stillness. Our lives do not deal with it, and cannot deal with it, it may be we may never be able to deal with it.'"

Being very much touched with this passage myself, I asked my friend what he thought of it, and whether it appealed to him or not—although I had in a vague way been wondering to myself why this “Veiled Being” whom Mr. Wells admitted to stand in the place of God the Father, as the Cause of the Universe in some mysterious unknowable way, should not have come in touch with us who belonged to his Creation *somewhere*, as Christianity says God the Father has done through Jesus Christ. “And then,” I added, “there is something in this ‘Veiled Being,’ my friend, more than you or I can see; and I imagine Wells sees into it (in spite of his protestation to the contrary) through and through.” And then I read the passage again to him slowly and more deliberately, emphasizing the finer touches. “Now, then, what do you think of that?” I said in almost a triumphant tone.

“Wait a moment,” my friend began. “Let me see! What does he say—‘Brooding over the mirror on which the shapes of life are moving.’ How, I ask you, my dear fellow, can anything, veiled or not, brood over a mirror? And in a great silence, too! It looks as if he thought the ‘Veiled Being’ was some kind of old hen brooding in a great stillness over the eggs she was hatching! He doesn’t mean that, does he?” “It looks like it,” I said. “The chickens that were being hatched, of course, could know nothing of the old hen, could they? That is certain!” “Don’t be frivolous,” I said, “but listen to his concluding remarks before you judge. He says, not dogmatically remember, but only parenthetically as it were: ‘Some day in the endless future there may be a knowledge, an understanding of relationship, a power and courage, that will pierce into these black wrappings.’” “What!” he almost shouted, “does he mean that the chicks some day will see right through the shell of the old

hen sitting on them?" I was annoyed with this, and would have been shocked with his blasphemy had it not been that I knew it was not God the Father, but only Mr. Wells' "Veiled Being" to whom he was alluding,—and hinted as much. "Don't distress yourself, my friend, even if it were God the Father to whom I was alluding; the Bishop of Birmingham even, did not mind what Wells said of God the Father when he talked of Him as 'old, wrinkled, and bearded,' if he could afterwards say of Wells himself that 'he was not far from the Kingdom of God.'" "All right," I said, "but do, pray, let me finish the sentence. 'To that' (the seeing through the eggshell) 'it may be our God, the Captain of Mankind, may lead us.'" "What!" he positively snorted. "Break through the shell, while the old hen was still sitting! Bosh! And Wells himself, I suppose, had he been living at the time, would be that particular chick, the 'Captain of Mankind,' to do it! My dear fellow, excuse me for saying it, but don't be an ass! You have lost your critical faculty!" That was only, of course, his familiarity as an old and dear friend.

But when he had gone, I could not help reflecting and feeling how beautifully Mr. Wells in all this, had made the bleak Agnosticism of Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and the Scientific world generally, glow with warmth, colour and feeling; and giving us the hope of some day, even when we ourselves are dead and gone, of our descendants entering "within the veil" of this "Veiled Being," and the privilege of worshipping there. But then with a kind of shudder I remembered that after all Mr. Wells had plainly said that this "Veiled Being" is not his own real God; but is only what poor deluded Christians call "God the Father"—a pure myth in the opinion of Mr. Wells.

Now, after all this long in-and-out prolegomena, and having got my critical friend out of the way, I must begin my summing up of the situation.

We have seen, then, that Mr. Wells has thrown out altogether, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, for the various reasons we have already summarized ;—God the Father because He was a “ Veiled Being,” and we could know nothing about Him whatever, and because He had no communications with us at all ; God the Son because he could not stand His want of Courage on the Cross ; and God the Holy Ghost because He was a member of a Trinity (or Syndicate as it were), and most fatal defect of all that He was Infinite, whereas Mr. Wells had staked his reputation that his God was Finite, or nothing at all.

But where am I to start to describe what his God really is ? It is like trying to know where to begin in going round a circle ; the only thing is to strike in anywhere and at any point, and to go on from that, trusting in Providence to pull you through ! And perhaps it would be best to “ short-cut ” Mr. Wells, and take his main key-notes as a sort of general summing up. Let us begin with his very innermost core, namely, that his God practically proceeds from the “ still small voice ” (of conscience) within us. But to make this more definite, he enlarges it with this addition, that his God is a Spirit, a single Spirit, and more, a single Person ; and adds that “ he is the immortal part and Leader of Mankind ”—by which, I take it, he means, that same “ still small voice ” of conscience in all men and all ages, although I can quite imagine he does not like definitely to say so outright ; inasmuch as it would be too trite and common to be made the basis for a New Religion. But he goes on to add to this of the

"still small voice," that his God "has motives, has characteristics and an aim." Now this is a real addition, for, after all, the "still small voice" was only like an invisible policeman as it were, to keep us right in our *old* way, but with no initiative to push on to the new, and to tell us specially what we are to do next, and under new circumstances; but when he says that his God has an aim, and that this aim is "boundless love, boundless courage, and boundless generosity," I felt that the "still small voice," a mere baby as it were, had in it potentially more than one would have suspected, and I was prepared for Mr. Wells having "up his sleeve" something new with which to dress his doll! I was not disappointed, for he adds, "He, God, is also Thought and a steadfast Will." That, I thought, with old Polonius, was "good"! It was a great addition—and we could now see that this baby of a Conscience, with "its still small voice," was really growing in comeliness and stature to that of a full-grown man. And besides, Mr. Wells is able to add, that "he is our friend and brother, the Light of the World." Think of that! "The Light of the World," as if he were Jesus Christ Himself! "That is a good note," my cynical friend commented as I read it to him—"the Light of the World, and a good citizen and good brother too, like Lloyd George, or any other of our great Leaders, (only *par excellence* and alone)—'the Light of the World.'" That was a tremendous addition, and I do not well see how he could have gone farther, and indeed he admits it himself, for he says most impressively: "This is the belief of the Modern Mind [Mr. Wells'] with regard to God,"—although always modestly disclaiming that there is anything original in it, except that, as we saw before, his God had a Beginning.



#### 44 LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

And so he is enabled at last, after all this preliminary, to wind up by bringing us back to his real point, which is—that if “we seek salvation, and look within” (to the still small voice, I suppose), “presently we shall find God.” That, of course, brings us to Mr. Wells’ doctrine of “Conversion,” of which I have already spoken, and with that we must leave him. But in parting he warns the Early Church Bishops, that when they meet the new Bishops (like the Bishop of Birmingham), who have been converted by his New Religion, in Heaven, the latter will look stony cold, when they greet “these ingenious persons who have saddled them with an Omnipotent God, the Virgin Birth, and so on.”

“I wish,” my friend said pensively, after sitting quietly for a moment, “that Wells would not gibe so against every person or class of person he refers to in his book—with the exception perhaps of Sir Francis Younghusband; for these gibes set readers against him; and besides it is in extremely bad taste and ‘form’ among ‘gentlemen.’ And that is why, taking his own cue, I gibe at him as a set off!”

We have now got so far, then, that Mr. Wells’ God is a “still small voice;” is a Person whose chief characteristic is Courage and the forward-looking eye; that he had a Beginning, but is Immortal; that he is not a single individual person, like you or me; but is the best of all us humans from the beginning of the existence of Humanity (he draws the line at the Apes) and onward and onwards into the future. His God, that is to say, is essentially the “still small voice” (of Conscience) on which all the string of pearls which constitute his God are strung. The earliest of our human beings, like the Cave men, were mere glass beads; for in them the

"still small voice" was very small and poor in our sense. When Mankind had ascended in the scale (after nearly a million of years, according to our best authorities) he had become relatively a large and precious stone, as it were; and now (especially since the War) he has grown so big, alive and importunate, that we may soon expect to see Mr. Wells' God ruling us all, in all his plenitude and glory! No longer a dead thing, like even the best of pearls; but as a pre-requisite, of course, we must now all have undergone "Conversion" (there is the rub!) as primal and indispensable, to give his God any genuine life at all. And he even fixes the period of the Consummation of his Religion, when it will be all and all, *in a few centuries!*—but only (to do him justice) if this essential of his, of "Conversion" is conceded.

At this point, I felt, that Mr. Wells' God had, from being a mere humdrum thing, like the "still small voice" developed so enormously as to become like our "Tanks" at the front, more like human caterpillars than mere machines, especially when they have the glow of "conversion" "in their bellies" (as in the case of Carlyle's "old Ram-das") and are not mere inanimate mechanical things!

"No!" my friend commented; "Wells is wrong there: it will take more than a few centuries to convert the whole of us (as he stipulates) by his or any other Religion whatever."

I thought myself that my friend was talking sense this time, but begged him to let me proceed quietly without interruption. All these men, Mr. Wells goes on to say, all these converts need each other, and in fact will love one another, and all be devoted to the "conquest of death," as he calls it, by which I presume he means the conquest of misery and sin in the cause of Humanity at large.

And now, I think, we can at last really sum up this section of Mr. Wells' new Religion—and Mr. Wells will, I trust, correct me, if I have not stated his position fairly.

Practically, it consists of two main elements only ; the one of recent date, the other as old as Christianity. The first is the "Religion of Humanity" of Comte ; the other, the personal "Conversion" of the Christian Church in all ages, of the Salvation Army, and its "street corner" converts, all of whose experiences are told so simply that we cannot doubt them. But I would venture a word of warning to Mr. Wells, if he will allow me, and that is that he should not be so free in dispensing all these forgivenesses—to the extent even of seventy times seven—which he seems willing to allow his followers. Having thrown out God the Father as a fiction, as for any help towards "conversion" that He can give us ; and doubly so Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost as well ; and is now reduced to the scrag-end of the bone, "the still small voice of Conscience," *plus* Conversion to sustain us, he must suppress his tendency to too much leniency, and tell his followers plainly that they must live up to their Conversion ; otherwise like those damned souls in Dante who passed the gates that lead to the "Inferno," they will in these serious and strenuous times have to "leave all hope behind." With his "still small voice" and "conversion" behind them, there ought to be no excuse for these innumerable backslidings. For if not, in what respect are they better than the rest of us ordinary "publicans and sinners" who know not the true God ?

As for the relation which is to exist between us and Mr. Wells' God, he says definitely that it is not to be like that of a mother for her child—which most of us, I imagine, have always taken for the Ideal—if

only we could "love one another" so. The reason which Mr. Wells gives is, that a mother's love is only "instinctive and self-indulgent in its self-sacrificing." It should rather be, he insists, like the love of a Captain for his men, "a love which will not hesitate to send them to torment and bodily death."

"Like the love of the Kaiser for his Huns," interrupted my friend, "and I suppose that as his God is Courage, it would never do for him to decline on a mere woman! But I think Wells is wrong there; I will back a woman's love for her children, against the love of all the officers in the world for their men. Why, a woman's love, like an animal's for its offspring, is all the more pure and abiding because it is instinctive, and comes from their very heart of hearts; and it ends only with death—the very thing that Wells' God requires to keep its line of spiritual continuity of endeavour unbroken in a succession of persons linked each to the next from age to age; whereas Wells' preference for the relation between officers and men, is only at best one *ad hoc*, as it were, and for the time being; good only so long as they are alike under the stress and strain of a common hope and fear in War. But it loses half its force after the immediate stringency of the common interest which give rise to it has passed away; and after a time fades altogether. It is like the love of husband and wife, my friend, always strong at first but dying away as the years roll on, and ending so often in indifference or estrangement. But a mother's love for her children never dies. For me, this preference of Wells' for the passing relations between officers and men, over that of a mother's love, poisons all the sympathy which I might otherwise have for his new Religion and his new God. There is always a tinge of superiority, often of tyranny, in the relation.

But that, of course, is only my own private opinion, as an old bachelor without family ties, and has no more value than that of any other 'man in the street.'"

As for Mr. Wells' *practical prescriptions* for what his new Religion requires of us, we can sum them up briefly. Having all of us been "converted" as an absolutely indispensable preliminary; and having in consequence "turned right about face" from our old selves and our old life—our "old Adam" in short—and having received our marching orders to go straight ahead without looking back, relying on our conscience, and the still small voice within us, we must then do the *duties which lie before us* (an excellent maxim); and for the rest, we must strive mainly for Knowledge above all things, especially what is usually known as Scientific Knowledge—inasmuch as Conversion itself will do all the rest for us, so far as Religion and Morals are concerned. Our Leaders will, of course, be the great Scientists, Poets, and Artists—not the Philosophers—except perhaps Mr. Wells himself as the "popular prophet of the people"! And as for all other Religions, except his new one, they are absolutely barred out, and interdicted "from fire and water"; not only the great Christian, Mahomedan, Hindoo, Buddhist, Jewish and the rest, but all those other so-called cults, as he contemptuously calls them, which have been projected to replace the old Religions, and which he lumps together as so many old rag-bags—inasmuch as they have no "personal Conversion" in them—the "Religion of Humanity," of the "Ethical Societies," and of all those devoted to the "Service of Man."

After this circuitous dissertation, rendered necessary, I protest, by Mr. Wells' circuitous involutions and insinuating decorative artistry, I trust the reader will have something of a clear-cut conception of what

Mr. Wells' new Religion, in its *essence*, really is. I must, therefore, now leave it entirely to the reader's consideration, as Mr. Wells himself expressly desires—with the single remark, that whatever its intrinsic merits may be (of which it would be impertinent for me to constitute myself a judge), for delicate artistic window-dressing in the cause of a new Religion, it has not, in my time, had its parallel.

But just as I had completed this chapter, and was folding the manuscript to send it off to the publisher, who should come in again but my American friend! "Well," he said, "I see you are just finishing up." "Yes," I replied, "and am glad to get it off my hands. I am almost dead-beat with the whole thing." "I don't wonder," he went on; "but if you are not too tired, I wish you would read me the last paragraph or so, just to see how you wind up." I did so. "Well," he resumed, after a pause, "you know, I think that you are right in your idea about Wells' window-dressing of these old religious doctrines, as if his own New Religion were really a new design; but if you imagine, as I think you do, that you are going to shift Wells a jot from his hold on the British Public, you are mistaken. For with his popularity with the novel-reading public, and with the Bishop of Birmingham announcing that he is 'not far from the Kingdom of God,' and the Bishop of London, too, backing him, I understand, as not altogether a lost sheep to the Christian fold, you are sure to be disappointed. Anyhow, good luck to you!"—and leaving me alone to my thoughts, he departed.

### III

## RELIGION AS IT STANDS TO-DAY

### SECTION I

I PROPOSE in the present chapter to reopen the old and perennially interesting subject of Religion, and to endeavour, if possible, to find some solution of the difficulties arising from the new elements which have been imported into the problem in recent years, and which are now giving rise to a good deal of perplexity in the minds of thinking men. Twenty years ago, Evolution, Darwinism, Natural Selection and the rest, together with the deductions of Scientific Medicine and Pathology, were in full swing, sailing freely in a sky as yet unclouded by hesitation or doubt of their own principles, methods or aims; Supernaturalisms of all kinds, Christian or other, being ruled out of their purview as empty and exploded superstitions. The consequence was that men were able to choose freely the side in the controversy to which they should attach themselves; those who went over from the Religious to the Scientific camp being able to do so with a wholeheartedness and conviction, a sense of personal duty and devotion to truth, which did much to neutralize the ultimate dreariness of their new creed, and to compensate them for the consolations of the old religion which they have lost. It was a time when men like Professor Tyndall could boldly challenge the "efficacy of prayer," and offer to

have it put to a public test in a hospital ; when Professor Huxley undertook to demonstrate that all supernatural manifestations of energy not set down in the official scientific catalogue, such as Table-rapping and the like, were due to conscious or unconscious trickery ; and when Mr. Labouchere was so amazed at the effrontery of a Thought-reader who professed to be able to read the number of a five-pound note in his pocket, that he was prepared to stake a thousand pounds on the issue ! Now none of all this would be possible at the present time ; for in the interim the entire intellectual landscape has undergone a silent and unconscious change, until to-day it is no longer under the same sky, as it were, or animated by the same spirit. Much of the ground won from Religion by Science has reverted to its former possessor ; not indeed as the result of any decisive engagement or pitched battle, but by a silent and steady defection ; until now comparatively few outside the range of those immediately and personally engaged in the pursuit of Scientific truth (by the old and legitimate methods of observation, experiment, and induction), would hazard the throw of a die, let alone their immortal souls, on its fortunes. Evolution in general, as a great fact running through all life, still holds its ground with validity unimpaired ; but Natural Selection, based on the chance variations that happen to turn up in the struggle for existence—a doctrine which was in its morning glory twenty years ago—has become largely discredited, not only among Geologists and Palaeontologists, but among the younger generation of Biologists as well. Far from creating and initiating new departures in organic life, it is now regarded rather as the scavenger and eliminator of the “unfit” among those species already in the field ; not only not accounting for their inner



## 52      LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

*organizing unity*, but barely for their nails, feathers, shells, or skins.

So much for the change which has come over the orthodox Science of twenty years ago. On the other hand, again, owing largely to the experiments in Hypnotism of the great Continental Schools of Scientific Medicine, and to the elaborate and painstaking researches of the English and American branches of the Society for Psychical Research, whole regions of mysterious and unexplained phenomena both of body and mind which had either not entered the purview of the Scientists of twenty years ago, or had been contemptuously dismissed by them as impostures, now stand recorded awaiting a place in some wider view of life as a whole. And lastly, to add still further to the perplexity of the earnest inquirer, there is the intrusion into the field of discussion during recent years, of the phenomena of Christian Science, as it is called, with its brilliant record of cases of bodily and mental disorder treated by the mingled methods of religion and auto-suggestion, a cult which in America especially has drawn off large numbers of thoughtful people from the old Scientific camp, and has still further confused the clean-cut issues of twenty years ago. And the consequence is that now, instead of being able to range ourselves freely on one or other side of a line of definite cleavage, with Physical Science and Scientific Medicine (and their exact methods of observation, experiment, and induction) on the one hand; and one or other form of Religion based on Revelation, Authority, Tradition, and Miracle on the other; we are confronted with a triangular antagonism, in the centre of which, as in an Egyptian pyramid, we are imprisoned; either enchanted and unable to stir, or condemned to wander aimlessly around the

walls of our dungeon, groping for the secret clue which shall give us an exit into the free and open air again. For now our choice has to be made between the conflicting claims of, firstly, Medical Physiology and Psychology, in which all mental experiences whatever are referred directly to the normal or abnormal functions of the *brain and nervous system*; secondly, of Christian "conversion" as it is called, or that change of heart which is the source of all personal religion, the basis of all the creeds and systems of Theology, and is believed to be due to the direct action of the Holy Spirit; and thirdly, of Christian Science, Hypnotism, Auto-suggestion, and especially the phenomena of the Trance-state with its apparent demonstration of the continued existence of souls after death; each of these, in their greater divisions at least, being, both in their methods of inquiry and conclusions, in secret or open antagonism to the rest—Orthodox Medical Science being hostile to Religious "conversion," to Theology, to Christian Science, and to Spiritualism; Religious "conversion" and Theology, to Physical and Medical Science, and to all dealings with the spirits of the dead; Spiritualism and Christian Science, to orthodox Medical Science; and so on.

## SECTION II

Now, it is this triangular antagonism which I propose in this paper to attempt to resolve, or if not to resolve, then to so far clear from the obscuring complications, fallacies, and illusions which encumber it, that the field may be left open for future observation and research. But as the experience of Religious "conversion" or change of heart (especially when it is sudden), is the most immediate, typical, and

convincing of all the experiences which would seem to demonstrate the actual presence of the Spirit of God in the soul of man, I propose to concentrate first on it; and in doing so, our triangular problem, when stated in its baldest form, will reduce itself to this simple issue; namely, whether the human mind has, on one or other of its sides, any passage by which it is laid directly open to the Divine Spirit, the Soul of the World or whatever you choose to call it (in the same way as the streams of a continent are laid open to the sea, to be flushed, cleansed, and refreshed by its swelling tide); or whether, on the contrary, it is really a closed circle or casket complete within itself, and, like a chronometer, containing in its conscious and unconscious (or "subliminal") mechanism all the powers, balances, and adjustments necessary to itself; and with which it may confront Life, Time, and Eternity. In other words: Does the evidence go to show that what is *spiritual* in the soul of man gets its strength, sustenance, and vitality directly from an influx of the Eternal One; or only from the organized resources, balances, and reserves contained within itself? And if the latter, have these organized mechanisms no implication beyond their immediate purpose and use; or are they like a dial rather which although pointing out the hours for men, at the same time always refers back to the sun as its source?

The discussion of this question is at the present time peculiarly opportune, not only from its inherent importance in the existing state of perplexity and doubt; but from the attention given to it by Professor James, in whose study of the question the experiences of religious "conversion" among Mystics, Mahommedans, Hindoos, and Christians, are recorded and discussed in their relation to Scientific Materialism on the one hand, and "Christian Science," the

trance-state, and Spiritualism on the other; with that largeness of outlook and sympathy, that clearness, penetration, and originality which are never absent from the work of this eminently broad, sane, and subtle thinker. And I may as well say at once perhaps, that with most of his positive statements I am in cordial agreement; and if I differ from his general conclusions it is owing to the somewhat different complexion which the facts assume when surveyed from my own special standpoint of the Evolution of Civilization as a whole. In taking this standpoint, which furnishes us with the longest available reach of line and perspective from which to draw our conclusions, we shall be enabled, I trust, to hold the balance more evenly between the opposing sides in the controversy, than were we to take our stand on any insight that is to be had from a survey of the phenomena of To-day alone; and so shall neither be tempted to exaggerate the significance of the discoveries of Modern Physical Science on the one hand, nor to minimize the importance of the great Religions and Supernaturalisms which have played so large a part in the past of Humanity on the other. For in the Evolution of Civilization, which has what we may roughly call the *millennial ideal* as its end, it is necessary to find a place for *all* the factors; and to show how at each and every stage of Evolution they have all co-operated as means to that end; how successive special religions, Hinduism, Judaism, Christianity, have approximated more nearly to it; special codes of Morality, Pagan and Christian; special Philosophies and Theologies, Hindu, Greek, Christian; Modern Metaphysical systems; the Physical Sciences; special forms of Government, despotisms, aristocracies, democracies; special Empires and nations, with their histories of

War and Peace, their unions, their separations, etc.; special Material and Physical environments, hot, cold, barren, fruitful, etc.; all of which I have worked out in detail in the successive volumes of my "History of Intellectual Development." And just as it is impossible for the workmen engaged on the separate parts of a complex manufacture to see for themselves the full significance of the special work assigned them; or the different divisions of an army in action, the full meaning of the orders they are called on to execute, so neither the Thinkers nor the Actors engaged in any single department of the complex movement of Civilization can fully estimate the relative value of what they are themselves doing, or of what is being done around them; the only standpoint from which these can be surveyed in their true relations being that of Civilization as a whole. What I propose to do, therefore, is to fortify each side in the controversy by giving as much extension as possible to all the arguments and considerations in its favour with which I am acquainted; to weigh the opposing considerations in a balance in which the Evolution of Civilization shall have the casting throw; and should the ultimate problem prove insoluble, as is most likely (for the riddle of the world is not to be read like a book by a creature like Man who is still only a few stages removed from the brute), I shall then endeavour by the help of the planks which have proved their soundness by surviving the ordeal of analysis, to show how the Human Mind itself, by proper handling, can get out of itself and its hidden reserves, all that is necessary for Life, Time, and Eternity; can get a *working faith* which shall stimulate its energies to the highest point, and give at once life and health, range and expansion to the human spirit.

## SECTION III

First, then, let us marshal the main arguments which would seem by their implications to demonstrate that it is indeed the Spirit of God with which we have to deal in this experience of "conversion," or change of heart—whether the change involve the sudden rupture with the past which have been described ; or whether it takes place in those "sky-blue natures," as Professor James calls them, who more kindly favoured by natural disposition than other men, have not felt any such breach of continuity with their past lives.

To begin with, then, if we take a broad outlook over the world of Mind and Matter, we shall find that whereas in the *material* part the changes are only *transformations* of a Substance which undergoes neither diminution nor addition ; in the *mental* part, the changes as we see them in the ascent of the animal kingdom, come in by *successive increments of mind or intelligence* ; and are at each stage real additions to what was there before. From this it would seem to follow, that these mental additions must come in from the realm of Spirit ; and if so, must have obtained an entrance either at some opening in *single* individuals of a race or species ; or by blowing like a fresh breeze indifferently through them all. And if so, is it not probable that the phenomenon of "conversion" is precisely an instance of this entrance of the Spirit of God, or Soul of the World, into the human mind ? It seems feasible ; and certainly if we confine ourselves to *historical* times, where the evidence is first-hand and unimpeachable, it is quite indisputable that all the great movements of History which have engrafted new and higher Moralities, Religions and Codes of Social Ethics on the lower

civilizations which it was their mission to transform, have been initiated by men who, by their own direct testimony have experienced some "inner vision" or "conversion" which has led them on, and launched the new movement on its conquering way; as, for example, the *conversion* of Buddha under the Bo tree; the *vision* of Jesus of the Heavens opening and the voice of God proclaiming Him the Messiah; Paul's vision of the risen Christ on his way to Damascus; the voice heard by St. Augustine from the garden calling on him to "take, read"; the visions and voices seen and heard by Mahomet on Mount Hara; the parallel visions of St. Francis, Luther, Fox, Wesley, and Swedenborg; the transformation that came over the world to Carlyle, as he sat on Hoddam Hill; the new light that shone in on Tolstoi as he pondered the words of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount; and so on; all indisputable instances of "visions" or "conversions" which not only revolutionized the lives of the men themselves, but in their aggregate have changed the entire face of Civilization.

Nor will it avail the Scientific Materialist to attempt to invalidate the spiritual nature of these experiences of "conversion" by appraising them as *mere* modifications of the action of the brain and nervous system. For the very definition of Spiritual, as we shall now see, is that which is *its own evidence*; and as it is on this that the whole controversy will turn, I must crave the reader's indulgence for a moment while I attempt to make clear what I mean by it. It is not necessary that I should go into any abstract metaphysical subtleties in this matter, further than to point to the fact that in the Human Mind there are three independent and ultimate principles which are *their own evidence*, as we have said; that is to say, they cannot be either *proved* or *judged* by

anything outside themselves; not proved, because they are always *assumed* in every argument that would either affirm or deny them; not judged by anything else, inasmuch as like three independent and "final Courts of Jurisdiction," they themselves lay down the law by which they will have to be judged.

The first of these ultimate Courts of Jurisdiction is the *standard*, or instrument of measurement or judgment, for all that we call Intelligence, or knowledge of the Universe and what it contains; the second, for all Motives, Desires, Aspirations, Sentiments, or Passions that arise within the mind itself; and the third (as mediating between the other two) is that which enables them to realize themselves in Conduct or Action.

The first is the axiomatic certainty that the Force or Energy in the Universe is *fixed and unvarying*, that a pound weight of gravitative force will always weigh a pound, a yard measure derived from astronomical calculation always measure a yard; otherwise neither scales nor measurements would remain true, and all knowledge would be rendered impossible. For if Nature deceived us in this, the increase of Truth would be as impossible as the extension of Commerce would be, if the standard currency changed its value from hour to hour. Without it, no creature would have any fixed standard of adjustment by which to catch its prey, build its nest, or regulate its movements; its instincts would have no support in external Nature, no firm footing anywhere; and not only could animal life not evolve, it could neither continue to exist, nor indeed have come into existence at all. It is something *given* to animals and men, not *developed* in them nor evolved by them; and like Love of Life, and the sense of Space relations, must be already there as a fixed basis before evolution can begin.



Without this as a firm footing on which to stand, while developing and improving his powers, Man might as well try to climb a greased pole, as to climb from one stage of intellectual development to another. It is an ultimate postulate, or standard of Truth, inherent not only in the *consciousness* of man, but in the *instincts* of all animals; and stands in the background of every mind like a measuring rod, before which all other alleged truths must be brought for final judgment and confirmation, before they can be legitimately established or pass into universal currency; itself alone, like a King by "divine right," being judged by none. It has been called the "Persistence of Energy or Force."

The second great ultimate principle of the human mind is the one which is the standard of authority and judgment for all that goes on *within the mind itself*, for all those motives, feelings, desires, aspirations, and passions which form the subject matter of Conduct, Character, Religion, and Morality. It is the single, ultimate, and invariable standard for these; as the Persistence of Energy is for all the truths of Matter and Outer Nature. It is that something in us which on the emergence of any feeling or motive in the field of consciousness, at once determines its *rank*; whether as high and noble, common and base, or mixed; and from its judgment there is no appeal. It is one and the same in all men; as is proved by the fact that you have only to convince men that a man habitually acts from motives which it ranks as high, and without a dissentient voice they will make him free of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is the one tribunal behind which you cannot go; and like the Persistence of Energy, all considerations advanced to establish or annul it, consciously or unconsciously *take it for granted*. It is not "conscience," as is usually

taught, nor yet heroism, nor self-renunciation, nor pure love, nor honour, nor loyalty nor magnanimity; but is that which stands *behind* all these and gives them their authority and ranking. It is something more ultimate than any of them; and is that which makes them *high*, and their opposites *low*; remorse and disgust being the feelings that arise by reaction in the mind when we are conscious that we have acted from a low motive, and feel that we ought to have acted from a high one. I was, I believe, the first to bring this principle into the field of philosophical discussion as a weapon against Materialism, in a little pamphlet entitled "God or Force?" written over thirty years ago; Dr. Martineau's "Types of Ethical Theory," in which it is given the place of honour in the controversy, not having been written for some years afterwards; and for want of something better by which to designate it, I called it the "Scale in the Mind." Now it is to be noted, that while the instinct and intelligence of both animals and men rest on and involve our first ultimate, the Persistence of Force; animals have no "Scale," or only a rudimentary one; and the consequence is, as we see, that they go through their round of bodily and mental functions with equal indifference, eating, drinking, devouring and being devoured by each other, and propagating their kind, without after-thought, remorse, or shame. They never sit in judgment on themselves; and the consequence is, that although they are always in movement, they never really *advance* in the scale of being.

The third ultimate in the mind, and one equally beyond proof (for all proof must assume it), is the power of *Free Choice* by which the work of the other two ultimates is translated into Action—in other words, the Freedom of the Will. The very attempt

to prove or disprove it, must at every stage *assume* it. For just as if you are to prove that there is no such a thing as sight, some one must see; or as some one must be awake before you can prove that all men are really asleep; so if you are to prove that there is no Free Will, some one must by his free will concentrate his *attention* on, and make *choice* of, the arguments by which it is to be proved. Like our other two ultimates, all men assume, both in their judgments of each other and of themselves, that the will is free; as is proved by the fact of the elation we feel when we are conscious that our success has been the result of our own free choice of the means to that success—an elation which goes the moment it is discovered that our success was the result of a “fluke,” or of chance, or of good fortune merely; as well as by the degree of condemnation we mete out to the culprit, according as we believe him to have *intended* to commit the crime or not. Now Free Will, like the Persistence of Force, is common to all creatures having life, as well as to man; and is seen in the structure of the nervous system in all animals, which is everywhere constructed on a plan that provides for a choice between *alternatives*. Its typical structure consists in a single nerve cord to receive impressions from surrounding objects; a little nodule at the end of the cord to register the impressions and to *decide* what the creature is to feel or do about them; and *at least* two cords proceeding from that nodule, again, to move muscles which shall either carry it out of the reach of the object if it is an enemy, or embrace it if it is a piece of food, or remain quiescent if it is neither. Now were there no free will or choice in animals, there would be no need of this roundabout mechanism of nerve cord, nodule, and nerve cords again, but creatures would have

been as devoid of them as are the stones on the beach which roll against each other and have their shapes and angles determined for them by external necessity, and without choice of their own. In fact, Free Will may be said to be an attribute of all Life whatever as such; only in animals it is not *self-conscious*, as it is in man. Even in Plants, which although they have no definite nervous system still have *ends* of their own to subserve, we find that they will close their petals to prevent the honey needed to attract insects for their fertilization being washed away by the rain; and will open or shut them at night according to whether these insects are enemies or friends; while the more highly organized plants, like the fly-trap, will close on a fly or piece of meat, but not on a piece of wood or grain of sand; and so on.

Now it will be apparent at a glance that these three Ultimates of the Mind when taken together, form a connected system; and are related to each other as *means and ends*; the "Scale in the Mind" supplying us with a scale of *ends*, or motives for Action; the Persistence of Force as standard and foot-rule being the *means* by which we survey the ground, and assure ourselves of the properties of the material with which we are to work; and Free Will the means by which we make choice and use of these materials to minister to our ends—whether these ends be high and noble or selfish and base.

And in passing we may remark, that the reason why all Metaphysics as such is so barren and unprofitable, is because it will insist on trying to do two things which in the nature of things are impossible—firstly, to *explain* these ultimates of the mind; and secondly, to reduce them to some kind of merely formal unity. It cannot explain these ultimates

because, being *given* to Man as part of his equipment to start with (and *before* he begins to think or reason about them), any attempt to *explain* them, or explain them away, *involves* them, as we have seen, as part of its explanation; and is as absurd as the attempt of the old Perpetual-motion schemers to get Motion in a machine without Friction, when the friction was already involved in the motion of the machine! It is as hopeless as if a man were to try to lift himself up by his boots; or as the attempt of Carlyle's Irish saint who tried to swim the Channel, holding his head in his teeth! The most you can do in the way of *explanation* is to show that Nature will not deceive you; but will bear you out when you come to test or use them; and this, as we have seen, she does. The Persistence of Force, for example, is justified by the whole body of the Physical Sciences which are built upon and by means of it; the "Scale in the Mind," by the *satisfaction* all men feel when they act from high and noble motives; while Free Will is justified when we see that all living organisms, from the lowest to the highest, are constructed on a plan which provides them with a *free choice between alternatives*.

Nor can the Metaphysicians reduce these ultimates to any merely *formal unity*, as they are always trying to do; and for this reason—that being functions of a *living* organism, namely the Human Mind, their unity like that of all *living* things can consist only in their *harmony and co-operation as means and ends*; in the same way as the unity of the body consists in the harmony and co-operation of the functions of heart, liver, stomach, etc., as means to the ends of Life and Health. They cannot be unified by the attempt to reduce the three into terms of any one of them; as when Light, Heat, and Electricity are (quite legitimately) ground down into *modes* of Motion;

or heart, liver, lungs, etc., into *forms* of cells; any more than you can unify the face by reducing nose and mouth into terms of eyes; or the body, by reducing the functions of the liver and heart into terms, say, of the functions of the lungs. You might as well try to explain the unity of a painting by trying to find something in common between the paint, the composition, and the idea of the picture in the artist's mind! For by what hocus-pocus or pretended unity can we ever hope to get across the gap between a dead thing and a living one; between a Physical cause involving an *equivalence of physical force with its effect*, and a Mental cause which involves Will; or indeed between Mind and Matter as such at all; when the same self-consciousness which testifies to their being *ultimate* categories, testifies also to their being *absolutely different in nature and attribute*. This is not to harmonize or unify your categories, but only to confuse and confound them; as much so indeed as if you should insist on identifying and confounding one man with another on the ground that they are both *modes of mind and matter*! But if the Metaphysicians will insist on unifying these mental categories they can only do it from the standpoint of Will, which is the *natural* focus, unity, and crown of any system of ultimates which are related as means and ends; and if they still further insist on trying to unify the World as a whole, it can only be done under the conception of a Supreme Will, which has planted in us these ultimates, not only for our own guidance, *but for carrying out His Will as well*; and is therefore the only postulate that can unify them. Personally, I am pleased to see that the Metaphysicians are beginning to realize this themselves, but I fear that when they have seen it so clearly as to cease as well from their futile attempts to *explain* the origin of

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these mental ultimates with which they deal, their occupation will be gone! They will then, like the alchemists and searchers for the "philosopher's stone" who prepared the way for Modern Scientific Chemistry, be able to dissolve as a body—whether as Idealists or Materialists—and be ready to enrol themselves anew among the Spiritual and Poetic Thinkers, whose function it is not to try and explain the ultimate and inexplicable, but to show how the Evolution of the World as a whole (and especially the evolution of Civilization) is to be *harmonized* by means of them.

#### SECTION IV

Now in all this I have not lost sight of our original problem of "conversion," but have led the reader through these somewhat underground passages in order that we may be better prepared to meet the objection of the Scientific Materialist; namely, that this precious jewel of life which the "convert" thinks he has found, is only one *form of emotion* like any other; all alike being affections of the brain and nervous system, and without further significance. For now it will be at once apparent that the Materialist has been confusing the issue, by *bringing it for judgment before the wrong court of jurisdiction*. "Conversion" is a mental experience, a mode of mind, and as such must be judged by our second ultimate, the "Scale in the Mind," which deals, as we have seen, with all the motives, experiences, aspirations, passions, etc., that arise within the mind itself, and, as we have also seen, ranks "Conversion" at the very top of the scale, stamping it as of heavenly origin, if indeed any human experience can be so. And what the Scale stamps as spiritual, that is spiritual; and from its

judgment there is no appeal. That is what we meant when we said that things spiritual were *their own evidence*. If the Materialists reply that there is an exact correlation and correspondence between *mental* experiences of all kinds whatever, and *the amount of nerve energy* expended in their production, and that therefore we need not look beyond the nervous system for our explanation of their nature, I rejoin that nerve action, in so far as like light, heat, and electricity it is a mode of motion, quite properly falls under the jurisdiction of our first ultimate, the Persistence of Force, which as our measuring rod for all material things decrees that each of these forms of energy, as it arises, shall, as in money changing, be an equivalent for whatever other form of energy it replaces; but that when any one of these forms of energy is attended by mental manifestations in addition, as nerve energy is, this new mental manifestation, although keeping time as it were to the physical motion with which it is bound up, has its rank and authority determined for it by an entirely different and independent court of jurisdiction. If not, why, I ask, did the Materialist or Atheist of the olden days risk the loss of position, money, and repute in defence of what he believed to be the "truth," when his "love of truth," equally with the mental experience of the "converted," is only an affection of his nervous system; neither of them being of any more significance than a pain in the back, an itching in the leg, or any other affection of the nerves? On his answer to this simple question I am prepared to stake the whole matter at issue. If he reply that the "truth" is so important that it is his duty to his fellows or mankind to proclaim it everywhere and everywhen, then we again ask him, what (still on his own hypothesis) is this feeling of



his of "importance to the world," or "duty" to his fellows or mankind, but an affection of this same nervous system, kept up I presume by the expenditure of *some* physical force in the nerve cells, and which is gone when he falls asleep or dies? Let him consider it well, therefore, and he will find that what he has been doing all along is this: he has been judging his neighbour's mental experience of "Conversion" by our first ultimate standard—the Persistence of Force—as an affection of the nervous system following the laws of Matter and Motion, but his own "devotion to Truth" by our second ultimate standard, the Scale in the Mind, which quite justly accords this "love of truth" the rank and authority he claims for it—a self-stultification and illusion so gross and illogical as for ever to put Materialism as a philosophy of the World and Life beyond the pale of serious discussion. So far therefore as Scientific Materialism is concerned, the "converted" man may push his propaganda in church or chapel, in the market-place or at the street-corner, without apology or fear. If "Conversion" is to be seriously assailed, the argument will have to come from a different quarter and from an entirely different point of view—as we shall see later on.

Cardinal Newman, on the other hand, fell into the opposite error. He saw so clearly that the mental experiences and emotions ranked *high* by the "Scale," were the very *ends* of life, and that mere abstract Truth as such, was but a *means* to these high ends, that he was betrayed into suggesting that if you could only attain these ends, whether by "conversion," the "Grace of God," the "Sacraments of the Church," "assent to dogma," "submission to *authority*" as such, or what not, you need not be so careful about the *abstract truth* of the dogma or doctrine itself;

inasmuch as mere abstract truth when embraced for itself alone, and without regard to the ends which it subserves, may become as pernicious in its way as stuffing the stomach with food for its own sake and beyond the necessity of life and health which it subserves. But here he forgot that while Abstract Truth is not an *end* in itself for men (for the very good reason that only as much as is necessary for you is doled out to you through your poor five senses, each with its very limited gamut) it is a *necessary means* and instrument for the attainment of these ends of life; and is therefore as indispensable as the end itself. Otherwise the "love of truth" would not be adjudged by the "Scale" that high rank and authority which it enjoys; and neither Materialists and Atheists on the one hand, nor Salvationists preaching "Christ crucified," "conversion" and "change of heart," on the other, would be found sacrificing the solid goods of life to preach in the parks and at the street-corners what they believe to be the Truth.

So far, then, all is plain sailing with the "converted" man. His experience is adjudged by the *inner* "Scale,"—its ultimate court of appeal—as among the highest that life has to offer. Higher, indeed, it could not be, were he in Heaven, in the Millennial Kingdom, or in the presence of God; and so far as Scientific Materialism is concerned, he is logically free to believe that it is indeed the very Spirit of God that is present to his soul.

Nor need he fear to hold tenaciously to this belief because he cannot see how the Spirit of God can gain access to his conscious intelligence and will, without his being *aware* of its entrance. For the vast body of accurately classified scientific facts bearing on Hypnotism and the Trance-state show beyond all possibility of doubt that the idea suggested to the

mind of a person in these states will be deliberately carried out by him hours after he awakes; and that too without any suspicion on his part that he is not acting quite of his own accord and of his own free will. And if the thoughts of a fellow man can thus obtain free access to our minds so as to take possession of our wills without our knowledge, does not this make the more credible the contention of the "convert," that the "divine grace" by which he has been visited, and under which he has been submerged as by a tidal wave, was imparted to him by the direct agency of the Spirit of God Himself?

Nor, lastly, need the "convert" haul down his flag when confronted by the doctrine of Evolution; in the special form at least which was originally given to it by Darwin and Herbert Spencer, who, it will be remembered, made the evolution of plants and animals depend, not on any *internal* organizing principle blowing like a breath of life through them, while leaving the weak and unfit to be winnowed out in the "struggle for existence," but on *chance variation* alone. Now it must be frankly admitted, that this doctrine, like all the great half-truths which by their opposition to what has gone before them, have pushed the progress of the world from stage to stage, has done as much for the progress of speculative thought as the doctrine of abstract Liberty and Equality of the French Revolution, formulated by Rousseau, has done for Political and Social progress. It has been largely instrumental in breaking down the old Mosaic Cosmogony, the "verbal inspiration" of the Bible, and other theological dogmas which thirty years ago stood like a dead wall in front of the facts, and warned off the scientific explorer from all closer attempts to investigate them. It has been of immense service, too, to the Scientists themselves,

inasmuch as by representing the World as under the dominion of *Physical laws* alone, it impelled them to push their investigations, untrammelled by theological dogma, to the uttermost bounds of Nature in the domain alike of the infinitely little and the infinitely large; animating them with a hypothesis with which, as with a torch, to explore land and sea, the innermost structure, functions and habits of plants and animals, their distributions in time and space, their geologic record, their embryology, and the like; in the search for "missing links," for rudimentary organs, and for all their peculiarities of structure, function, and adaptation to environing conditions—with the result that like the Alchemists of old in search of the "philosopher's stone," they have left precious jewels of scientific truth everywhere in their wake, and have brought the modern science of Biology up to its present high stage of development. The real truth in my judgment is that any *positive* theory of the Origin of Species, involving as it does the innermost secrets of Nature, must be suspect from the beginning; unless, indeed, this mysterious, vast, and infinitely complex Universe was to be explained at each of the stages of its evolution, by the creatures that happened to people it—whether monkeys, mammals, marsupials, or reptiles of the slime. And for a poor creature like Man, himself but yesterday emerged from the forests of his hairy ancestors, to imagine that the mental evolution needed to explain the secret *arcana* of the Universe, was reached when *he* appeared on the scene; and with the poor scraps of knowledge required for his household carpentry and economies constituted himself the measure of its utmost term, was a rare piece of conceit; and was only possible when the Theologians had convinced him that as he

was the centre of the Universe (for whom indeed it was made) all must be explained and accounted for to him as its natural heir. And when the Theological explanation at last broke down, and he chanced to discover by his own unaided powers the Law of Gravitation (which after all only accounted for the mere framework and skeleton of things), the éclat that arose on the discovery was so great, that it confirmed him in his belief that he could indeed penetrate to the very centre! And the consequence has been, that ever since, each generation or two has had its theory—Theological, Metaphysical, Mechanical, Spiritual, or Composite—all alike ephemeral, but each believed in with as unquestioning a faith, and held and defended with as much tenacity and heat, as if it were really the last Apocalypse. The fact that it was almost universally accepted by Scientific men for a generation, in itself counts for little in the face of the parallel fact that it already began to show signs of decay within the generation that gave it birth; and is only another proof that it is one of those great *half-truths* of which we have spoken, with which the History of Civilization is strewn, and of whose victories that history is at once the tomb and the monument. For to believe that the myriads of distinct, definite, sharply defined creatures that are packed into the same environment of climate, soil, sea and sky, each walled off from its neighbours by invisible barriers which cannot be transgressed, and which prevent them all from melting into one another like ears of wheat in a waving cornfield (as indeed they would were it only Natural Selection that kept them apart), creatures with structure and function of thousandfold correlation in which any part not keeping step and time with the rest would throw all out of gear; to believe that these could come into existence

by *chance variations* alone (and without an *internal* principle of organization to keep these variations within limits), is to believe that Nature like an outdoor pauper, on any change occurring in the general environment, would have to wait until from out her old rag-bag she should chance to come across some patch or fragment which when clipped and trimmed would exactly match the new conditions; instead of taking the shortest cut to her end by *stimulating the creature itself* to adapt itself to the new environment as it arises; as a bird does when it builds its own nest, a bee its own honeycomb, or a beaver its own dam. It is to represent Nature as if she produced her infinite variety of plants and animals in the same way as she separates the sand from the shingle on the beach by the action of the tides; or drives the fallen leaves into heaps in gutters by the capricious action of the wind; as indeed Spencer and Darwin figure the process to have been. Now this, I submit, is to construe Nature in terms not of her *life*, but of *death and decomposition*. For if we consider it, it is not Plants and Animals only that have an internal organizing principle that relates their parts and functions to each other, but Matter also. We are so accustomed to identify the dust, the mud, the dirt, the sand, the gravel, and the soil on which we walk, and in the midst of which we live, as Matter, that we forget that this is not Matter in its original form at all. It is Matter *decomposed and disintegrated* in geologic ages by heat and cold, by rain, and rivers and sea, afterwards to provide food for plants in the same way as plants in turn have to be broken up to provide food for animals. Matter in itself, and in its essence, is *organised from within*; for it is either crystalline with definite angles and sides; or has affinities which determine the correlate substances

with which it will combine; or else its molecules are united in definite proportions, or it revolves as "electrons" in enclosed orbits. To frame therefore a theory of the "Origin of Species" on the analogy of sand-heaps, fallen leaves, or the scavenging and deposition of mud in the gutters, as if this broken-down debris were the natural and primary condition of Matter, from which organic beings, animal and vegetable, were to be explained and evolved, is as absurd as to try and account for crystals by the rubbing of stones against each other; for chemical affinity, by the welding of them together; and for the existence of animals by the analysis and manipulation of their own dead excreta; and indeed except for this illusion, the doctrine of the Origin of Species by "Natural Selection" alone could not have arisen at all. Whatever subsidiary influence, therefore, the environment may have had on the evolution of the forms of plant and animal life, an *inner* organizing principle which keeps possible variations within strict and definite limits not to be overborne, must be assumed as primary and fundamental. The variety of pigeons bred by a continuous process of selection from a single pair, to which Darwin appealed, falls within the *legitimate* limits of "variation"; but if you try and push your experiments to the more vital regions where the organizing centre of the animal is touched, if you get offspring at all, they will be as barren as mules, and speedily come to an end.

And as Nature, in dealing with her *physical* forces, takes the shortest cut to her end by making them follow "the line of least resistance," it would seem not improbable that she does the same with her *vital* forces also; and that when she wants to people a new environment takes the short cut to it either by blowing a fresh breath of life through the old, or by

directly sowing in all their profusion and variety the *germs* of the new creatures needed at a single throw, as it were, and then letting them *keep the balance even by preying on each other*; in the same way as if you want a symphony, you must first get all your instruments and players together, and then let them supplement and balance each other. If Nature began by a *single* missing link, and had to wait until its descendants had crept in, Indian file, by imperceptible increments—say, from a little straight piece of gristle as back-bone, through all the gamut of the vertebrates—from fish on to amphibia, reptile, birds, and mammals—without collateral forms of being at every stage *to keep the balance even*, it would argue in her a self-stultification as great as if she had produced creatures with mouths and windpipes but without stomach and lungs; or, as (if we had to wait for our symphony) until the players had time to generate each other in natural sequence from father to son, from the bassoon to the first violin! Indeed, had each creature to wait for the evolution of its natural enemies from among its own descendants, the sea would be filled up before these descendants arrived; and if there were no bacteria, the carcasses of the dead would lie heaped and embalmed until there was no standing room left on earth! But once all the types of creatures necessary to keep the balance of Nature even are *given* to start with, then “Natural Selection” may be trusted to winnow out the “unfit,” as it winnows out the inferior bulls in a herd; or as the poor players in an orchestra give place to better until all are brought to perfection. And this is precisely what the testimony of the rocks (according to our latest authorities) would seem to indicate; great waves of transformation of animal and vegetable life coming in at the beginning of each new epoch;



these transformations in turn running quickly, under the winnowing process of Natural Selection, through the cycle of changes needed to adapt them at all points to the new environment; after which they remain comparatively stable, until a still newer environment ushers in new waves of transformation adapted to it in turn; and so on from epoch to epoch. But the secret working of it all, no mere man can know; nor shall the process be known until on the staircase of Evolution a race of beings shall appear who shall sit round the footstool of the throne of God Himself, and have communicated to them His secrets.

"Natural Selection," then, like the abstract "Liberty and Equality" of Rousseau, would appear to be only *half the truth* after all; and although Evolution itself is a Law of all Life, because *parentage* and *heredity* are laws of all life, still an *internal organizing factor* in the shape of fresh breaths of life, or fresh exercises of adapting power, is required to fit creatures to their new surroundings—as is now beginning to be seen. If this be true, then it is evident that the claim of the "converted" to have received an accession of spirituality directly from the Universal Spirit, has nothing to fear from the doctrine of "Natural Selection."

Summing up, then, the points in favour of "conversion" being due to the direct inworking of the Spirit of God, we may tabulate them as follows. (1) The successive increments of mind and intelligence that somehow or other have obtained entrance into the Evolution of a World whose *material* side is subject to transformations only; but not to increase or diminution of Force. (2) The transformations in the History of Civilization which are directly traceable to spiritual manifestations and "conversions" occurring in those individual Great Men who have

been the founders of new religions and civilizations.

(3) The direct testimony of *self-consciousness itself* to the high and spiritual character of the emotions aroused in "conversion." (4) The fact that in hypnotic and other allied states, the thoughts of other minds can be made to enter our mind and affect our conduct without the slightest suspicion on our part that they are not the result of our own wills. (5) The transformation scenes in the peopling of the world with animals and plants, which cannot fully be accounted for by Natural Selection alone, without the co-operation of some *inner organizing power* of the nature of Spirit or Intelligence.

## IV

### PRACTICAL RELIGION

WITH Mr. Wells' new book on Religion—"God, the Invisible King"—flaming like a comet in the sky, the reader, perhaps, while studying its larger Theological implications, may be willing to consider with me for a moment some suggestions that have only recently taken definite shape in my mind on Practical Religion itself—and especially in answer to the simple question: "What is any given human individual to do, in this matter of Religion, from youth to age, between birth and death?"

In my poor judgment, then, he is not to follow a straight line, as it were, starting with either a Catholic syllabus, a Westminster "Confession of Faith," or a Calvinistic "Longer or Shorter Catechism," beginning and ending with it in an undeviating straight line; but is to follow a rising and falling curve rather, like the sun in the heavens from its rising up to its meridian, and then downwards to its setting.

As an Infant he will start as a mere blank point or zero emerging from Eternity; as a Boy, an animal mainly thinking of his food, his mischief, and his play, which, like the playing of a kitten in stalking its imaginary prey, is educating itself and its organs for their real uses in after life. In Early Youth he is to be a "Barbarian"—as Matthew Arnold, not without sympathy, would have called him—in his games, his

sports, his mischiefs even; the only properly *religious* restraint or punishment being simply that exercised over him by his masters and companions, in seeing that in all situations, as in cricket, he "plays the game." Later still, let us say as a Public School boy (who has always been my ideal for this time of life), let him still "play the game," but under stricter control, and with Religion still a dribble; but all combined with a beginning of real Education and Culture (Scientific, if I were to have my choice), and specially Morality; not the *whole* Decalogue (for that would be too great a strain, poor boys!), but an inflexible personal "honour" and integrity, and especially as great a horror of speaking or acting an untruth as if it were a lasting stain.

As a Young Man, he is now to put on all his "feathers" and seek to gain the favourable glances of the "fair sex," which he cannot do, with all his mere knowledge and rough physical prowess, unless he adds to them gentleness and grace of manners and of "form," and even of personal adornment, as a stepping-stone to the "Ideal," which in its cruder or more refined forms lies before him as a mature and full-grown man. In this transition stage, the society of good and virtuous women must be his tutor, and their frowns his censors on the "ideal" side; and on the outward and conventional side Public Opinion and public Law itself, rather than any merely *religious* court of appeal. His Religion, in a word, must now be to do what one may call the "decent," the "right thing." It must be that of the "gentleman" and "man of honour" in Captain Hawtrey's sense of the term, when in Robertson's play of *Caste*, some question of "rank" coming up for disposal, he replied with a manly dignity, "No man can be more than a gentleman." But if, at this stage, he could add to this the attitude of

mind of a really Christian "converted man"—not of the mere pious, mechanical, conventional adherent of either Church or Dissent, pledged to them merely by his birth or bringing up,—that, indeed, in my judgment, would be well-nigh perfection itself!

And now we have come to the mature Adult Man, with a wife and family of his own, and his way to make in life—with its struggles and ambitions, its hopes and fears and disappointments,—amid all of which, like an animal, he must catch his opportunities and successes on the wing, as it were, or lose them altogether, in a world where each man has from choice or necessity to become, sooner or later, some kind of a "specialist"—from a shoemaker up to a millionaire magnate, a poet, a philosopher, or a king. In this stage, his Religion is simply to do his work, whatever it may be, truly, conscientiously, and well, to the best of his ability; for he will now soon touch the meridian point of his curve of life, and with each succeeding year must decline slowly or quickly to his setting. Let him, therefore, stretch his own *ideal of accomplishment* to its utmost limits while it is yet time; even if he imagines himself a new Phaeton who cannot be arrested in his flight until his wings have been singed by the sun itself! Let him push on, therefore; for if the collective judgment of his fellow-men cannot stop him in his flight and round him in, the inevitable years will do it for him. What now is to be his attitude to Life, or, in other words, his Religion, in this the beginning of his *declining* years and powers? He should habituate himself to renounce all those personal or family ambitions of his prime, and turn "right-about-face," as it were; furling his once spreading sails, and drawing his curtains gradually closer and closer for the ever-nearing night. Instead of revolving on his own axis, as if he were indeed a

planetary orb, he should now look around and about him on the struggling world *outside* of himself, to see where and when he can lend a helping hand. "Self-renunciation," in a word, must in his decline of life become his real Religion—as Goethe and all the sages have perceived. Not precipitously, like Tolstoi, who stripped all his old clothes off at once!—but gradually, decently, and in order, as a man puts off his successive garments one after another, before retiring for the night. He should, in a word, now become a listener, and passive, sympathetic *spectator*, rather than an active, aggressive, and pushing participator in the world's affairs. His object of devotion should now be the "general good," not his own; and in making himself (as all the animals do that go in herds) the *servant* of the commonweal, not its lord. This is to be his Religion;—but even this is not enough. Along with it he should see clearly and lay to heart that there is a Designing Providence on high (or somewhere at the core of things), who made him, but whom *he* did not make or design; a Supreme Intelligence who bound him, as on a wheel, in the great revolving laws of an inexorable Fate. This he must see; else, whatever he does, he becomes like an animal who was merely born, and has at last to die.

This, then, of Self-Renunciation for "the common good" is to be his real Religion; this self-renunciation, and again self-renunciation; and with this, as with an old Stoic's mantle around him, he may, in spite of Churches and Theologies, or "spooks" and "mediums," pass peacefully and with all assurance to his rest.

But is it not somewhat Utopian to expect all this from us human beings, even in our declining years? asks the reader. I agree; and I will now venture to submit the explanation. It consists in a single main difficulty which blocks the efforts of all reformers

in the cause of Religion—whether they be royal, aristocratic, plutocratic, democratic, or frankly socialist and plebeian. It lies, in a word, in the differences in the constitution of the Family in the *herd* called Man, and in that of all other animal herds whatever. In all animals, whether those that, like hawks, lead isolated lives, or those that go in flocks and herds, like cattle and sheep, the Family tie between parent and offspring is snapped, and *ends* when the offspring are full-grown and start on their own account; whereas in Man, with his added power of “looking before and after,” the tie of the Family still lasts, and does not end even with life itself, but is still seen by the parent, in imagination, stretching on and on in unbroken continuity after his own life. It is as the difference between a girl’s hair falling softly on her shoulders like a waterfall, and there ending; and a plaited strand, running and tapering, as I have seen it, down almost to the ankles and feet! And it is this concern for the length and future of the Family in man which, like the life after death in *Hamlet*, puzzles the human will, and makes cowards of those who would otherwise (like the celibate Catholic priests in their devotion to the Church) have made that great renunciation in the decline of life which I have ventured to define as the human side and function of all Religion. It is this, too, of the Family that makes all Conservatism of so long life, and perplexes while it sours the realization of the Socialist’s dream. In pure democracies like America and the Colonies, the Family as such counts for little more, after men are grown up, than among the animals—each adult son going his own way without further parental responsibility. And accordingly, one would suggest that the future success of what I have called the “religious renunciation” in the decline of life, would be found to be more

easily realized in these young countries than among the ancient dynasties of Kings, or the scions of the "entailed" families of Aristocracies. Is it credible, for example, that the Kaiser would find it an easy "renunciation" to give up to the "general good" of the Prussian people the crown and sceptre of the Hohenzollerns who are to succeed him? Or "entailed" Aristocracies their personal and family interests? Or even the "superior" Socialist Working-man (for whom I have the deepest sympathy), when one knows he is working hard, and often with declining power, to give his family those superior advantages of education and social advancement which were denied to himself? No! It will not be done; and the pretence or denial by any or all of them, will only spell hypocrisy.

But let not the reader be startled; for it is not only the Family which is the great obstruction in human life. For if we consider it well, this "Human Herd" has already outgrown in its *mind*, not only ideally, but morally, and especially æsthetically, the baser uses and necessities of its lower animal functions; and yet in practice, as in the case of the Family, is obliged to submit to them all. It seems almost as if Divine Providence had not quite "kept time and step" with Himself; had not, as it were, brought up all His forces into line at the same time, and without leaving some of them lagging behind. But as this would be a pure blasphemy for any mere mortal like myself to suggest, I have only dared to mention it here to bring out my point, and to throw light on the reason, why human beings as such cannot "jump the element of time," and realize *now and here* the millenium of their dreams, and their ideal of the Religious Life. And yet the lower animals, as I have said, have in their unconscious instinctive ways done it.



But how to get over this, I confess I do not see. Some Socialists, too, have found this dominance of the Family instinct a standing obstacle in the way of Socialism. But unlike myself in this matter of Religion, they think they see their way to a scheme which will circumvent Divine Providence itself in their cause. But as they cannot cut off the Family tie (as the animals do at maturity), they propose to be more radical and to cut them off after infancy—or some years later. The proposals of some of these Socialists, if I remember rightly, is to take away all children from their own mothers as soon as possible, transport them into huge caravanseries, and let them be brought up by *other* children's mothers—or, better still, by superior persons who have not yet been mothers at all! In this way they think the influence of the Family tie will, as in the case of the Turkish Janissaries, be altogether neutralized, and the Kingdom of Socialism will have come.

Mr. Wells goes a step further in his World-State. He proposes to straighten out the difficulties confronting the union of *separate Nations* (owing to their differences in Race, Colour, and Creed), and by what means? thinks the reader. By simply allowing, and even encouraging them all alike—European, Negro, Mongolian, and Semite—to marry freely with each other, whereby it is hoped that their offspring, when time has been given them to be ground down to a common promiscuity of breed, shall, like the mongrel dogs that live in common in the streets of Constantinople, be all blood relations! And why, *then*, should they ever have wars or quarrels with each other? Why, indeed?

And yet I must confess that to me this generalized, mongrelized monstrosity of Mixed Races, as the

solution either of the problem of Socialism in a World-unity of all Nations, or for any kind of Religion, Human or Divine, is the "Limit"; and beyond it human absurdity cannot go.

"Nature," said the wise Goethe, "tends everywhere to *individuality*,"—not to the dead level of promiscuity; or, as Herbert Spencer puts it, it tends to heterogeneity, not to homogeneity or uniformity.

But there is still a further point on which I should like to touch in passing. It is in reference to an intermediate position, as it were, between the crude Barbarism of youth and the religion of Renunciation of declining life. It is seen, indeed, in nearly all great and energetic natures at all times of life. It is what may be called the "Religion of the Ideal," and is a good half-way house at least to the religion of Renunciation itself. Farther than it, I may frankly say, I have not reached myself. It is seen where one would least expect it: as, for example, in the great Money-magnates who are engaged on great designs; the men whose minds reach to vast expansions of unpeopled continents, with their systems of railways and clearances, of town openings, forest clearings, and the like—all of which, I admit, in their first inception, have been concerned and devised for private gain. But once these designs begin to realize themselves, they become, as I have known them in these men, as much a point of religion as is the devotion of a soldier to his flag—as John Stuart Mill said of the Civil War in America, that what started as a war of *interests* ended, when they had taken their coats off, in a war of *principles*. And so, too, these men in their way do sacrifice like soldiers both their lives and their money-bags for their great designs. But this fatal heritage of the Family around their necks usually ends in poisoning their ideals by slowly

worm-eating them, and so their lives rarely flower out into a real *religious* renunciation.

And, as upshot of it all, we may well consider that if *personal* religion is blocked by the "Family spirit" among the members of the *same* nation; and a Cosmopolitan religion, which shall embrace all nations, is damned entirely by the secret or open antagonisms of Race, Colour, Creed; where, then, are we to turn for a real "religion of renunciation," such as is realized by Nature in the lower animal world? As I have said, I cannot tell; but must pass the problem on to the race of "kite-flying" prophets of whom Mr. Wells has made himself the spokesman. He tells us plainly that the proper and distinctive "method" for all these studies, indeed their very backbone, is "the creation of Utopias and their exhaustive criticism." That is to say, he would have any or all of us send up kites, or balloons, of our own creation, without reference to the past teachings of either History or Civilization, and let the gaping multitude below select the one which for the time best takes its fancy! The above is my own particular kite in this important matter of Practical Religion.

## V

### THE PROBLEM OF RELIGIOUS CONVERSION

#### PROFESSOR JAMES'S GIFFORD LECTURES

I PROPOSE in this chapter to offer a few remarks on Professor James's new book, "Varieties of Religious Experience," being the Gifford Lectures delivered by him at the University of Edinburgh. In this work the experiences of religious "conversion" among Mystics, Mahommedans, and Hindoos, as well as Christians, are recorded and discussed in their relation to Scientific Materialism on the one hand, and to Christian Science, the trance-state, and Spiritualism on the other, with that largeness of outlook and sympathetic appreciation of all sides, that clearness, penetration, and originality which are never absent from the work of this eminently broad, sane, and subtle thinker. Now I may as well say, at the outset, that with most of his positive statements I am heartily in accord, and if I differ from his broad general conclusion, it is mainly owing to the very different complexion which the facts assume when surveyed from my own special standpoint of the Evolution of Civilization as a whole. The general conclusion which Professor James arrives at is, that the soul of man in religious "conversion" is in direct and immediate contact with spiritual agencies, God or the Spirit of God, a conclusion to

which he is predisposed, and to which, perhaps, he was originally led, by the manifest sympathy which he feels with the conclusions of the Society for Psychical Research, namely, that the living can, through the agency of a spirit "medium," be put into actual touch and communication with the spirits of the dead. The discussion of this question at the present time is peculiarly opportune, not only from its intrinsic importance when once definitely raised, but also from the extent to which in recent years Spiritualism and other occult beliefs have affected the authority of the Physical sciences, and have intruded themselves into the domain of Religion, and, instead of clarifying, have, as we shall see, served rather to muddy its stream. But as the experience of "religious conversion," especially when it is sudden, is the most immediate, typical, and convincing of all the experiences which would seem to demonstrate the actual presence of the Spirit of God to the soul, I propose here to concentrate on it, as Professor James has done; and although I should prefer to treat it from my own standpoint of Civilization, I shall for the present follow Professor James and deal with it from his, namely, that of Psychology. But as my space is somewhat limited in relation to the extent and variety of the ground to be traversed, I shall, with the reader's permission, dispense with further preliminary, and, plunging at once *in medias res*, shall leave the separate aspects of the problem to disclose themselves, and to turn up their different sides for discussion as we go along.

What, then, is this Religious experience known as "Conversion" or "change of heart"?—an experience which alike from the spiritual illumination and exaltation which attend it, the peace, resignation, and joy with which it suffuses the heart, and the profound

effects it has on the character and life, is the most entire *transformation* which in this world the mind of man can know ; and of all others is the one which to those who have been the subjects of it, most convincingly demonstrates the direct and immediate *presence* of God, or the spirit of God, to the soul. Although sudden in its onset, it is always definite in its characteristics, which are in essence the same in every age and time, under every sky and every religion—Christian, Hindoo, or Mahommedan ;—in Paul, Augustine, Buddha, St. Francis, Boehmen, Fox, Wesley, and the Mystics of the Mahommedan sects. It is a clear *human* experience transacted in the full sunlight of consciousness, and on the open arena of the soul ; and is a transfiguration as real and surprising to the man himself who experiences it, as was that vision of Jesus on the Mount to His wondering and adoring disciples. From all the accounts we have of it, it would seem to follow usually on, a period of deep inward dissatisfaction, unrest, disillusionment, or sorrow ; bursting on the mind in a flood of light, and bathing it and all the world in a glory so intense that the very senses are affected by it ; the grey old dreary world tingling under its transforming radiance with life and love, as on its first morning ; the very landscape even, the trees, cattle and streams, being Eden-tipped by it ; and on tiptoe with inner exultation and joy. In this experience the soul feels itself to be in the very presence of God Himself, wrapped around with His enfolding Spirit ; and is so spell-bound and entranced by the rapture of the vision, that it melts and swoons under it in a kind of speechless ecstasy of gratitude and prayer. It would seem to be the quintessence of all that is rarest and most excellent in life, raised to the transcendental pitch ; no words can adequately describe it ; and to those

who are still "unconverted" it can be but faintly shadowed forth in such casual and intermittent experiences as when in some propitious hour, especially in love's young morning dream, strains of music come to us which give us, if but for moments, glimpses of eternal melodies; and speak to us of such things as in all this endless life, as Richter says, we have not found and shall not find. In this rapturous experience the *conviction* that it is the very Spirit of God that is present to the soul seems self-evident; an axiom needing no demonstration to confirm it; a thing *above* proof; and which, like all fundamentals, must in every attempt at proof be itself assumed.

Nor are the effects on the *character and life* of this strange and unique experience less striking and remarkable. Capturing the very centre and citadel of the soul, namely, its *belief*,—this immediate *presence* of the Spirit of God, as it is felt to be, blasts like an explosive the rocky soil of the heart, and liberates its hidden waters, which then, like a great tidal wave from the sea of life, so inundate and flush it from all its accumulated excreta and uncleanness, that when thus renewed, will, heart, affection, life, body, and soul are freely devoted to the service of God. It is not a *partial* renovation, this, which it effects but an entire transformation; it dislimns not merely the side-wings and abutments of the character, but its entire foundation, body, and superstructure; and although not materially adding to the native strength of the faculties, sets them all to a new key as it were; and permits them as in a kaleidoscope to form new combinations, to be turned to new uses, and to energize for new ends. In this way by setting free the soul from its old moorings to the appetites and passions, it so enlarges the range and authority of the *central Will*, that these passions, like a crew of bankrupt

mutineers, conspirators, or horde of semi-independent frontier tribesmen, are forced to acknowledge its sway; while the image of the Saviour which it elevates before them, and with which it inspires them, so draws them by its inherent sweetness and majesty, that they freely lay down their arms and enrol themselves under their new King.

Now this collapse of the entire nature, like the falling in of a house when its old organized supports and abutments are withdrawn, preparatory to a new and nobler edifice arising on its ruins, gives the human mind an entrance to a region of the soul untapped as yet by any of the ordinary joys and pleasures of life. For while these are elusive, transient, or intermittent; and have to be snatched at, or searched for with effort; and when extinguished have to be re-lit like tapers, or choke themselves in their own excess; this of "Conversion" is a pure and abiding joy, a steady illumination; and arising as it does, like a day star on the heart, when all else has set, so transfigures the life that all the after years wait on it to do it homage. So that when it is lost or eclipsed for a time by scepticism (as was the case with a young friend of my early years), the memory of it abides amid the dreary humdrum, the empty husks of life, like the pathos of an unrequited love, unfaded amid the dying leaves and flowers which it enshrines; and is proof against Time and Death. Like Professor James, I have not myself had *personal* experience of it, owing doubtless to some flinty obstruction in my nature or composition; but my interest in it since those early days has continued unabated; and as I have watched with reverence and emotion the rapt young faces of the never-ending stream of recruits who so nobly come forward at the street corners and in the slums of great cities to



testify to it (a stream which we may be sure will never fail so long as human suffering, sin, and sorrow endure), I have said to myself: whether what they see is really what they think it to be or no, they at least have managed to jump the lagging centuries that keep us from the millennium, and now and here have found the "way of life."

Such in brief is Religious "Conversion" or change of heart, as described to us in almost identical terms by the men and women of every age and nation who have experienced it; and we have now to ask whether it is indeed as the convert himself believes, the Spirit of God that has found direct and immediate entrance into his soul; or whether, as the Scientific Materialist thinks, it is only one mental emotion among others, all of them alike depending on the *physical conditions of the brain and nervous system*, and so without ulterior significance; or whether, again, as the Spiritual Thinkers believe, it may be said rather to *point* to the existence of a Spiritual principle at the back of all Existence, than to be actually *in touch* with it: for on our answer to these queries will depend our general attitude to the World, and our duties and destiny there.

With the view, then, of arriving at the nature and origin of these personal experiences of "Religious Conversion," the first point I would note is the limitations and contradictions which are observable in the *beliefs* which attend and are bound up with them. For while these experiences have all the same general characteristics in whatever religion they are found—illumination, rapture, change of heart, peace and joy, etc.—and all are alike referred to the direct and immediate presence of the Spirit of God within the soul, it will be found on analysis that the "vision," "voice," or other manifestation which is received as

the direct cause of the "illumination" of mind and heart, varies and keeps in accord with the *particular antecedent belief* in which the individual has been brought up, over which he has been reflecting or worrying, or against which he has been contending in vain. In a general way, it is noticeable that while the Founders of religions, like Jesus and Mahomet, saw or heard in their "illuminations" only the spirit or voice of God Himself, their followers as often as not were converted by "visions" of Jesus or Mahomet as the case might be, and according as they had been brought up in Christian or Mahomedan surroundings, or had previously been warring against these respective creeds. St. Paul both saw the vision and heard the voice of the risen Christ; St. Augustine heard His voice; and St. Francis was actually haunted by His presence. Those, again, who followed later in the history of Christianity were frequently "converted" in the night-watches by one or other of the Prophets or Martyrs who by that time had been canonized as Saints; while in the Middle Ages when Demonology had attained to a definite place in a fully developed Theology, thousands of the converted—Luther among the rest—saw the Devil himself in "full dress" according to the representations of the time, down even to the horns and tail! It is unlikely, therefore, with such a variety of visions and voices all springing from different and *contradictory* Systems of Belief, and each corresponding to the particular belief in which the subject of it had been brought up, that the "conversion" can have been due to the direct and immediate presence of God, or the Spirit of God, to the soul, however much the psychology of conversion may ultimately point to God as its *final*, though not *immediate* Cause. And this conclusion will be found to be reinforced by still stronger

evidence derived from the great Mystics or Seers of the different religions. For what they saw in Heaven after their conversion, always corresponded, it will be observed, to what they were taught to expect by the *particular* religion to which they had given their assent. Christian Mystics, like Swedenborg, saw the condition of souls in the "other world" in accordance with their analogies in the Bible; the Parsee Mystic sees there the Bridge of Souls guarded by "the fair maiden and her dogs"; the Mahommedan Mystic the prophets and saints, together with the figures of *houris* reposing under the trees in the shade; while the Hindoo Yogi, in accordance with his religion which teaches that there is no Heaven but that of spiritual union with, and absorption into, the pure Universal Soul itself, sees nothing at all; and so on. Nor must it be forgotten that what these Mystics and Seers declared they beheld was not seen by them, as by Dante, with the eye of the *imagination* merely, but was as actually and literally seen as the people, trees, and animals about them; for it is to this actual sight of them that they and their followers appeal as proof of the truth of their respective doctrines and beliefs.

A still more fatal objection to the belief of the convert, that it was the actual presence of God, or the Spirit of God in his soul, that was the cause of his conversion, is the fact that the illumination, of which he is the subject, gives him no additional insight into the Laws of Nature, of the World, or of life, of his own Body, or of that very Mind of his with which the Spirit is supposed to be in immediate contact. All sorts and conditions of men have fallen under the sway of conversion, and have felt its transforming influence on their characters and lives—the brutal, the sensual, the rude, the ignorant, the pure,

the intellectual, and the refined ; but as they entered this state, so, intellectually, they came out of it, without any addition of insight or penetration beyond what comes to men in ordinary life on the occurrence of any novel or striking experience. It is true that among the *intellectual* converts, men like Paul and Augustine, by the intensity of the conviction of the truth of what they saw or heard, were led to reconstruct their entire system of belief in order to make it harmoniously embrace the "new experience" which was the very core of their faith ; but this reconstruction proceeded rather from their original intellectual endowment and cast of mind as great and harmonious Thinkers, than from their "conversion" as such. Paul recast the Judaism in which he had been brought up, in order to make it fit in with his new "vision" of the risen Christ ; and out of his conception of the Messiah as a lowly and *suffering* (not a conquering and triumphant one)—a Messiah who had lived, and died, and had risen again—constructed a Philosophy of History and Civilization, as well as a "scheme of salvation" adapted to it, which holds its ground as the basis both of World-history and Christian theology to this hour. Augustine, in turn, after his conversion, wove the Pauline scheme of the world, with its doctrine of "election by divine grace," into the intellectual framework of Neoplatonism with which he was already so deeply imbued ; and started Theology on a fresh course of evolution which lasted far beyond the Middle Ages, and, after being shorn of its specifically Catholic elements, reappeared during the Reformation period in the theology of Calvin. But Paul and Augustine brought to their respective works no more than the *natural* intellectual powers common to them and the Pagan philosophers around them ; and the "illumination" of

their "conversion," which so profoundly affected their characters and modes of life, and so strengthened their moral powers, remained as illumination merely, nothing more. It was just as when gas, for example, is replaced by electricity for lighting purposes, where, although entirely new fittings are needed, no new mechanical principle is involved, but only modifications of the old to the new requirements; and for such logical and harmonious re-adaptations of Christian thought, both Paul and Augustine were, as we have said, particularly well equipped, owing to the native strength of their purely intellectual powers. It would seem, then, that what "conversion" in itself does, is not to stimulate the intellect to wider ranges and expansions of Thought, but to implant in the place of doubt and perplexity a burning *conviction* of the truth of the doctrines associated with the inner vision or illumination; and so to communicate the fiery energy and enthusiasm needed for the successful propagandism of the new Faith. It is as if the whole mind, heart, and soul, at last in one accord, said to itself, "Now do I see 'tis true," and henceforth and for ever casts all doubt away; and it was largely to this absolute and burning conviction, in association with other agencies which we shall see later on, that the marvellous cures of Early Christianity were due. With the dullards and the ignorant, this fixedness of conviction, as might be expected, too often degenerated into an intellectual obstinacy and rigidity which, in themselves, and if they had full sway, would for ever bar out all Intellectual advance. With them, the sacredness of the conversion, believed as it is to be a manifestation of the very Spirit of God, makes sacred the *dogmas* with which it happens to be bound up; and intellectual tolerance as such, and especially the tolerance of other creeds, becomes henceforth to them

impossible—as the wars for the sake of religion, and religious persecutions in every age and time, blown into a white heat by the zealots who have undergone conversion, abundantly testify. It is only those whom Professor James calls the “sky-blue natures,” those who have come to their personal religious convictions by a happily balanced nature, or those who have come to them by genuinely reasoned convictions, who can be relied on for the moral and intellectual flexibility that is necessary to keep their religious opinions in step with the changing demands of this changing world. And the consequence is, that while we must look mainly to the devotion, the conviction, and the influence of the converted, to keep up the *moral* fibre of nations in ages of transition, or of moral and social decadence, it is to the men naturally endowed with happily balanced constitutions and all-round sympathies that we must mainly look for purely *intellectual* progress and expansion.

But perhaps the most fatal objection to our regarding “conversion” as due to the direct and immediate presence of the Spirit of God in the soul, will be found in the methods by which it may actually be induced in simple and uncultured natures, where the phenomena that characterize it, and its effects on the character and the life, are practically identical with those seen in the most refined and cultured minds. It was one of the most exciting occupations of my boyhood in Canada to go at night with the other boys to the “revival meetings” that were held in the village, there to listen to the converts relating their experiences before and after their conversion, their chronic unhappiness and unrest, their records of sins and sometimes even of crimes before, and their rapturous joy and peace afterwards; to watch the penitents of both sexes ripe for conversion trooping up to the

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"penitents' bench," as it was called, under the rousing appeals of the preacher, in whose discourse the love of Jesus for each of them was strangely alternated with descriptions of the cries of the damned and of the imminence of the burning pit, while all the time the body of the congregation kept up a droning hum of groans, interrupted with sharp interjunctory cries as a relief to their pent-up emotions and an expression of their mingled terror, humiliation, and joy. But the most exciting moments, and those for which we waited with the greatest eagerness, were when one and another of the penitents went off into a kind of convulsive seizure or trance, "struck by the Holy Ghost," as they phrased it, and either rolled from their seats on to the floor stark and rigid, or fell with shrieks in the gangways as they were on their way to the penitents' bench, there to lie moaning and convulsively twitching until they were carried to the rear by the attendants, and gently ministered to till they revived. This ecstasy or trance was regarded by the congregation as the very climax and consummation of the "conversion," and it was noticeable that when the penitent revived, he or she usually exhibited all its genuine characteristics—the joy, the peace, the inward reconciliation and rest—and thenceforth was enrolled among the "saved." I have known as many as a dozen new converts made in a single evening, and of these there were usually one or more whose conversion was accompanied by these manifestations of ecstasy or trance. Now I did not know at the time what to think of all this, but connected as these phenomena were with the sacred subject of religion, they never ceased to prick my curiosity, and as psychological studies have retained their interest for me to this day. But I now see clearly, what I hope presently abundantly to demonstrate, that in these

experiences the mind of the convert is not immediately in contact with the Spirit of God, as Professor James thinks, but, on the contrary, is so racked and torn by conflicting emotions, that for the time being all the organized couplings which adapt it to the complex necessities of life are broken down; while its separate elements, thus detached and released from control, like the wheels of a watch when its compensating levers and balances are withdrawn, run riot; so that if *all* men were required to pass through this experience, Civilization would be stopped, inasmuch as the wheels of the mind would fail to keep time to Life. Hence the abnormal physiological effects which precede or attend it, and under the strain of which those of weak, nervous constitution sometimes cross the border-line, and end, as is well known, in mania or melancholia.

Now that phenomena like the above, where men are seen converted in batches, cannot be reasonably ascribed to the direct presence of the Spirit of God, cannot, I think, admit of doubt. They are too nearly allied to the effects witnessed in ordinary life when men are gathered together in masses and wrought to a high state of mental tension by rousing emotional appeals, to permit us to entertain the thought. But we have grounds more relative than this. For the exaltation and rapture which precede or accompany these experiences of "instantaneous conversion" can, as Professor James himself admits (but without apparently realizing the implication of the admission), be induced as readily by the inhalation, under certain conditions, of nitrous oxide gas! It appears that a book had been written on the subject, entitled "The Nitrous Oxide Revelation," in which it was alleged that the administration of the gas would admit the recipient into a very sea of glory and truth impossible



otherwise in our ordinary life on earth. For the purpose of testing it, Professor James experimented with it over and over again on his own person; and he tells us that the illumination and rapture which accompanied it passed all belief; and moreover were as nearly as possible identical, while they lasted, with the detailed experiences recorded by those who have undergone sudden conversion. The sense of oneness with the Spirit of God, which is so marked a feature in conversion, is produced in the "nitrous oxide revelation," Professor James thinks, rather by the *abolishing* of all the differences and contradictions of ordinary life than by *resolving* them, as it is the province of the normal intellect to do; and this is effected mainly by the speed with which the most opposite conceptions chase and pass into each other, as when the separate spokes of a parti-coloured wheel are made to revolve so fast that they appear like a plane surface of uniform white. But it is important to observe that in the experience of Professor James (when on one or two occasions he happened to continue the inhalation too long), it ended in inducing a feeling of horror as intense as was the glory and rapture of the beginning; thus giving us the hint that "spiritual illumination," however caused, if forced to excess is liable to lead to dangerous reactions, and would, as we have said and as we shall see later on, if *universally* embraced, defeat the aims and purposes of civilization and life. And on the whole, we may fairly conclude, I think, that any emotion whatever, however spiritual in its *ultimate* nature, into which men may be thrown in batches, whether it be by emotional appeals, the beating of drums, or the contagion of sympathy; or which, like the nitrous oxide illumination, can be turned on or off like a tap; or when once engendered can be quenched

## PROBLEM OF RELIGIOUS CONVERSION 101

again as suddenly by melancholia or insanity; whatever else it may be, is not and cannot be due to the actual and immediate presence of the Spirit of God.

But the real problem still confronts us, namely: What, then, is the psychology or mechanism by which these experiences of sudden conversion are produced? The importance of solving this question satisfactorily will be at once apparent when we remember that one of the stock charges levelled by those who have been the subjects of sudden conversion against those who have not, is that the latter cannot really be genuine Christians, inasmuch as they have not experienced the illumination, the rapture, the ecstasy, and the sudden change of heart which ought to accompany it. Indeed, I have known a whole religious community rent into two hostile camps by the appearance of a "revivalist" who from the pulpit of one of the churches denounced the religion of the ordinary quiet church-goer and believer, together with all his works, as "filthy rags," and the ministers as men who were leading their flocks to Hell! But this is clearly a delusion. For it is the fact of *conviction* that is the main point, it matters little how you come by it; the illumination and rapture being a mere bye-product as it were, important or not as the case may be. It is true that the suddenly converted have usually come by their conviction as the consequence of their illumination and rapture, as a man who believes in ghosts in a general way becomes genuinely convinced when he has himself seen one; but the illumination and rapture, although they may be the antecedent cause of the conviction, are not necessary to it. The conviction that two and two make four is as strong without a sense of rapture as it could be with it, and affects the conduct and life (the true test of conviction)

quite as much—as we shall soon discover if we tamper with it in our business transactions. So, too, the conviction that a particular man is an honest man or a rogue, will affect all our dealings with him quite as much as if we went into ecstasies over our conviction. It is true that, as a matter of historical fact, it was the “visions” or “voices” seen or heard by Jesus, Paul, Augustine, St. Francis, Fox, Wesley, and the rest, which gave them that burning conviction which was the source of their power, and which impelled them and sent them forth on their conquering way. But although with them probably nothing short of these visions would have quite resolved their doubts and perplexities, it does not follow that such experiences are *necessarily* required to insure genuine conviction in those “sky-blue” natures who have never had doubts or perplexities to begin with, or in those who have genuinely reasoned them away. But all this I mention merely to show how important it is to understand precisely what significance is to be attached to these sudden and marvellous illuminations, raptures, and transformations of character and life; and to determine this we must first get at their real psychology.

Now although I had puzzled over this question of the psychology of “conversion” for many years of my life, it was not until the phenomena of Mesmerism, Hypnotism, and the Trance-state had been scientifically observed and recorded, that I felt it possible to reduce the mental process involved in these acute religious experiences to something like a scientific certainty. The key, then, not only to all these abnormal states, but to conversion, is to be found in the general fact that the human mind or brain is made up of an interconnected chain of centres of activity, which, like the wheels of a machine, are so

restrained, balanced, and modulated by each other that the whole is adapted to keep step and time, as it were, to the movements of the world around, to which indeed they are adapted for the purposes of life. Some parts of our brain in our normal condition are conscious, others unconscious, the latter serving as a kind of rag-bag or receptacle where a miscellaneous collection of old memories, experiences, impressions and purposes are packed away and buried out of sight in order to prevent them from obstructing the thoroughfare of our conscious thoughts, which for purposes of clear and consecutive thinking have to walk in file, as it were, one at a time. These *unconscious* or "subliminal" regions of the mind, as they are called, like those of the ordinary conscious mind, may be practically divided into two sections; one of them being the receptacle for all that comes in by way of the senses, the organic life of the body, and the lower appetites and passions, the other for all that comes in by way of the higher sentiments and the higher life of the spirit; but the contents of each, although slumbering for the most part, are to be evolved and brought into activity in a variety of ways, and by adequate and appropriate means. In drowning, for example, it is the unanimous testimony of all those who have been restored to life, that the memory of all they have ever thought or done comes back to them in a few flashes of illumination of intense and startling vividness. These memories are doubtless the contents of these subliminal regions blown for the moment into an activity so intense as to cause them to intrude themselves on the field of consciousness. In Mesmerism, again, although the person operated on is conscious, the region of the brain dealing with *belief* has evidently

become quite detached from the region which co-ordinates the sense impressions ; so that if the person under its influence is told that a piece of rag on the floor is a rat, he will proceed to stamp on it ; or that a glass of water is a glass of wine, he will drink and enjoy it as if it were so !

But it is when the *conscious* mind is asleep that the marvellous hidden powers of these "subliminal" regions are most fully called into activity. In Somnambulism, for example, the nerve-centres that preside over the bodily functions, such as the act of walking, are detached from the rest and stimulated to a degree of activity impossible in waking hours, with the result that the subjects of it can walk the giddy edges of precipices or roofs with a lightness and ease that rival the performances of the lower animals, or of the professional rope-walkers. In Hypnotism, on the other hand, the lower brain-centres which preside over the movements of the body are held in abeyance, while the subliminal ones detached from the rest are rendered phenomenally active ; due, perhaps, to old hereditary nerve-cells, extinct since their period of activity in the lower animals, being blown like half-burnt cinders into the full flush of life again. In this state they are able to get on to the ether waves as by a species of wireless telegraphy, and to pick the thoughts of other men far and wide, and in some cases to throw back phantasms of themselves in return, to penetrate solid substances, like Röntgen rays, and in general to see things to normal eyes invisible.

In the "Trance state," again, of highly-sensitive "mediums" like the celebrated Mrs. Piper of Boston, still more extraordinary phenomena are brought to light, and communications are opened up not only with the living, but, as many believe, with the spirits

of the dead ! On the face of them, these phenomena, so free from all suspicion of fraud, and which have been so scientifically and accurately recorded by Dr. Hodgson and other members of the Society for Psychical Research, if not due to "discarnate spirits," must be due to telepathic communication with a whole world of human relationships, much as when a homing pigeon picks its way through the wide world of space to its own nest. Personally, I do not believe that these communications which, on the face of them at least, would seem to come from the spirits of the dead, really do so. My conviction is that they are products of the "medium's" own imagination, which, having in the trance state picked up the facts by "thought-transference" from the widest realm of personal relationships, weaves these facts into dramatic form again, and gives them objective personality as in our ordinary dreams. I do not deny the facts recorded, and I dare not presume to dogmatize on a subject still so obscure ; but one thing is certain, and that is, that whether these are real spirits of the dead or not with whom the "medium" puts us in communication, they are no more in contact with *ultimate* realities, or with the Spirit of God, than we. For the information they give us is like that of Hypnotism, a knowledge at most of facts or circumstances merely, not of the essence of things—neither of the laws of Nature, of Life, of Thought, or of the Constitution of the World ; and so in the end we are left as poor as before. To attain to a knowledge of Nature, of Life, or of the Human Mind, we have still to use our mental faculties in the old and legitimate way of Observation, Experience, Induction, and Verification. For although the possessors of these abnormal powers have existed from the time of the Greek Oracles down to our own day, still all the

laws of Science have had to be discovered, all the great Philosophies constructed, all the great Inventions devised and perfected, without their being able to lend a helping hand ; all that they have been able to do being, like the homing pigeons, to see what is going on at a distance beyond the range of our ordinary senses, or to pick the minds of these inventors and discoverers, or of those they have instructed, without their knowing it, as thieves might do their pockets ! And, after all, with what result ? Simply to give a direct, if questionable, support to the doctrine of Immortality—but an immortality, be it observed, such as few, perhaps, would bargain for. For to keep the departed souls of all time wandering in their dreamy existence in the “shades,” ready and waiting to be summoned by the living, as by telephone, from all quarters of the Nether world for indefinite ages yet to come, would, in my judgment, be only to lend a new horror to death ! But although we shall probably never be able to settle satisfactorily this perplexed question of the existence of “discarnate spirits” by the appeal to any evidence, however extraordinary, derived through “mediums,” owing to the unlimited range and extension of Thought-transference, we may still further, I think, reduce the probabilities in favour of their existence, if we consider the question in connection with the only philosophy of the World in which, if true, the existence of these spirits would find a harmonious setting, namely, in the Vedanta Philosophy of the Hindoos, especially in its modern form of Theosophy. And that that philosophy can be transfixed and mortally wounded in its very vitals, and with it the probable existence of these spirits, I have not the least doubt. But as it is impossible to go into the

matter here, I may refer those who would care to pursue the subject up to these higher planes to a detailed criticism of this philosophy in my chapter on Theosophy in the first volume of my "History of Intellectual Development."

And this brings us to the next series of phenomena which are due to the uncoupling and detaching of one part of the brain and nervous system from another part, namely, those of Religious Conversion. In this state of mind the phenomena all point to the conclusion that it is the lower passions and appetites that are "inhibited," while the higher sentiments thus detached from the lower are flushed with vast accessions of energy, in the same way as when the gas-jets in a house are turned off one by one, those that remain flare up under the excess of pressure with added brilliancy and power. Being a phenomenon of the *waking* consciousness, and not, like Somnambulism and Hypnotism, of *sleep*, the visions and beliefs which conversion engenders perpetuate themselves, like those of love or other critical transformations of our normal conscious life, into the after years; and not only *transform* the character and life, but permanently colour the emotions with the memory of their raptures and dreams. And that the psychological phenomenon of conversion is due to the uncoupling and detaching of the higher from the lower centres of the brain is rendered more probable by the phenomena of what is known as Christian Science—a cult which of late years has attained to a high vogue, especially in America—and which forms a kind of half-way house between Hypnotism on the one hand and "sudden conversion" on the other, exhibiting in a mitigated form the phenomena peculiar to each without the full strength of either. For it is a conscious state, while hypnotism is an unconscious one; it is



induced by gradual stages and approaches, while conversion is sudden; and standing thus, as it were, with one foot on hypnotism and the other on conversion, it bridges the psychological interspace between them. It proceeds by *gradually* relaxing the mental couplings, instead of suddenly and violently rupturing them as in conversion; and this it does by means of a series of *regulated repetitions*, as when one repeats mechanically some word or phrase to induce sleep. By concentrating the attention and silently repeating to oneself that "God is good and that there is no Evil," and that pain in consequence has no *real* existence, it has been demonstrated, I believe, that in spite of much conscious or unconscious imposture, a change like that of the slower form of religious conversion, with the happiness, serenity, sense of security and peace that attends it, does come over the subject of it; while many of those *functional* disorders of the body that can be reached through the agency of the nervous system, are relieved and for the time at least inhibited or altogether cured by it. Congestions from excessive innervation, with the pain that attends them, are removed; organs with defective innervation are stimulated into new life and activity; and indeed nearly every form of functional derangement not due to germ poisoning or to malignancy has been benefited by it. The constant iteration of certain thoughts or phrases, like the steady and gentle tapping on the cork of a stoppered bottle that has become fixed, gradually loosens the tension of those parts of the brain which control the action of the nervous system, and by inducing a more equable re-arrangement of its functions permits them to crystallize around the favourite formula, "there is no evil or pain," and so by a species of self-hypnotism

produces those effects which have given the cult its vogue.

But if further proof were needed that all these abnormal phenomena, including those of Religious Conversion, are due to the *uncoupling* of one or other of the centres of the *organized human mind* and its detachment from others which in the normal state regulate it and keep it in time to life, it will be found in the practices of the Yogi ascetics of India, who have reduced these abnormal states to a scientific system, and have brought the cultivation of each and all to their finest flower and consummation. By a series of graduated ascetic exercises, beginning with abstinence from food, sitting still and holding the breath with eyes fixed on the tip of the nose, then concentrating the attention on their mental states and steadily repeating certain words or phrases, they gradually succeed in loosening and finally detaching the separate layers of the mind as it were, as if one were to peel off the successive coats of an onion, with the result that they are able to pass in succession through all the abnormal states we have described, and at the same time to make themselves the masters of those *supernormal* powers which, as we have seen, are set free when the different regions or centres are so detached—and that, too, by a self-hypnotism which requires no outside operator: the powers, namely, of Somnambulism, Thought-transference, Hypnotism, and the Trance state; of projecting the phantasms of themselves to a distance; of ranging through space and picking the thoughts of other minds; of concentrating their power and restoring disordered functions of body or mind, as in Christian Science; taking in on their way the illumination, rapture, and ecstatic vision of the “Nitrous oxide inhalation,” and “Conversion”; and finally ending in an Ecstasy beyond the

reach of pleasure or pain, in which the soul abolishing all distinctions merges itself at last in the Eternal One.

Now the reason why none of these abnormal states give any increase of real insight, but like fireworks begin and end in themselves ; the reason they discover no new Laws of Nature like Gravitation, the Correlation of Forces, the *causation* of disease, and so on (which they ought to have done had they been in immediate contact with ultimate realities, whether God or the Spirit of God, or any of His ministers), is that Intellect, as such, deals not with things *uncoupled and disjoined, but with their relations and connexions when united as parts of a living whole* ; just as the Science of Medicine, for example, deals not with the organs of the body cut off from each other, but with their connexions as separate parts of a living organism in which each part is in relation to the others and to the whole. And hence it is that beyond the "illumination" or pleasure they yield, or the facts either in the world or in other minds that they can see and pick—facts in themselves as barren as a mere dictionary or catalogue—these abnormal states can be of no value either for Thought or for Life. And we may go farther and say that just as if the nerves connecting the different organs and muscles of the body and limbs were cut, there could be no co-ordination of them for the purposes of life, and the animal must die, so if the centres of the brain are isolated and detached by any methods whatever, whether mechanically as in Mesmerism ; or by suggestion as in Hypnotism ; or by drugs as in the "Nitrous oxide illumination ;" or by *mental repetition and the concentration of attention*, as in Christian Science and the practices of the Yogis ; or by emotional disturbances, weariness of life, "conviction of sin," or what not, as in Religious

## PROBLEM OF RELIGIOUS CONVERSION 111

Conversion, the result, if not so disastrous to life itself as in the parallel case of the body, must be equally fatal to perfect *sanity* when the mind has to deal with all sides of nature and to be equipped for all sides of life. For this sanity is to be had, not by isolating and detaching the different centres of the mind, and allowing each of them to energize unrestrained as if *in vacuo*, but by keeping them all together ; and by observation and experience, insight and analysis, seeking to determine their scientific relations with one another and the whole—quite a different matter, and not to be achieved by any or all of the above methods, as Professor James's book would lead us to believe. A contortionist by relaxing the ligaments of his hip-joints may twist his legs around his neck and look out at you from between them, and may make himself happy on the proceeds of his performance, but it is an abnormality all the same. So, too, although it may give "illumination, blessedness and peace" to get religion by "sudden conversion," these will become as much abnormalities and excesses as the nitrous oxide revelation, alcoholic intoxication, or opium eating, if they end merely with themselves, if they lead men to imagine that they may dispense with a knowledge of the Laws of Nature, or if they interfere with our level outlook on life. For although spiritual things are *their own evidence as ultimate ends* for Humanity in the millennial time, and no Materialism can go behind them and sit in judgment on them as such, still this holds good only, it will be observed, in reference to their *quality*, not to the *degree* in which they can be indulged for merely *personal* illumination, ecstasy, or happiness. *That* must be determined by the needs of Society, which is the co-ordinating centre for all *individual* action whatever, the fly-wheel which keeps all individual eccentricity within limits, and

regulates all for the "general good." Liberty, Conscience, Intelligence, Universal Peace, and the subordination of the appetites and passions, are all *ideal* ends; but how, if every man could do just as he pleased; if no one could move until he had straightened out all questions of casuistry; if intelligence exercised itself in determining the number of angels that could dance on the point of a needle; if *all* were Quakers in an age of War; or if all were Celibates in a world that had to be peopled? But if the "golden mean" is so necessary even in these the highest and best of our *normal* ideals in order to attune them so as to keep time to life, how much more necessary must it be in the case of "conversion," where the ecstasy and rapture are got by splitting the mind in twain and detaching some of its elements from their organic connections with the rest. Let the Salvationists, therefore, and the "revivalists" of the "street-corner" and the "camp-meeting," who, having found blessedness and peace by "sudden conversion," come forward so nobly to testify to it and to impart it to others; let them look to it, lest in mistaking their own private happiness for the immediate action of the Spirit of God, they divorce it from the steady interests of Society at large by affecting to minimize the importance of the great Laws of Nature, of the World, of Civilization, and of Human Life. Otherwise, not only those who have come to their religion by slow and "reasoned conviction" (which the converted secretly regard as but "filthy rags" or no religion at all), but the very worldlings on whom they look down with so much pity, will be found to have accomplished more of good for the world than they. For we may lay it down as an axiom that nothing can be made a true end for man, *unless it can be universalized and made an end for all men.* And, judged by this

test, Conversion fails us ; for a universal conversion is neither possible nor desirable. Not possible ; for you cannot become converted by a mere act of will, as you will soon discover if you try. It must be led up to by sorrow, remorse, "conviction of sin," weariness of life, the loss of worldly ambitions, or what not ; and without these to unloose the couplings of the mind and to relax its hold on worldly things, you can no more attain "conversion" by an effort of will than you can wind your legs around your neck without first stretching or breaking down the ligaments of the joints. Not desirable ; for to *universalize* it ordinary Christian people would have to have recourse to the scientific methods of the Yogi ascetics which we have already described, and sit in deserts and caves until each had reached the stage when the supreme bliss and illumination of conversion arose in the heart. And with what result ? Only this, that the Nation that accomplished it would be wiped out by more virile peoples, as the Hindoos have been ; Science and the Arts of life which minister to national civilization would be lost ; and the nation itself, like the Christian negroes of Barbadoes when left to themselves, would relapse into barbarism.

But what matters the World, provided it is the Spirit of God that is with you, and within you, through it all ? it may be asked. Now this is precisely the point we set out to determine, and the foregoing discussion will have done little to resolve our perplexity if it have not convinced us of this at least, that whatever conversion may mean *ultimately* and *remotely*, it is not and cannot be directly and immediately due to the presence in the soul of the Spirit of God. Like those Savages who, when first shown a looking-glass go round and round it to see what "spirit"

there is behind it, when all the time it is their own reflexion in it, so these startling experiences of conversion, which by their suddenness and unfamiliarity would seem to demand the very Spirit of God to account for them, are seen on analysis to be due to the *uncoupling of the organized centres of the brain*, and their contents to be but the reflexions of men's own beliefs, and of the thoughts, traditions, and religions in which they have been brought up.

But this by no means disposes of the whole Problem of Conversion. There is more in it, as there is in Religion generally, than any plummet of mere Psychology will ever sound. To get a harmonious view of its ultimate function and significance in life we should have not only to understand its psychology, but the general Plan or Scheme of the World as well; the principles on which Civilization is constructed; the game that is being played by it; the rules of that game; and the lines of reserves, the compensating balances and adjustments, that serve to keep its movements fluid and harmonious at each and every stage. Conversion as an *individual* and *personal* force may be said to be the ultimate of these ultimate reserves, an "Old Guard" kept in readiness for extremities, rising like a daystar in the midnight of the heart when all else has set; an abiding stay which, like the swimming-bladder in the fish, prevents men from sinking when their working powers are exhausted. In this way, affording as it does a haven of refuge in this harsh world for the shipwrecked, the life-weary, and all the wretched, it gives, like a medicinal balm, time-healing rest to the perplexed and broken spirit; and lighting up as it does a new light in the soul, opens up new vistas, makes the poor rich again, and by the stimulus it yields, communicates fresh hope, energy and courage, to despair.

## PROBLEM OF RELIGIOUS CONVERSION 115

And although not due, as I have attempted to show, to the *direct and immediate* presence of God or the Spirit of God in the soul, it will nevertheless be found on ultimate analysis to point to this as its *final* cause, like the dial which, while marking out the hours for mortals, still points upward to the sun.



## SIR OLIVER LODGE AND SPIRITUALISM

SOME thirty years ago my youthful doubts of the genuineness of all "Spiritualistic" phenomena were confirmed to my entire satisfaction by Professor Huxley, who declared that at the Table-rapping of a "medium" to whose séance he had been invited, he had himself detected the trick to be due to the knack the "medium" had acquired of flicking her big-toe against the second, under the table! Whether the learned Professor, who was tall and loose in figure with very long legs, really did *verify* this by crawling under the table, I was afraid to inquire, but the image of him doing it!—I blushed unseen, while still feeling that without it—how *could* he know?

Some years later, this sceptical complacency of mine was rudely shaken by accounts of extraordinary spiritualistic manifestations evoked by a certain Mrs. Piper, of Boston, in America, as recorded in the *Transactions* of the Society for Psychical Research, reaching as they did, under the strictest test conditions, the highest degree of probability in favour of Spiritualism yet known. Personally, I was much impressed by them, and began to think that Huxley's toe-flicking discovery did not quite cover the whole ground. I accordingly went round to my friend Mr. Podmore, a prominent member of the Society, and asked him what he and the other members thought of it all. "Why," said he, smiling, "Mrs. Piper has

converted in a batch practically the whole Society to Spiritualism—except myself and Professor Sidgwick.” Parenthetically, I may explain that these two gentlemen were chartered libertines—retained, if I may say so, on the premises of the Society as a couple of untrammelled watch-dogs, with a razor-like edge to their teeth, for the detection of all fallacies in debate; but especially to do two things: first, to see that the Society—which was founded on purely scientific lines—should be kept to its true function, and not allowed to “slop over” into emotionalism or sentimentalism when anything more than usually surprising in these ghost-like revelations occurred; and, secondly, to keep their eye specially fixed on any elements of fraud or trickery in *physical* manipulation or conjuring which might chance to creep in. I thought, therefore, that in striking Mr. Podmore I should get from him, not a soft and sentimental, but a rigid and, indeed, deadly scientific, estimate. “Nothing in the whole thing,” he said, semi-contemptuously, “but Thought transference.” I thought that he himself had been “touched!”—for at that time (when Labouchere had just been betting Stuart Cumberland, the Thought reader, a thousand pounds that he could not tell the number of a five-pound note in his pocket)—at that time, I say, and until Marconi telegraphy came on the scene, I was as sceptical of Thought-transference as I was of Spiritualism itself. He saw it in my eye!—and candidly admitted that, in his opinion, Thought-transference was the lowest indispensable minimum to account for these mysterious Piper phenomena. I was perplexed more than ever; and Podmore fell some degrees in my estimation by this weak-kneed utterance! Shortly after, I went to a dinner of the Society, and was placed beside Mr. Hodgson, who had recently returned from India with

the reports of his exposure there of the tricks and frauds of Madame Blavatsky in his pocket. There he found that what Madame Blavatsky (who in the meantime had captured Mr. Sinnett and Mrs. Besant) was attributing to Spirit agency, was really due to a number of cunningly concealed cupboards and recesses in the partition wall of her room! His proofs to the Society were at once exhaustive, convincing and complete. He was a round-faced, genial, easy-going, straight-looking man, with a sense of humour that took me; and being encouraged to ask him boldly whether it was true, as I had heard from Podmore, that the Piper manifestations had converted him, he said quite frankly that they had; and that the evidence for them was too strong for the scepticism with which, after the Blavatsky experience, he had approached them. Mr. Myers, who figures so largely in Sir Oliver Lodge's book on his son, was at the head of the table; and when after dinner I ventured to ask him whether he too, like Mr. Hodgson, had been converted by the Piper revelations, he said quite simply that he had; although, he added, he came to the whole inquiry from the beginning with the most open and disengaged scientific mind. Podmore, then, was right after all! And when I next saw him I asked him what he thought of the performances of the ordinary "mediums" that were going about. "Frauds, all of them," he replied. "Why, only the other day I was at a séance where the medium kept a poker suspended, rigid and on end, in free air, without touching it, alleging that it was by Spirit agency; and how do you think it was done? She had stretched a horse hair between her knees and behind the poker, to keep it erect; and this at a distance, and in the subdued light, could not by the audience be seen. Simple, isn't it?"—and he laughed.

Some years after this, Mark Twain came from America, and called to see me. During his talk he casually remarked that he was absolutely convinced of the truth of Thought transference, and that, too, by one single but infallible proof: that he, in Connecticut, and a friend of his in California, regularly read each other's thoughts across the whole expanse of the Continent,—as was proved by the letters which constantly passed between them, and in which they could each tell what the other was thinking and doing at the time the letters were written. I was still sceptical; but later, when the Marconi wireless telegraphy suddenly burst on the astonished world, I was much impressed by the great lift it had given me on my way to a belief in Thought transference. For if the vast, unknown, unsuspected and viewless Ether could transmit the vibrations of Matter in this way, why, I said to myself, should not the still more subtle essence of Thought be transmitted to a distance by the vibrations of the human soul? I was evidently getting myself into the state of mind of those "repentant sinners" who are dangerously near the edge of "conversion"! The consequence was, that in spite of Professor Huxley with his toe-flicking under the table; of Podmore with his poker and horse hair; and of Mark Twain with his friend in California, I still felt for years that there was more in Mrs. Piper's phenomena than was fairly and finally explained by these means. But I had long given up the matter, as for me insoluble, without regret; for I felt that at my age, in a few years I should either be non-existent, or be in the "underworld" myself, and then should know all about it. Besides, I had a kind of contempt, even horror, of the revelation which these trances of Mrs. Piper betrayed—of poor bewildered spirits wandering about in the "shades," conscience-stricken, and

wringing their hands; because of what? Because they had mislaid some door-key or other trifle on earth, some forty or fifty years before! When talking the matter over with Mrs. Chandler Moulton, the American poetess, some time after, we both shuddered at the thought of such a "future existence," and agreed that a belief in it would only add a new terror to death!

And now for my more *positive and practical* objections to all these phenomena—drawn from Medical Science and Psychology, and a wider outlook on the World.

The last of these nearly killed my faith in the Spiritualists' account of the "other world" at the outset. It was this: That not only the ordinary Spiritualist "mediums," but the great Initiates, Mahatmas and Seers of Spiritualism, when asked what they saw in the "Other World" and in Paradise, instead of agreeing, always saw what was taught in the *particular* religion in which they had been brought up. The Yogis and Hindoo Seers declared there was no one there at all! but what they called the "Eternal One"—or Deity—into whom all souls, after successive re-incarnations, resolved themselves. The great Mahomedan Spiritualists,<sup>1</sup> on the other hand—the Sufis, as they are called—declare that they see, with their "second sight," bright-eyed women in Paradise, lounging along its languid streams, waiting to be the spoil of the ever-lustful, but faithful Arab or Turk—precisely as in the Koran; while the great Christian Seers, like Swedenborg, see in their trances the same "spirits," quiring, like Cherubim and Seraphim with their harps, around the throne of God—as in Handel's "Messiah," and the Revelation of St. John. Now, if all three could see the *same* Paradise so differently, what could I think but that the things they professed to see were but reflections of *their own minds*, and not of "future

world-realities" at all? This hit the Spiritualists badly, I thought; but I did not despair of them altogether, until on reflection I found that no "medium," even among the greatest of them who are supposed to be in touch with the Eternal Himself, had ever revealed through "spirit" agency (even if what they said were true) any information of the slightest value for human souls, either in this life or another. For I observed that they had never revealed any new Law of Nature, until it was first discovered by the ordinary human faculties; and only *after* they had picked the brains of those who had discovered them; no law of Physics, Mechanics or Chemistry (else why does not Sir Oliver Lodge's son tell him the constitution of the Ether, which still baffles and perplexes him so much?); no law of Astronomy or the Newtonian Gravitation; no Darwinian or other hypothesis of Evolution; no laws of the evolution of Civilization and States—nothing but "vibrations," as a substitute for the Laws of the Mind; the "vital principle," for the explanation of Life; and, if they were pressed, I suppose the "principle of baldness," for the loss of the hair! But when the great Mahatmas and Theosophists of India played this cheap trick on Mr. Sinnett and Mrs. Besant in their "Esoteric Buddhism"—the trick, namely, of representing as the "causes" of things, the things themselves under other *names*—I was obliged to protest; and my chapter on "Theosophy" they have never, to this day, attempted to answer. It was as if they had *explained* the "cause" of a pudding by its separate ingredients laid out on the table before they mixed them! These delusions, contradictions and absurdities of the great Magnates of Spiritualism, were quite enough for me, as a professional so-called philosopher; but I still hesitated, when another book

entitled "I Awoke" was placed in my hands by a friend. It is an insidious book; and as gentle and movingly persuasive as the speeches of Mrs. Besant herself, of which it might be the echo; and (if the authoress wished to deceive) as subtle. The trick here consists in divesting men and women of their ordinary appetites and passions, then plunging them, so divested, into the "underworld" as ghosts, and letting them describe how they feel there, by means of Spirit communications, through "mediums," to their friends on earth. Of course they will do there as they would do on earth, had they neither worldly desires, ambitions, appetites, nor sexual passions—neither receiving nor giving in marriage, but as the angels in Heaven. And this is what the authoress, through "mediums" professes to have received from those "on the other side." But what she tells is what any second-rate novelist could write out with as much logical consistency in his study. Even I myself, I almost believe, although I have none of the novelist's power, could do it sitting here at my desk! No! her "revelation" may or may not be true (for who can tell?), but the intellectual trick of it (if she should wish to deceive, but her narrative is too direct for me to dream of such a thing, God forbid!) is too obvious to engender any *real conviction or belief*. How else but by declaring himself to be *divinely* inspired could Mahomet, with what Carlyle calls the "clotted nonsense" of his Koran, written on palm leaves and sheep skins, have converted and rounded up the whole world of Arab and Turk from Spain to Bagdad and India, and held them fast in the faith for thirteen Christian centuries?

And now I come to the evidence against Spiritualism drawn from modern Scientific Medicine; although I confess I have never been able to persuade myself

that it would make much appeal, even to the educated, from the time that Carlyle told me that his stomach was "furred up" in layers by indigestion, like an old tea kettle!—and Mark Twain solemnly assured me (not in joke) that the whole Profession in America would, in thirty years, be driven into the sea by—what thinks the reader?—Swedish Massage! But, be this as it may, here are the positions to which as a one time Medical man myself, I give my firm adhesion.

The first are the well-known phenomena of Hypnotism ; where the operator (not a "disembodied spirit" but a human mortal like ourselves) can make his "subject," as I have seen, trample on a piece of rag as if it were a rat ; pirouette on an empty stage as if he were in a ballroom quadrille ; get into a rage or be appeased by a look—in short, become an automaton ; instead of, as is imagined, an immortal spirit with a soul. And strangest of all—that the most *intellectual* and level-headed men (or to be more accurate 80 per cent. of them), even were they all Shakespeares (for it is only the stupid, feeble-minded, the idiots and the insane who cannot be hypnotized), if they fell under the enchanter's wand, would, if the operator willed it before they awoke from his spell, climb up to their own housetops and sit chattering there like monkeys—a spectacle to gods and men ! All this has been scientifically demonstrated over and over again. And so, too, those Hysterical cases where men like Charcot, in the Paris Hospital, could by "suggestion" paralyse the patient on either side, or in either limb, and prevent him seeing what was staring him in the face ! But these are mere common-places to medical men ; the public knows little or nothing about them. But the crucial point I wish to emphasize here is the Scientific medical explanation



of the phenomenon known as "automatic writing," which has converted more people to a belief in Spiritualism, perhaps, than any other merely human operation—especially if it has been led up to by the performances of the ordinary planchette. The late Mr. Stead was entirely "converted" by it, and its messages to him from "Julia." Well, I must admit that it does seem strange to the lay mind that any sane person can write out with his own hand, and when wide awake and looking on, a clear coherent narrative in *logical* sequence: and yet not know when doing it whether it is he himself who is doing it by his own *conscious* will or not. No wonder that he *believes* it must be done by the will and intelligence of some outside Unseen Power. I should think so, indeed, myself; and especially if I were sitting quietly all alone by myself, and there were no hypnotists about! And yet the truth is not so. It is done—as in the Hysterical cases—by the temporary paralysis of the *sensory* nerves of the forearm and hand—as can be proved by bandaging the eyes of the writer, and pricking his arm with a pin. He will not feel the prick. The consequence of this temporary paralysis is, that the movements of the arm, like the body in sleep, are cut off for the time from the *conscious* intelligence and will; and that, too, although his *eyes* (which are not cut off) sees the movements of the hand, and his *mind* would swear that *it* was not moving the hand—precisely as in the opposite Hypnotic cases, where the man who climbed up to his housetop would swear that he made this exhibition of himself by his own *conscious* will. It is all very strange, but scientifically true; and is demonstrated in the great Nerve Hospitals in England, France, Germany, and America, every day.

And yet, in spite of all, I still feel, as I did with

Podmore, when he considered that Thought transference did it all—I still feel, and say with perfect frankness, and without any imputation of striding the fence, that until we know the *constitution of the mind* out and out—what the precise nature of sleep is, or dreams, or nightmares; of hypnotism or hysteria; or of melancholia or mania itself, in relation to *normal* mental processes; and until we can so visualize, as it were, the exact devices in the brain by which these phenomena, with their different kinds of “inhibition,” are produced, so that they will all be rounded-in to a *completed science*—I dare not assert that there is not something more in these spiritualistic phenomena than my own limited mind can explain. Professor Freud, it is true, has by his strictly scientific researches in Experimental Psychology still further narrowed the range within which Spiritualism can raise its head; but he has allowed the narrow-eyed observations of the minute and meticulous “specialist” to run away with him—for all reasonable judgment. And, therefore, like Professor James, who continued his observations on Spiritualism through the whole of his later life, I can now only suspend my judgment—and “wait and see.”

But having admitted this, my main object in this chapter is seriously to warn the public to think twice, and again twice, before they embark on these perilous “spiritualistic” seas of speculation. As I have shown, the greatest Initiates and Seers, and those believed to be, like the Pope, in touch with the Divinity Himself, disagree entirely as to what they respectively tell us of the Other World; and have added nothing whatever to our scientific knowledge of this one, except to pick the brains of mortals like themselves, who alone have discovered all the *known* Laws of Nature. Let them beware; for three of my friends,

men of eminence who really believe in Spiritualism, have told me that they have forbidden the very name of it, or any allusion to it, to be mentioned in their homes; have forbidden their wives and children to touch it, as if it were a thing accursed. And why? Because not being *really known and explainable*, it puts their minds on the rack; and by the "black magic," which is always a part of it, so often leads to insanity and death. For after all, in the wide realm of Nature, all animals and men have been furnished with just those instincts and senses, and the judgments and reason based on them, which are necessary for them in their passage through this world. To pry further, through the secret keyholes of Mediums or Clairvoyants, or to rely on the so-called "prayers" of Christian Scientists, is fatal. It was the curse of the great Roman Empire; until Christianity, by killing the cult of these infernal disembodied spirits with their "black magic," purged it away—as the Jews indeed had done before them. It was so diffused, so insinuating and all-pervading, from the cottage of the peasant to the palace of the Emperor, that on the slightest suspicion of its practice, the penalty was "death and confiscation." How Christianity put down all these "principalities and powers"—as St. Paul called these spiritualistic agencies of the Heathen gods and of departed spirits—as the once great Roman Empire was staggering to its fall, I cannot go into here; but can only remark in passing, for the consideration of the student, that it was the greatest lift as yet given to Civilization by a single dead-heave which had as yet occurred in the History of the World—as much so indeed as when Man himself had at last been evolved from the Monkey. And now in the decay of Christianity, and before Science is yet completely ripe for its full eradication, it has come on

us again in a flood ; and all Mankind will again, unless they ruthlessly put it down, be at its mercy.

What will become of us, and what sweet consolation it will yield to believers in it, if it again becomes prevalent—with the “black magic” which like a venomous serpent always lies coiled at its heart—we may get a hint of from the experiences of Professor James with the then new cult in America of what was called the “Nitrous Oxide Illumination.”

It may be remembered that in order to test it—as a comfort-giver superior to the solaces of even Spiritualism itself—he took the gas, and when under its influence saw all the heavens opened before him. He felt himself in the presence of the Eternal One, where all the contradictions of Thought, and all the troubles of the world melted away into the most beautiful harmony, unity and rest. He was entranced ; and in his great illumination felt, like Plotinus, that he had seen God ! But mark the sequel. As the effects of the drug wore off, this ecstatic vision gave way to a horrifying and petrifying Hell of Gorgons, Devils, and Furies, beyond all conception or parallel in his experience. He then saw that the whole thing, “Illumination” and all, was clearly an affection of the brain and nervous system, under the influence of the drug—precisely as in De Quincey’s opium dreams. And although he still continued to nibble at the *séances* of Mrs. Piper, there was no longer any chance of converting *him* to Spiritualism (in the proper sense of the word “conversion”) in this world. Let the reader, therefore, beware and again beware, before entering on these abstruse and dangerous Supernal or Infernal themes, without knowledge, and without a scientific guide by his side, to keep his judgment level amid his amazement and bewilderment. If not, the “Christian Scientists,” and all the swindlers of the world will

catch him, and like witches, hold him in their grip, with all the "black magic" that follows in its train. Did we not see, only the other day, this viperous "black magic" raise its head again and threaten to strike Mr. Ashton and the *Daily Mail* for their comments on Rawson?

And now, what shall we say of Sir Oliver Lodge and his book of spiritualistic revelations from his dead son—now "on the other side"? Simply, that they are very like the "spirit" messages of Mrs. Piper, carefully and truthfully recorded by a sincere and loving man who had been himself converted long ago, in the same great batch that went over to Spiritualism, with Myers and Hodgson at their head, from the "Society for Psychical Research." Or, if not altogether "converted," then like Felix "almost persuaded," and at half-cock as it were, until these messages from his son pulled the trigger! Then, like Cardinal Newman when he went over to Romanism after many anxious years of wandering and longing in the cold shades of mere "probability," he got the sudden snap, as it were, which condensed these merely floating probabilities of his into that real belief which he called "assent"—or *certainty*. In itself, this "assent," like Christian "conversion," is a sharp and sudden curve, but Sir Oliver Lodge "took it," as the Americans say, and now is at peace and at rest.

But, in spite of one's sympathy with Sir Oliver, with his sincerity, his honesty, and the scrupulous care of his investigations, one must still warn the cultivated reader especially, from laying too much stress on these investigations; or on Sir Oliver's justly deserved eminence as a Physicist and Scientist, where the smallest error or oversight in the most minute particular will overthrow the most careful and laborious calculations. Friends often speak to me with

bated breath of Sir Oliver's having *at last* given his full assent and adhesion to Spiritualism, after so many years' sifting of evidence; especially urging that it would be quite impossible for any trickery, hocus-pocus, or fraud of a physical nature to take *him* in, of all men. But we must distinguish, as Plato says, and not swallow whole mouthfuls at a gulp without tasting, chewing and digesting them. For the physical phenomena with which Sir Oliver deals—ether, ions, atoms, chemical affinities, electric discharges and batteries—are not of the same order as, say, the physical phenomena of Mr. Maskelyne, Mr. Devant, or of the card and thimble-rigging conjurers; and have nothing in common but the name—physical experts! Otherwise one might bow with reverence in all things before Professor Bond, the hairdresser and complexion expert; Professor Rarey, the horse tamer; or Professor Huxley, the expert in biology!

I am quite aware that the popular prejudice would be strongly in favour of Sir Oliver, as against any outsider like myself or the ordinary "man in the street." But I would almost like to take a sporting bet that on the appearance of any new feat of conjuring by Maskelyne or Devant at St. George's Hall, if Sir Oliver and the rest of us were placed side by side in the first row of the stalls, it would be an even thing between him and us as to who should see through and "spot" the physical dodge in the trick. Indeed, it is probable that neither he nor the rest of us would see through it at all—unless, indeed, Sir Oliver were all the time an expert in conjuring himself!

But seriously; there is nothing more in this of Sir Oliver Lodge and his scientific acquirements in this matter of Spiritualism (with its trail of "Christian Scientists" and their "cash payments" for advice), when it is in the ascendant, than there was in the

adhesion of Sir William Crookes to this same Spiritualism when I was young, and when Professor Huxley and the Royal Society ruled him and his advocacy out (however true) as a degradation, not an exaltation, of scientific Thought. Times have indeed changed since then! But my space is exhausted, and I must end; although I have to leave many minutiae of facts, experiments, and arguments untouched.

To sum up, then, I must say: That I am still myself, like Professor James, an unprejudiced inquirer, waiting for more light; and knowing, like Socrates, that ultimately, and in essential nature, I know nothing.

But I would end with a word of warning to all who think on these things—namely, never to imagine that because Physical Science, Scientific Medicine, and Experimental Psychology have not *as yet* been able to find out the *natural* causes of all these things, that therefore they must topple over, and commit the error of all the ignorant and outgrown Ages of Mankind—from Savages and Barbarians up to the most cultured of Ancient Philosophers,—who when they did not know the Natural and Scientific causes of a thing, always attributed it to a *Will* like their own—Supernal or Infernal—according to their beliefs in these now outgrown Stages of Culture.

## VII

### EMERSON, CICERO, THE STOICS, AND MYSELF

SOME months ago I chanced to take up Emerson, as I usually do when I am depressed, always, like Matthew Arnold, finding him an abiding refuge and friend to all those who would "live in the spirit." And, curiously enough, during my reading I was again stopped short, as so often before, by a single sentence, and one, too, which had puzzled me for thirty years, but which I had always lightly skipped over, as some far-off mystical intrusion into Emerson's sky of an alien thought, to be interpreted only in a cryptic, remote, or quasi-Pickwickian sense. The sentence runs to the effect that the only true Philosophy of the World is to be found "in the figment of the Stoics." Strange! I thought to myself again, that this Pagan utterance should come from Emerson, a Nineteenth Century Thinker, born in Christian times. I knew, of course, that Emerson had turned the Trinity upside down, as it were; that he had put the Holy Spirit—or Over-Soul, as he calls it—in the place of God the Father; that, as a Unitarian, he had abolished the Divinity of Christ; and that he had relegated God Himself, as we understand Him, to a vague historical tradition merely. In other words, he had dissolved the Deity, with His active, executive, controlling power, His governance and initiative—and, if you



will, His miracles, interpositions, and the rest—into a kind of abstract phantom; and (now that Christ the Son was eliminated) had given the World over to the *passive* member of the Trinity—the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, the Inspirer—as to some pure and beautiful, sweetly-gentle, Mother and Nurse of Mankind, who was to lead us by her mild persuasive sway, to our own salvation. But that Emerson should decline on some old Pagan Stoicism and identify his Over-Soul with it as the summit at once of Religion and Philosophy, I could not understand.

It was soon after reading Emerson's Essay that I took up by a happy chance, Cicero's "Tusculan Disputations," where alone the utterances of the great founders of the Stoic, Epicurean, and other Schools are given in detail, the originals being long since lost.

Now, in these "Tusculan Disputations" of Cicero the point raised is: What is the Supreme Good of Man, and on what foundation does it rest? After reading carefully the arguments of the different protagonists in these dialogues, I must confess that had I not known beforehand the Evolution of these different systems of Pagan Thoughts *from one another*, I should have found myself, like Cicero, so entangled in the logical meshes of their argumentation, that I should have been obliged to give the problem up, and become an Eclectic; picking out a plum here and there perhaps for my own personal satisfaction, but, for the rest, falling back with Cicero on the doctrine that in all these "high matters," we can attain to no certainty but only to a "greater or less probability" merely. As for the Epicureans, I felt with Cicero that their doctrines were to be thrown out altogether, as a disgrace to Human Nature itself!

What then was the Stoic's Deity, or as Emerson

would call it, his Over-Soul? It was not a God the Father; for in no Pagan Philosophy whatever, Stoic or another, was there any God of Love. That alone in all Religions or Philosophies came in with Christianity. Nor was it a Spiritual Being as such; nor yet a purely Intelligent One, with some kind of centre somewhere, as we imagine it; but it was like the over-arching sky, a kind of abstract diffused Providence, overlooking the World as a whole, while separate from it. It had *spatial* extension too, and was made up of sublimated matter of the nature of Fire or fiery Æther, of which both Intelligence and Soul were, in some obscure way, *qualities*. As such, too, it existed in the mind of each individual man, over-arching it, and separate from it, as a judge and lawgiver, but, humanly speaking, without Love; overlooking all our thoughts and actions with its warning finger, but without in any sense, interfering with our free will.

Now, all this was to the Stoics as much a truism and common-place as it was to Emerson; and we have now to ask, how it practically affected the *actions* of these men? It did not make half-naked anchorites of them, as the Hindoo Religion did. What it did was, to make Stoics of them; that is to say, men like Brutus and Cato, Seneca, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, who walked abroad freely, mingling in the Politics and other activities of the world, while despising its vanities and ambitions, its joys and griefs and sorrows, with all the confusions and mental perturbations they brought in their train. For with the Stoics, all these things were purely and flatly indifferent, "neither good nor evil" as they said; their sole concern in such a world being to keep their own skirts pure and unspotted; and for the rest, to find in their rapt contemplation of their abstract, pure

and providential Soul (at once Universal, and private to each and every man), their harmony, their constancy, their peace and rest. It was a splendid dream, to which that of the Modern Christian Pacifist is but a shade. But should the rough world press too hardly on them, what then? They could always walk out of it at will, and at any time—by suicide. For, in that way, as Seneca said, “the door is always open”; or as Aemilius Paulus (in other words) to the King of Macedon whom he was leading to Rome in chains: “If you cannot face it, you can end it here and now; do it, if you will, and I will walk bye.”

How, then, does Cicero, who takes the part of “chorus” to the separate speakers, in these “Tusculan Disputations” feel in regard to this lofty, transcendental Ideal of the Stoics. He admires it from afar, but has to confess that *personally* he cannot do justice to it! Indeed, when he thinks of it, and its cold unapproachable heights, he flags and almost faints with the sense of his hopeless inability to reach it. But why? In the first place, unlike Brutus and Cato, he was not *certain* of the existence of this transcendental Over-Soul within him, and separate from him, but held it as at best only a matter of “more or less probability.” Besides, in high Statesmanship, and in his whole-souled devotion to the great Roman Republic which had given to his rare abilities as an orator their splendid setting, he frankly admits that in the purely *human* honour which it brought him, he found every satisfaction his soul could desire in this world. And the consequence was that, in his Philosophy, he was obliged to fall back from this lofty, icy peak of the Stoics, to one which if lower in its elevation, was more warm and sunny and reassuring. It was that of the Platonists and Aristotelians, whose doctrine in substance amounted

to this; that there were other things besides this Ideal Providence and Over-Soul of the Stoics that were worthy of a life's devotion;—as for example personal honour and integrity, laudable worldly ambition, pure human love, disinterested friendship and generosity. Cicero was aware, of course, that these merely human compliances of his would seem to his Stoic friends as great a descent from their high ideal as if he had lain down on his back in the “sty of Epicurus” himself! But he, with his Platonists and Aristotelians, still insisted, that you cannot divorce these high human sentiments from your bleak and icy Over-Soul without deforming and devitalizing it. You cannot, for example, divorce from it a mother's love for her children, and her grief for their loss; a patriot's sorrow for the misfortunes of his country; a high-minded man from the tears he sheds for the loss of his “honour.” On the contrary, these purely human sentiments—foibles you may call them—will warm and enrich your devotion to your icy Ideal, as the lower lying forests and flowers do the Alpine peaks. They will inlay your cold, overarching sky with patines of pure gold, which will shine like stars and “in their motions like the angels sing.”

Now, I must confess that having read over these “Tusculan Disputations,” not in the heyday of youth when generous emotions, high ideals and ambitions are rife, but in my cold old age, I still agree with Cicero, and am obliged to line up beside him. But the Stoics, themselves hard pressed here, renewed their attacks on our comfortable easy non-complacency, and in their way, and at the first blush I must say outflanked us! For, said they, if you once permit your mind to be diverted for a moment from the pure Spirit within you, and decline on merely

*human* love, honour, integrity, ambition, friendship and the rest, however disinterested they may be, you will let in the sea; you will not only have blurred the purity of the Over-Soul within you, but beginning with these shifting expediencies, you will soon end by obliterating it altogether. For consider it well—or have you forgotten it?—that you cannot have love without jealousy; high ambition without envy or detraction; the elevation of one man without disparagement of another; in a word, all the old *mixed confusion* of the sentiments and passions from which it is the aim of philosophy to purge and purify you, and which can only be done by ignoring and despising them all alike by fixing your mind alone on the Over-Soul. If not, observe the consequence—that this zigzag of yours between love and hate, honour and detraction, ambition and fear (each of which *necessarily involves* the other somewhere in your human life) will, as it crosses and intercrosses the pure over-arching curve of the Supreme Soul, as surely blur and obliterate it, as when you obliterate a line of curve on paper by running your pencil to and fro across it. There is no natural human sentiment or passion without its opposite, as there is no natural sunlight without somewhere its shade.

What, then, were we to say to this? Poor Cicero, a year after the “Tusculan Disputations” were written, went to his grave by the sword of Antony, and was no more seen; and the problems raised in the “Disputations” remained as he had left them, until the Stoic ideal was revived again by Emerson in the Nineteenth Century under entirely new conditions.

In the meantime, all these Pagan Schools alike—Stoic, Platonic, Aristotelian and Epicurean—were destined to be swallowed up, embodied or lost, in the rising tide of Christianity; until after the closing

of the Schools of Athens by Justinian, they ceased as such altogether. The first of these doctrines to be embodied in Christianity (and one transformed by the Divine Love which Christianity gave to the Deity) was that first principle of the Stoics, namely, that the Divine Providence of the World was both *material* and had *spatial* extension. This was introduced by Tertullian (himself a converted Stoic) in the "saving efficacy" of the *material* bread and wine in the Sacrament, in the consecrated wafers and the rest. But in other matters, Tertullian, like Origen after him, deviated too far from Church Tradition, and was condemned as a heretic; and although perhaps the ablest of the Early Fathers, has never been canonized as a Saint, and remains plain Tertullian to this day.

Shortly after this, Platonism itself was absorbed by the Early Church, and transformed (again by the doctrine of Divine Love) from the *abstract, metaphysical and impersonal* Trinity of Neo-Platonism—the One, the Logos, and the World-Soul—into the *personal* Trinity of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. After this, came a lull in the development of Church doctrine from Pagan sources, which continued (only marking time, as it were) through the whole Middle Ages, until Aquinas wove the great doctrines of Aristotle (on the Psychology of the Mind and the Physical structure of the Universe) into the fabric of Catholic Theology; and so gave that final setting to Roman Catholic doctrine which is authoritative to this hour. Modern Protestantism since then, has nibbled away at its magnificent structure, until now nothing is left in common between Catholicism and Protestantism but the doctrine of the Trinity. And so we must here leave them both to the "tender mercies" of Modern Science! And now that Spiritualism, with its "spooks" and ghosts

and "mediums," is overtopping and even patronizing both Catholic and Protestant alike—where is poor bewildered Christianity to look for salvation? But that is another question. And yet I feel bound in honesty to say, that for the great Christian Church, with its still mighty, imposing and compacted organization, to stand by and see its congregations slipping away silently one by one from its pews, its aisles, and its confessionals; and be found secretly in the parlours of soothsayers and necromancers, argues some great decadence somewhere. The fact is, Christians do not even seem to know, that it was largely to put down these same soothsayers and necromancers who now affect to despise it, that Christianity, with its denunciations of these "principalities and powers" of St. Paul, came into the world at all.

And now we have to ask how Emerson contrived to whitewash and revivify in the Nineteenth Century the Stoic doctrine of the Over-Soul as an entity separate and apart from the natural human faculties but overarching them as a pure sky in the minds of each and all of us?

Cicero, as we have seen, with his tail of Platonists and Aristotelians, took the icy chill off the Stoic Ideal by warming and humanizing it; the Stoics outflanked them in turn by showing that the zigzag of all human emotions whatever, where the good inevitably *necessitated* the bad, would end by obliterating both the Moral Ideal and the Over-Soul altogether. Christianity following on, swallowed up all these Pagan Philosophies in turn by embodying them, piecemeal as it were, in its Creed, along the course of the centuries. But Emerson imagined he could see his way to reinstate the Stoic Over-Soul in its purity and as a separate entity—not as the Stoics did, by

ignoring all human sentiments and passions alike, and stamping them out with contempt, but by leaving them alone to act and react on one another in their confused mixture; and then by putting an electric charge, as it were, from the pure Over-Soul down and through them, to draw all that was pure gold in them up to itself, and so to inlay and enrich it with all the warmth and glow which Cicero so much desiderated; precisely as in electro-plating, where the pure gold in the chemical mixture is separated out and drawn to the one end, and the poor dross and alloy is driven to the other.

And all this Emerson proposed to do by his well-known Law of Compensation or Polarity, as he called it, which he drew from Modern Physical Science where, as we know, all physical changes whatever in Matter and Motion, follow the Law of "action and reaction," of "attraction and repulsion," of "positive and negative"; in a word, of Polarity and Compensation; where each and all of them check and "hold up" *each other*, as it were.

And this Law, he declared, applied to the Human Soul as well. For the intimate presence to the Mind, of the Over-Soul, acting through this Law of Polarity or Compensation (of which the Law of Right and Wrong is an example), will enable the confused mixture of the sentiments and passions to *clarify themselves* out; indeed, it will force them to do so. The *high* sentiments of Love, Reverence, and Duty will like pure gold crowd around the Over-Soul, as to their Paradise and natural home; the *lower* and baser ones to the opposite pole, their Inferno; while the poor *conscious human creature* himself looks helplessly on and sees himself to his surprise forced into a Heaven or Hell of his own making! And that, too, precisely and mathematically according to the



nobility, purity or baseness of every thought, motive, word or action. No humbug, pose, appearance or dodging will avail. Emerson declares that you can see and read it all, in a man's eyes, his gait, his attitude, his gesture, his manners, and his conversation ; registering as in a *moral* thermometer his degradation or ascent in the scale of Being.

Now what am I to say to all this? I propose (and I trust with all becoming modesty) to deny the existence of any Over-Soul whatever in the mind, as a separate Spiritual entity, divorced from, or outside and apart from the *ensemble* of the merely *natural* human faculties, sentiments, passions or desires ; and would venture to put in its place a simple natural *hierarchy* of these attributes themselves, which shall carry each its own dignity and credentials with it, as in a Court ceremonial. This hierarchy I have elsewhere called "the Scale in the Mind," by which I mean that Truth, Duty, Beauty, and Love will find of themselves their place at the top ; the less pure feelings of Honour, Ambition, Self-Respect and other *differentia* of these, in the middle register ; and with Cruelty, Greed, Lust, Animality, Revenge and the like at the bottom. And these ranked attributes, I would refer quite frankly and simply, *to the functions of those parts of the brain and nervous system* from which they proceed. For observe, that although their strength varies ; firstly, in accordance with the general health ; and secondly, with the special stimuli and "inhibitions" to which, in the jostlings of this rough and tumble world, they are all alike subject—so that sometimes all rank or "scale" whatever is, for the time being, as absolutely lost as in a drugged or drunk or dreamless sleep ; still, I will venture to say that in spite of this, if you cannot get your high Moral Ideal or Over-Soul out of this simple scale *in the normal action of the brain*,

you will never get it in this world or another. But what does this wire-drawn distinction of yours mean? the reader will ask. It means what it *points to*—namely, not to a *separate* Over-Soul in the mind, but to a Supreme, Designing Intelligence of the nature of God, shall we say, somewhere in the vast Universe; if not in Matter, or in the Æther, then somewhere else or beyond.

As for the second sheet-anchor of Emerson which enabled him to revivify the old Stoic attitude of life—namely, his Law of Compensation (which, it is to be observed, was a Law for Nature, not for the Over-Soul)—I propose to combat it by falling back on another doctrine of mine—"the Doctrine of the Herd"—which I was the first, I believe, to introduce into Social Philosophy some years ago in my controversy with the Socialists in the *Fortnightly Review*. What I said, in effect, there was this: that human beings are not in essential nature *separate* individuals at all, any more than cattle or a swarm of bees are; that they are a *herd* rather, who march through Time in Families, Groups, Tribes or Nations, and under the guidance of Leaders,—even if, like Roman slaves, there are no *visible* ropes or chains bringing them together; that, in a word, they are of the nature of sheep, connected by *invisible unconscious bonds*, of the same nature as is seen in the ordinary phenomena of hypnotism; and without which bonds, indeed, regulated families, tribes, and nations (now under the guidance of Leaders, better or worse) would cease to exist except as the individuals of distracted anarchic crowds, merely. For, consider it,—all our ambitions, passions, and desires refer themselves to others *outside* of ourselves, as single bricks do to their collateral adhesions; otherwise they become a dead amorphous heap. Even Diogenes in his tub, and Thersites in

his gibes, could not escape the influence of the thronging herd of human souls around them. Indeed, what are we all but *congealed echoes*, if not slaves?—in Religion,—of some Moses, Buddha, Mahomet, of some *ex cathedra* Papacy, of Luther or Calvin or George Fox; in Philosophy,—of Plato, of Aristotle, of Bacon, of Hegel or Herbert Spencer; in Science,—of Darwin, Faraday, and the few Great Men in their several departments from whom (at once creative and representative) the regulated Evolution of all civilized nations proceeds. Indeed, all Political or Social systems whatever that would treat men as if they were *free and separate individual units* are illusions of the mind merely; and if acted on, one and all must end in utopias and dreams.

But how does all this bear on Emerson? the reader will ask. It will leave his Over-Soul, and his Law of Compensation as applied to Morals, wrecked on the beach, and stranded on the high shore of Thought, beyond touch with the moving currents of the present Intellectual world. For now that the Law of Evolution and the doctrine of "the Herd" are here as the twin first principles of Social Philosophy, a new panorama opens for its study; and a new approach to its methods and problems. For now we can see that there is no *general* Over-Soul for all the nations and tribes of Humanity alike, but that each *makes its own*—for the regulation of the lives of its individual members; each having its own "Code of Honour" and its own standard of "Right and Wrong." Some Polynesian tribes make murder their highest virtue—as was the case also in India with the Thugs. Where, then, is Emerson's Over-Soul, common to all men alike? Even now, in some nations of Europe, the so-called "Law of Honour" demands that a "gentleman" must on due provocation

fight a duel on pain of temporal, if not of eternal, damnation! What common Moral Law of Compensation, then, applies here? or one which, if they neglect, will degrade these men in their *own* esteem, or in the scale of Being? Where will you find evidences of this degradation (as Emerson imagined he saw) either in their eye, their gait, their voice, their manners or their general demeanour? Nowhere. I have been a physiognomist myself all my life, in a small way, but I have not seen it. On the contrary, the strut, the attitude, the domination of the eye, as these Prussian Junker heroes of the herd look over their noses at you in their pride, are all accentuated. Where again, I ask, is either the common Over-Soul or the common Law of Compensation proper to all mankind alike? As well imagine them overarching in common the different races and herds of inferior animals! During the present war the Christian world here in England would do real injury to even the most sincere of Pacifist "Conscientious Objectors" (I do not mean the humbugs among them), although they are trying to follow to the letter the commands of their common Divine Master. The pity of it! But where again is the common, universal, equal, and unchanging Law of Compensation? It is a dream of the gentle Emerson, sitting alone in the isolation of his lonely Concord parsonage; and in saying so I am doing him no injustice. Some time ago there was an excellent article on Emerson in the "*Times Literary Supplement*," and I noticed that the writer, like myself, made little both of Emerson's Over-Soul and his Law of Compensation. This set me thinking, and the present article is at once a justification and a defence of his attitude.

And yet, I feel I must not leave Emerson in this shabby way; he who was my great and beloved

Master—the instructor of my youth, and still the inspirer of my old age—in fear lest, like Hamlet in sight of his father's ghost, “being so majestic” I might even appear to offer him “a show of violence.” No! what in Emerson I revere, is not his Over-Soul or Law of Compensation, but what one would least expect in him: his penetration into all the ways of the world and of human life; the breadth of his comprehension; the delicacy of his quiet humour; his gentle but penetrating satire; and the rare serenity and beauty of his high and noble character, pure and somewhat cold as it is, like that of his great Stoic predecessors of the Ancient World. Even Carlyle, in many points his polar opposite, was obliged to confess, that in his “Essays” his “English Traits” and his “Conduct of Life,” Emerson alone of all his contemporaries had spoken to him “a reasonable word.” To me, too, in my humble judgment, his works remain incomparable to this hour. To any or all of those of the Epigoni, who would “damn him with faint praise,” or by patronage appear to depreciate him, I would say in the words of Caesar in his eulogium on Pompey (in *Beaumont and Fletcher*), when the Egyptians who had killed him expressed a wish to give his remains an Egyptian burial,

“ No ! brood of Nilus,  
 Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven,  
 No pyramids set off his memories  
 But the eternal substance of his greatness,  
 To which I leave him.”

Adieu! therefore, great and gentle spirit, while this confused twilight of existence lasts; may we meet where or when, if ever, this twilight has become day.

## VIII

### A WARNING TO CANADA

WHILE Canada, as Mr. Taft says, is still at the parting of the ways, I should like to raise a note of warning to my Canadian fellow-countrymen, if they will permit me to do so, in reference to the proposed Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. In this I shall restrict myself to the application of a few political and economic principles, drawn from my own special studies, as to how the facts in affairs of this kind are to be judged; and shall begin by asking a question or two to bring out the general situation. The first is: How is it that Canada, which by the unanimous acquiescence of both parties in her Legislature has been Protectionist for over thirty years, should have so suddenly veered round in her attitude as to make it possible for Sir Wilfrid Laurier, without a word of warning, to have secretly, and under cover of the night as it were, agreed to detach whole areas and provinces of her natural productions (amounting potentially to one-half of her entire resources) from their protective defences, and without a qualm to have floated them off on to the open stream of Free Trade, there to sink or swim? Doubtless because he thought that in doing it he held the winning cards for Canada. And again, why does Mr. Taft, acting for the United States, who have not only for themselves abrogated all former Reciprocity Treaties, but have repudiated all advances subsequently made by Canada for their renewal *on any terms* (unless, indeed,

she should come into the Union)—why has Mr. Taft at last not only made advances for the opening up of fresh Reciprocity negotiations, but so promptly closed with them when they were framed by the Laurier Government, unless he imagined that in this midnight deal it was he and the United States, and not Laurier and Canada, that held the winning cards? Now, both parties cannot be right in their estimate, any more than can two rival prize-fighters, each of whom *hopes* to win the championship; but if we take it that the majority of people in both countries who favour the Treaty (especially those with Free Trade leanings) believe that *both* nations will benefit by the Treaty, and *neither* lose, we shall probably be not very far from the mark. Be it so then.

And this will lead me at once to my first broad principle, namely, that it is only in the trade between two countries in *different*, or what we may call *complementary*, products that you can be sure that both sides will gain, and neither lose, in a free trade exchange between them—in cases, that is to say, where the one country depends, for example, on its wine, or tobacco, or fruit, and the other on its corn-fields or cattle; one on the raw material of its forests or mines, its gold, or iron, or copper, or diamonds, or what not, and the other on its manufactures, and the like. In all such cases it is universally admitted that *both* countries will gain by the exchange of their respective products, and that absolute free trade between them ought to be the order of the day. But this, it is to be observed, *cannot* be the case between Canada and the United States; inasmuch as *both* countries are competitors *all along the line* in the *same* class of products—in iron, copper, salt, corn, cattle, sheep, pigs, timber, transport, and everything else; except, perhaps, the fruits and sugar of the Southern

States on the one hand, and the furs and pulp-producing timber of some of the provinces of Canada on the other. And hence, instead of both nations being gainers by a free trade between them, one or the other nation must cripple or extinguish its rival by underselling it; and that, too, just in proportion to the *total strength* of its separate industrial powers. There will be no *sharing* of the profits between them, as in a *complementary* trade or in a business partnership; but in each separate department of industry the most powerful competitor will, as in a prize-fight, or in a combat between rival bulls in a herd for the cows, take *all*. And although Sir Wilfrid Laurier may say that he has been careful to discriminate in this very matter, and that in giving free trade in some things he has kept the weaker productions of Canada still sufficiently well protected, it is evident how difficult and dangerous a game this is to play, when regard is had not merely to the present, but to the *future* Industrial *powers* of the nations concerned. While, therefore, I am prepared to admit that, so far as it goes, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has shown excellent discretion in the selection of the products to be let in duty free from America, and those on which the duty is to be relaxed only; what he does not seem to realize is, that all this small, niggling, hand-to-mouth policy of taking off a duty here, and keeping it on or reducing it there, is practically useless when divorced from those considerations of wider reach which I am now to bring into the foreground of the argument, and any neglect of which will land Canada in a delusion as great as if a petty combination of small butchers or oil-sellers in a few remote towns or villages of the United States were to imagine that either *their* passive boycott or active hostility would rid these towns in future of the domination of the



great Oil or Beef Trusts. On the contrary, I will venture to predict, and I shall now try to demonstrate, that if Canada does not protect her Agriculture as well as her Manufactures all along her frontier line, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with a veritable Chinese Wall of tariff (higher, rather than lower, than it is to-day) for the next twenty years at least, she will in a generation have become as much the industrial and economic (if not political) annexe of America as the Provinces of the Ancient World were of Rome; and that, too, as we shall see, by the same means; and will have, like them, to content herself with the leavings and skimmed milk of Industry, while America takes the cream! But by what means? the incredulous reader will ask. By the operation of three principles which Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with his optimism and his Free Trade proclivities, seems to have either entirely overlooked, disparaged, or left out of calculation. The first is, the new principle of trade to-day, as distinct from what it was thirty years ago, namely, of *combination*, rather than of isolated, independent, and unregulated *competition*. The second is that oldest, most effective, and, to the unwary, most fatal, principle of Old Rome, *Divide et Impera*, i.e., the driving a wedge in between your antagonists to keep them apart, and then defeat them in detail: a principle as effective and fatal in Industry as in War. The third is the natural resultant of the continued operation of the other two; so that, by the operation of the three combined, Canada will, unless she is wary, like the dog in the fable, drop the piece of meat which she now has in her mouth, by snatching at its image in the stream!

Let us begin, then, with the first. Now the first thing that strikes one in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's scheme of duties, remissions of duties, or full Free Trade, in

the miscellany of raw and manufactured products which he passes under review, is that he apparently imagines, in all simplicity, that the first great principles of all trade are the same as they were thirty years ago, before the era of the great Trusts; and, further, that in the innumerable network of exchanges between innumerable small quarter-section farmers on the one hand, and the innumerable small manufacturers of their raw products on the other, a penny on or off the tariff in these cheese-paring exchanges will make all the difference to the future industrial fortunes of the nations concerned. True, it might have done so thirty years ago, when the Western landowners on one side of the border, and the Americans on the other, were each largely cut off from their industrial connections in the East; but to-day it is the veriest Rip van Winkle dream. For the trade to-day between the agriculture of a Canadian western province and that of an adjoining American State will, if the Reciprocity Treaty comes into operation, become almost an exact parallel and epitome of what the trade between two adjoining States of the Union was thirty years ago. And yet, what was the result in these American States? Why this, that out of their clear, blue sky of small competitive Free Trade, the great Trusts with their giant capitals descended on them unseen; and putting the rope around the neck of one after another of them in turn, whether agricultural or manufacturing, strangled them all alike! Let Sir Wilfrid Laurier then look to it well, and consider how, among the small detail and meshwork of his Reciprocity Tariff, with a penny off here and a free exchange there, he is going to protect the industry of any or all of these producers against these invisible ominous birds from across the border, ready to jump not merely reduced duties, but the present

or higher ones, when the time is ripe for them to descend. Otherwise, he will leave Hamlet out of his play; and in his endeavour to settle by these petty expedients the division of the industrial spoils between Canada and America, he will cut as ridiculous a figure as Anthony did when he proposed to settle the division of the great Roman World between himself and Caesar by staking it ("like a sworder") on a pitiful personal combat between the two! No letting in of livestock, dairy and other agricultural products, hewn timber, sawn boards, or even fish and fish-oil free, nor yet mica, asbestos, felspar, coke, and the cheaper kinds of paper, will save him in that day. Nor will his small reduction of duty on flour and meat, on timber and iron ore, or his large one on agricultural implements; nor yet his free fencing-wire, roller iron, or steel rails, however excellent or praiseworthy they may be for the day that is passing over him; even with the advantage thrown in of being able to revise them in five or ten years—if they do not suit! And the reason is simple. As I have so often had to repeat, giant capitals, like those of the great American trusts are, when concentrated in a few hands, like cannon-balls, compared with which the small isolated capitals of innumerable little competing farmers or manufacturers are (even when of equal weight in the aggregate) as grape-shot, good for shooting small birds or each other with, but as useless as paper screens for the defence of their own little isolated and uncombined industrial huts and outhouses, when besieged. So far, then, as our argument has gone (and we will take each point at a time), it would suggest the caution at least that, far from allowing the slightest Free Trade breach *anywhere* (even in agriculture) in the long line of frontier Tariff Protection of any and every

Canadian industry—agricultural, mining, and manufacturing—it would require against the assaults of America, with ten times the population of Canada, ten times her manufacturing productivity, and, above all, ten times her free disposable capital for any design whatever—whether of dumping, boycotting, buying up, or underselling—it would require *at the present time* to be safe, a wall of Protection higher and more graduated all along the frontier line, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, than exists to-day, to keep these American Trusts (if they chose to put forth their combined strength) out at all.

But how would they set about it? the reader will ask. By the operation of our second principle, to which Sir Wilfrid Laurier seems equally oblivious—that good old trick by which, and no other, Rome conquered the world; by which Napoleon overran and conquered Europe; and by which even the great “Universal Providers” in the retail trades of the world to-day have made their fortunes—and all these, too, be it remembered, started from the smallest beginnings, and not from such colossal combinations as could confront poor Canada to-day. There is no secret in it; it is the old trick of *Divide et Impera*—first to separate, divide, and distract your enemy, then by a concentration of superior force to overcome each division in detail, then finally to annex or incorporate the survivors with yourself—and all with the same result in the end, namely, that *you* take the lion's share of the spoil, of course, and the others the leavings! It is a golden maxim, and although as dirt cheap as patent-pill advertisement, is the sole principle of organization that can be depended on to lead to supremacy in any branch of *practical* affairs—whether Political, Economic, or Industrial. It was the trick by which the Standard Oil, the Beef, and other Trusts got

their ropes around the necks of the American people ; and that, too, without any greater *initial advantage* in themselves, whether of situation, of quality of goods, or of ability in the founders, than is involved in the merest turn of a coin. Now, for myself, I must confess that this spectacle of the great American people, who have mastered "the old hat-trick" and "know a thing or two," besides having, in the face of universal history, whether personal, economic, or political, allowed themselves to be ring-nosed by these Trusts (and by that old cheap trick of Rome) from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and without even being aware of it until it was done, is to me an intellectual humiliation. Let the Canadians beware, therefore, while it is yet time, and there is as yet no open Free Trade breach between her Agriculture and her Manufactures ; and blazon this motto over the portals of their Legislature as a warning, fateful as that of Dante over the entrance to his Inferno—or be prepared to "leave all hope behind."

I have put the matter thus strongly because of my intense conviction that if Canada begins to take down her tariff walls *anywhere* at the present time, instead of raising them (at any rate along the greater part of the line), these Trusts will pour like a sea through the breach, and driving a wedge between West and East, between Canadian agriculture on the one hand, and manufactures on the other, will conquer each in detail right and left, and use the defeat of each, first to plunder and then to incorporate the other. But it will be said, even if you barred them out, great Canadian Trusts on the same colossal scale would arise to take their place ; and that they would in turn skin the Canadians as effectually as the American Trusts have the Americans ; and so it would in the end be a matter of indifference, as broad as

it is long, and they would but have exchanged masters.

Now, the answer to this leads me on to my third principle, which Sir Wilfrid Laurier seems to have ruled out of his purview as much as the other two. With his Free Trade predilections he has a tendency to imagine that *all* exchange is beneficial between two countries; whether their products are *complementary* or *competitive* in the definition I have already given to them—a most fatal delusion—and does not see that the quicker Canada can confront the United States with Manufacturing Trusts as powerful as their own, the earlier will it be safe for her to have the Free Trade deal with that country in those agricultural products which he has so much at heart. Has he forgotten his Adam Smith then? and especially that one doctrine—the only one in all the extinct record of Free Trade superstition that has now any value in it, and, indeed, is even truer to-day than ever—namely, that a *home* trade makes two profits, while a *foreign* trade can only make one; and that in almost any deal, however handicapped, between the different industrial components of the *same* nation, it will go hard if these two profits do not, *when added together*, exceed the most lucrative single one made in the trade with a *foreign* nation; and immeasurably more so, of course, in dealing with the great Trusts and Combines of each nation to-day, than it would have been in the smaller *competitive* trade of thirty years ago. And what, in plain English, would this mean? Simply this, that even if the Canadians lay howling under the heels of their own Trusts as much as the Americans now do under theirs, the wealth of these Trusts would still be their *own home* wealth, and not that of their neighbour; and the difference would be, that they would get both the cream and the skimmed

milk for *themselves*, whereas if they were once lassoed by the American Trusts, howl as they might, they would have to live on the skimmed milk alone!—a difference as fatal in the end as was the killing of that goose that laid the golden eggs! Nor do I expect that the Canadians will realize what they are doing, until they see that there can be no just division of the spoils between individuals or nations until they have first got the spoils (even if they are the spoils of their own Trusts) to divide; and until they get rid of that old Free Trade fallacy that this can possibly come about through any so-called *Laws of Political Economy as such*, founded on the antiquated principle of competition; but only by *Legislative control of the great trusts and combines*—as the Americans are only now beginning fully to realize. Or, to sum it all up in a word, Canada is no more fitted to enter on a Reciprocity Treaty at the present time with America, and to stand up against her in a contest on the lines laid down in that Treaty, than a child, were he an infant Hercules, could stand up against his father; and no petty balancing of little ripples of competition on the surface of the industrial stream will enable her to resist the inroads of Giant Capitals, any more than the even swing of the wavelets on the surface of the sea will avail to neutralize the great Ocean Tides depending on the moon and the sun. Now the above principles, taken in their widest and most general scope, correspond to these great *natural* controlling forces; and it is to bring them into the foreground of my argument and give them their proper orientation and setting, that I have introduced them here. Until they are recognized as being the great *controlling* factors in the discussion, Canada will get a policy that may hold good for the passing hour, but will mean ruination in the future.

But what then, the reader will ask, do I propose ought to be done? In general terms, as my argument will have anticipated, *raise* the present tariff wall, rather than lower it; and that, too, *all along the line*. But as I have already hinted that some parts, for reasons which we shall now see, will require a longer and more rigid protection than others, to be quite definite, and to bring the discussion down to existing facts, I would say:—

Firstly, that if Canada were not in such a hurry, she would be safe in a Free Trade deal with America in Agricultural products in, say, ten or, better still, twenty, years, when her *ordinary* Manufactures and Transport connected with agriculture would, as collateral and auxiliaries, in all probability be brought up as in an army, into an equal fighting line; so that, if the worst came to the worst, the different Provinces of the Dominion would be linked to each other from West to East *as a single self-sufficing industrial nation*, without a breach anywhere; and with no part of it subject either to the insolence, mercy, or caprice of the foreigner.

Secondly, that instead of lowering, she would have to raise the present tariff on American Manufactures for a still longer period, and by a much higher wall than now, before she could venture successfully to compete with the greatest of the American Trust Manufactures (at present concealed behind the wings of the stage) at all. And the same would apply to those Mines and Forests which, like the English China Clay and Steam Coal, have a unique and special, almost *monopoly* value; and ought not to be bargained away at almost any price, let alone for Mr. Taft's siren song!

Now to come to the reasons why I consider that the Canadian Agriculture of the West does not



require as much protection, or for so long a time, as Canadian Mines, Forests, or Manufactures. The first is, that under the existing laws it cannot be lassoed like them by the American sitting in his office at home across the border, and by merely signing a cheque appropriating the spoils to himself. For, in the first place, the Canadian law, I understand, by restricting ownership to small plots, and insisting that full ownership shall only be conferred on individual families actually *settled* on the land, makes any wholesale buying up of agricultural land impossible. And although Americans and Europeans, as well as native Canadians, are freely allowed to enter in and take up land under these conditions, we can still say that whatever the *political* leanings of the newcomers at present may be, in the second generation their children born on the soil will be good Canadians, and Canada will have become to them "their own, their native land." So far, then, from this first Canadian vantage ground, we may conclude that owing to the necessity of *actual settlement*, Canadian Agriculture and Canadian patriotism must be in infinitely less danger from throwing down her Protection walls, than would be her Manufactures.

But there is even a still better reason why Canada should have no anxiety about a Free Trade deal with America in her Agricultural products. And that is, that were Free Trade in agriculture established between any two nations to-morrow (say, in this case between Canada and America) neither could by their competition damage the other to any extent worth considering—provided, firstly, that there were a common *world-market* for their products standing ready and waiting to receive all that *both* of them together could supply at a paying price; and provided, secondly (and this is the vital point), that each

was sufficiently equipped *at the start* with all the necessary adjuncts of Manufacture, Storage, and Transport, so as to escape being overrun and captured *in the meantime* by the other, before the trade abroad had seriously begun. And this is precisely, as we shall see, the danger to Canada from a concerted attack by America at the present time. Otherwise, if each were safe from a preliminary capture by the other, there would then be no longer an internecine war *at home* between the two neighbouring nations, but both would march together *in peace* on a common campaign against the World-market *abroad*; like the two arms, Cavalry and Infantry, of the same service, *co-operating* with each other against the same objective, rather than turning their arms against each other. But what chance is there, the reader will ask, after what I have said of the difficulty of one nation's agriculture capturing that of another through laws of settlement and the like; what reason is there for imagining that the United States could capture the Agriculture of Canada and reduce it to a mere annexe of their own, if the Reciprocity Treaty became law to-day? That is the very point involved in my proposal, that Canada should have twenty years of grace still under Protection before the tariff on her agricultural products should be reduced—let alone being altogether taken off. And the consideration of this will again bring us down to the facts themselves.

Now, I am aware that it is generally admitted that the virgin agriculture of Canada, as well as her Timber and Mines, has a greater *potentiality* of wealth in it in the future than that of the United States, which, owing to the exhaustion of its soil, can now only raise its crops at a greater cost than heretofore, as is evidenced by the great influx into Canadian land in recent years of American settlers. So far this looks, I admit, as

## 158 LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

if Canadian agriculture would have the advantage over that of the United States in a neck-to-neck competition even to-day. But this is a fallacy, and ignores the difference between a *potential* superiority in the *future* and an *actual* superiority in productive power in the *present*. At the present time, the Canadian settlers are, relatively to those of America, isolated, scattered, and poor; and in every equipment of farm machinery, of organization, transport, manufactures, storage, elevators, and the like, still comparatively crude and rudimentary; while the Americans are already armed to the teeth with these and all other modern improvements in their most highly organized and concentrated, and therefore in their most *effective competitive forms*. So that if we bear in mind that the fighting power of a food product lies, not in the cheapness of its *raw material* alone, but in the price at which the *final* product (made up of raw material, manufacture, and transport combined) can be put on the dinner or breakfast table of the consumer, we can readily see that even if the mere future *potentialities* of Canadian agriculture over that of America were much greater even than they are admitted to be, the reduction of the *total cost* at which America could put her agricultural products into the field would itself be sufficient to starve out the poor Canadian settler *before* either the inherent superiority of his soil, or the cheap price which he has to pay for his land, had attained its full fruition. Wheat, barley, rye, or oats cannot be eaten in the raw state; nor can cattle, sheep, and pigs be carved on the dinner-table in their skins! The wheat has to be milled into flour, the barley brewed into ale, the fruits canned, the livestock and pigs reduced to tinned meats, or packed as bacon and ham, and so on; all of which imply *manufactures* of innumerable kinds;

*storage and transport facilities*; as well as access to organized and easily available markets for it all. Now it is on the immeasurable superiority of America in these necessary *collaterals* that I base my judgment, that if the Reciprocity Treaty should issue in an agricultural Free Trade between the two countries to-morrow, America would jump Canada's merely *potential* superiority, as she would a small hurdle in her course, and still hold the field. She would have captured Canada's infant agriculture before it had time to grow to manhood; and ruined her quarter-section farmers, now independent and free, as easily as if they had been Irish tenants-at-will of the old days, and Americans their absentee landlords! The great agricultural Trusts of America—the Meat, the Pork, the Grain, the Fruit, and other Trusts—would squeeze the poor and isolated Canadian farmers *in detail* (as they did their own American farmers) by compelling the Canadians, willy-nilly, to sell their produce to them at the bayonet's point, and at the price which their good pleasure chose to fix. But not only that; they would manufacture this produce *themselves* across the Border, and send it back to Canada at a competitive undercutting of price so great that it would compel the Canadians to buy from them rather than from their own Manufacturers. And the consequence would be, that the Canadian manufacturers of the East, thus weakened by the loss of their trade through the defection of their own agricultural fellow-countrymen of the West, would become a still easier prey for the great American machinery and manufacturing Trusts, who could then turn round on them and swallow them one by one and in detail—by boycott, intimidation, undercutting, or incorporation. And this they would do while the Free Trade section of Canadians, in their light-

hearted complacency, sat there, ignoring the teachings of History on the decline and fall of States, and watching this operation of first dividing and weakening and then swallowing up your rival, as if it were all right—a mere joke on the part of the Americans—only to wake up at last to find that they were getting one profit only for both divisions of their industry, instead of two—and that one a profit skinned to the veriest bone!

And from all this I would draw my first conclusion, namely, that when a greater *potentiality* of wealth in any industry has to enter the lists against a greater *present* wealth, *delay* is of prime importance as a safeguard; and Protection, not Free Trade, should in all such industries for the time being be the order of the day. On the other hand, if Canada would wait for ten or twenty years, she could, with her superiority in richness of unexhausted soil, give America a Free Trade deal in Agriculture with impunity; and would not only hold her own, but, in my judgment, would in an enclosed ring fence contest between the two (without *foreign* outlet), beat American agriculture in her own markets.

Again, consider what a stab at the heart the Canadian agriculturists of the Grain Growers' Association of the West must have given their own Manufacturers by their recent demand that England should have a preference of 50 per cent. *at once* in her manufactures; and in ten years Free Trade in them out and out! Why, America herself, even with her Giant Trusts, dare not yet give England Free Trade all round in manufactures; and as for Canadian manufactures, after a mere ten years' grace, they would have no chance against those of England.

As for the Canadian Mining and Timber industries, only a word need here be said. I am under the

impression that it is generally agreed that Canada has even a greater potential superiority in her mines over those of America than she has in her virgin agricultural soil ; that, like her wheat, many of her timber forests and her mines have a unique and almost monopoly value ; and therefore to barter or give away this great asset, so necessary for her own nascent manufacturers, through Free Trade or a reduced tariff would only enable American manufacturers, with their, at present, immensely superior power and capital, to sit at home, and by throwing their ropes over these mines and forests, get hold of a cheaper raw material than their own ; and so jump with their *finished* competitive manufactured products an even higher tariff wall than they can to-day, and still carry off the spoil ; and that, too, without sending a single American citizen to make a home for himself in Canada, and become in time a good Canadian—as would have to be the case, as we have seen, in agriculture. It would be as great a crime, indeed, against the future of a young nation as is England's blunder in refusing to protect her China Clay, which was only prevented from being captured some years ago by the Americans (it was said) by the "laws of entail" which forbade it. Had the *coup* succeeded, it would have transferred the great Pottery manufacturers of England wholesale to America ! It would be as great a crime, too, as that of England in giving away her precious Steam Coal to the foreigner (as if it were but cobblestone !) to stoke his men-of-war with ; and so be converted into an instrument for her own destruction or disablement in time of war. As well give away a new and better torpedo (which we guard from the prying eye of the foreigner under pain of imprisonment) as give away a better kind of war coal.

As for the inordinate haste of Canada to increase

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her population of Working men, she will find that if they worked like bees, and reached high heaven in their swarms, still, if the Capital and Machinery that fed them and gave them work belonged to Trusts across the border who carried off the profits as their spoil, they would become a mere skimmed-milk proletariat at the beck of a foreign Power—not only commercially, but in the end probably politically as well. For it is the *machines*, it is to be observed, that make the profits, not the mere *workmen* (who would “eat their heads off” without them); and it is the *owners* of these machines, therefore, that take the cream.

As for the Canadian Manufacturers themselves, little further need be said. The one principle that covers them all is the power of giant *foreign* trusts, capitals, and combines, not of their own *home* ones; and it is no wonder, therefore, that there should be so great an outcry among the Canadian manufacturers at the threatened lowering of their tariffs in this proposed Reciprocity Treaty. Why, the great multi-millionaire magnates and trusts of America combined could ruin Canadian manufacturers in a decade at even her present tariffs, let alone at lowered ones. The wonder is that they have not made the attack already; but wait a while until they have scooped up all the available investments in their own country, which their enormous surpluses make it worth their while to pick up, and if they do not turn their avaricious eyes on Canada, and rope in her petty manufactures as easily as the Standard Oil has done not only its own special business, but banks, railways, tramways, telegraphs, and all, in its own country—jumping tolls, tariffs, and all other obstacles at a bound—it will be because she has put up still *higher* her tariff walls in time, and got rid once and for all

*of her old Free Trade superstitions and dreams.* To keep the tariff on manufactures as it is, is a danger ; but to lower it would be ruination speedy and complete. Even England herself will, in no long time, be scarcely able, in spite of her distance, to hold her own against these Giant Trusts, let alone the mere infant industrial Colony of Canada at their own doors. And the Americans know it ; and hence their jubilation over this secret midnight Reciprocity deal, which has just passed the Senate as I write. And the principle on which I go has nothing recondite or subtle in it, but is a simple statement of fact, namely, that Giant Capitals, when *combined*, can sit at home *anywhere*, and buy out not one thing only, but everything on which lesser capitals depend for their efficiency—Knowledge, Organizing Power, Inventions, Skill, Raw Materials, Land, Mines, Manufactures, and Men. In War, smaller nations have often defied successfully larger and more powerful ones, by the genius of a great commander and the superior fighting quality of his men ; but to imagine that a nation like Canada, with, as I have said, a tenth of the population, a tenth of the organized manufacturing power and skill, and above all, a tenth of the free disposable capital of her neighbour, can sit beside that neighbour in what by only a bitter irony can be called the *peaceful* exchange of industry, and not be swallowed and absorbed by it, like another Naboth's vineyard, is a dream. This is my real conviction. And my summing up would be : firstly, no Free Trade deal in Agriculture without at least a twenty years' grace under Protection ; secondly, no lowering of the tariff on Manufactures or on exceptionally valuable Forests and Mines for at least the same period or longer ; but, on the contrary, a heightening of it still more on them all.



## IX

### THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA PROBLEM: A STUDY IN APPLIED SOCIOLOGY

THE visit of our King to India, and his presence at the Durbar, would seem to make the present moment a peculiarly opportune one for considering the problem of Indian administration in general and in particular, from a somewhat fresh standpoint. The subject is a very complex and difficult one, and my only reason for venturing to take any part in the discussion of it is that by means of it, as a supremely interesting object-lesson, I may help to persuade my readers to adopt with me the general principle of approaching all Practical Political problems whatever, of any range, difficulty, or complexity, from the more varied sidelights that are to be thrown on them by the recent but already militant Science of Sociology. But as my space is limited, and my aim is severely practical, it is necessary, if I am to carry the reader with me without confusion through the tangled thickets and perplexities of my theme, that I should present its subject-matter through the medium of some *single central problem* which shall envisage and focus all the great converging Political, Religious, and Social influences which play in, through, and around it, in their relative degrees of subordination and importance.

Now this central problem, it seems to me, is this :

How or by what happy chances has it come about that a handful of men of a different Race, Colour, Language, and Creed, should have been enabled to hold in subjection for over a century, and with scarcely a break (save during the short and sinister period of the Mutiny), some three hundred millions of alien peoples, by the mere touch of a wand, as it were? It is a phenomenon unique in the history of the world; for if we compare it with Imperial Rome, who came nearest to us in the ease of her administration of subject-nations, we shall find that whereas during the period of Roman Imperial supremacy the Temple of Janus was for centuries rarely shut; with us in India, on the contrary, it has rarely been open. It looks, therefore, as if we must have been peculiarly favoured by the gods *somewhere* in this our easy domination; and if the reader will permit me to institute a rough point by point comparison between Rome and ourselves in this matter, it will be seen that in each case, not only some, but *all* the dice have been loaded in our favour. But besides, our brief survey will enable us to see more clearly the supreme *political* (and not mere ceremonial) importance of the presence of our King and his crowning at the Durbar; it will, or ought to, enable us to estimate at their proper value, and to handle more easily in the future, such unseemly outbreaks of bomb-throwing and assassination as those that marked the late period of unrest among the Europeanized Brahmins in Bengal and elsewhere; and finally, it ought to help us to devise means and methods for making our supremacy still more assured and our rule more beneficial to the peoples of India as a whole. But before we can get a grip of all this tangled promiscuity of causes and conditions we must keep steadily in sight that they are all variously-facetted

applications of the one great Roman Imperial principle of *Divide et Impera*, the ease or difficulty of whose application, indeed, may well stand as a fixed gauge or measure of the success of those Imperial régimes who have had to administer it.

In the first place, then, Rome, except during her conquest of the rest of Italy, was separated from her conquered Provinces by seas and mountain ranges requiring long and costly expeditions to get in touch with them when they turned restive or rebelled. British vice-regal supremacy in India, on the contrary, is seated in the midst of its subject provinces, and with modern facilities of communication can lay its hands on the beginnings of conspiracy at any moment. In the second place, the provinces over which the great Roman Peace obtained were situated mainly around an inland sea, the Mediterranean, but were unprotected in their rear against whole tribes and nations, barbarians and civilized, on and over their borders—tribes and nations so inaccessible to treaties, reason, or force, as to require whole armies of occupation to permanently hold them in subjection. Indeed, of all the thirty or thirty-five legions required to defend the Roman supremacy, most of them were stationed on the Rhine and Danube to check the Barbarian incursions. But in spite of it all, they ever remained a menace, neither to be bought, subdued, nor appeased; and in the end brought on the downfall of the Empire. Compared with this, the British Supremacy in India has been easy, for never at any time has it cost us much to defend ourselves against outside foes; inasmuch as with the Himalayas in the north, and the sea around the rest of the Peninsula, secure in the supremacy of our fleet, we have been relieved from all anxiety except from the Afghan and other petty Frontier Tribes.

In the third place, the nations under the Roman Imperial sway were *segregated* for the most part in large *homogeneous* masses around the shores of a wide range of sea, and had each been compacted for ages into definite, unified Nationalities, each under its own Prince or King. But as they were all alike held for tribute; and as this tribute became more and more oppressive as the years went on; these kings and princes were able to unite easily against their common enemy, if for a moment the eye or sword of the master was diverted or withdrawn. And the consequence was, that the task of keeping them *divided*, which was Rome's one principle, and, indeed, her one ultimate means of keeping her hold over any of them, was attended with increasing labour, anxiety, and expense. This was seen very markedly during the disturbances at Rome between the Senate and People in the time of the Gracchi, and later during the civil wars of Marius and Sulla, and of Caesar and Pompey, when many of these large and relatively homogeneous States in Asia, Macedonia, Africa, and Greece (unrelated to each other except in their common servitude to Rome), joined forces in combinations of twos or threes against her. And particularly was this seen when she relaxed the strictness and rigour of her governing principle, as was the case in the earlier period of her rule in Macedonia and Greece (for the latter of whom, as her Teacher, she always had a secret admiration and even tenderness); but with this consequence, that a large part of her conquering work there had to be done over again. Now in India, on the contrary, there was none of this homogeneity and segregation of States or peoples. Mahomedan princes ruled over subjects largely Hindoo; Mahratta chiefs conquered and governed large masses of sullen and rebellious

Mahommedans; while Sikhs, Parsees, Pathans, and half-bred Bengalees were mixed indiscriminately in, between, or around them. So that when the British entered on their Supremacy, a large part of the divisions and antagonisms needed to make supremacy easy for a conqueror, was already done to their hand. As for the Peoples themselves over whom these Chiefs ruled, they were in a still more hopeless plight for purposes of rebellion against a Foreign Conqueror. They were so trituated, mixed up, and ground together on the same areas, and so glued to their places there by overcrowding and poverty, that like the mixed pigments on a painter's palette, they were unable to separate themselves out again to unite with their fellows elsewhere; so that, what with their *antagonisms in religion, race, language, custom, or caste*, almost every man's hand was against his neighbour, and like envenomed serpents trapped, they hissed and spat in each other's faces in the village streets as they passed! So that while the Romans were only able to keep divided their large homogeneous and segregated Provinces, each *separately* and by itself, with the greatest vigilance, anxiety, and expense; all that the British had to do when they had fully entered on their supremacy in India, was to let these poor unfortunate mixed and congested victims of historical conditions and malign fate, by *their own* antagonisms strangle each other's powers of resistance; while they, as Conquerors, in easy triumph could put up their swords, and look on! Now it may be objected, I am aware, that huge Imperialisms like those of Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Macedonia, and Rome, won or lost their supremacy by single great pitched battles over the large homogeneous States which they ruled; and that as Rome, by the superior organization of her legion over that

of the Macedonian phalanx, or over the Barbarian arrows and spears, was almost sure to win the day anyway, in every encounter, that therefore she must not only have made her way to supremacy, but should afterwards have held it more easily than we have done in India; and that, because in Ancient Times when once their despotic Kings were conquered, the Peoples owning their sway submitted *en masse* like sheep. This, of course, is true, and is impossible in India.

It may also be objected that if the Peoples of India could not unite *politically* against the Foreigner, owing to their conglomerate admixture and minute subdivisions of Race and Language, they could unite on *Religion* at least, and oppose a united front to the invader. Now I will frankly admit at once, that were all India, with its three hundred millions, Hindoo in its religion, or all India Mahommedan, we should not be there for an hour; but should with our mere handful of men be driven into the sea, either by passive resistance, conspiracy, or the sword. But the point is, that with a People with whom Religion is the *guiding principle and soul of their lives*, the fewer the religions and the greater the numbers of devotees attached to each (especially if they are Monotheisms, and have Sacred Books), the more fierce is their antagonism *to one another*, and the more difficult is it for them to combine to throw off the yoke of the Conqueror. And accordingly, with fifty million Mahommedans, with the Koran and the dream (if not the reality) of the Sword in their hands, confronting two hundred millions of Hindoos equally tenacious and devoted to their own religion, all we have to do again is to stand by, put up our swords, and look on; while they mutually block, neutralize, or frustrate each other. So that here again in the ease of our

Supremacy we have the advantage over Imperial Rome. But why did this not hold with the Religions of the Roman Provinces as well? the reader will ask. The reason is that all those ancient nations over whom Rome ruled were Pagan Polytheisms, with the single exception of the Jews, whereas the religions of India are all practically Monotheisms. The Mahommedans are pure monotheists; the Parsees are, like us, in spite of their devil Ahriman, practically so; and Hindooism is also essentially so, inasmuch as its Trinity of deities, like our own, are but different sides or emanations of their single supreme God, Brahm. But what difference can this make, the reader may again ask? This, namely, that while Polytheism makes submission to the Foreign Conqueror *easy*, Monotheism, especially where there are Sacred Books, makes it most difficult. But, again, why? For two reasons: the first is that Polytheisms have no Sacred Books to tell them *precisely what they are to do or think in reference to other nations or other religions*; and the second is, that a Nation if it is to be really devoted to a god, must have one god only, as a man can have one woman only whom he supremely loves, the rest being but casual concubines without effect on his life. And hence it was that in this harlotry of the mind, Polytheistic nations, like those under the Roman rule, were most accommodating and obliging to each other in this matter of their gods. They lent them to each other if they were otherwise on friendly terms, and put them into each other's Pantheons as naturally as we do the photographs of the Great Men of other nations on our mantelpieces! If they happened to be at War, then they tried to steal or otherwise appropriate each other's gods all the same, in the hope that if they got them they would be able to so cajole them as to bring

them over to their own side, just as to-day we might try and bribe the generals or soldiers of the enemy. Rome herself, even in her period of Supremacy, played off this all-round game of *the exchange of gods* with her subject nationalities—and with admirable discretion. Before she conquered Greece, she had already stolen the Greek gods, and built temples to them when her own local family Household gods, her gods of the Fields, and her merely tribal War-god, were not sufficient to stave off calamity—as in the gloomy days of the Hannibalic invasions. When she became Mistress of the world she returned the compliment by erecting temples to the Genius of Rome, and placed statues of the Emperors, from Augustus onwards, in the streets and market-places throughout the Empire, as the best available substitute and symbol of *political unity and friendship*, in the absence of any great god or gods specially and distinctively Roman. And the consequence of this easy tolerance and good nature on the part of Polytheistic nations for each other's gods (even when they did not go so far as to altogether embrace them) was that nowhere except in the case of the Jews and Christians (monotheists both, it is to be observed) was Religion as such the cause of any serious trouble, persecution, or rebellion. It is true that Claudius suppressed the Druids in Gaul; but that was not because of their religion, but because of the human sacrifices in which they indulged. The worship of Isis, and other Syrian cults of a like character, were also put down, not because of any objection against their gods as such, but because of the *political dangers of the secret societies* to which these cults gave rise. The same reason, as we know from the letters of Pliny, was the cause of the persecution of the Christians in the time of Trajan; as, indeed, it was practically the sole



cause of the whole series of these persecutions, from Nero to Marcus Aurelius and Diocletian. And from all this we may see how it is that, while all the ancient Polytheisms over whom Rome ruled neither united nor divided their Peoples from each other, nor from the Imperial Despotism of the Caesars themselves; the Monotheisms of India, on the other hand, each with its Sacred Books in its hand, produced a more deadly enmity between these Peoples themselves, than any merely *political or material* causes, under the religiously indifferent Polytheisms of Rome, could ever awaken. So that here again, through these Religious antagonisms (the sword-loving Mahomedans nicely balancing five times their number of easy-going, Brahmin-ridden, and mostly unwarlike Hindoos), we can walk in, as through an open archway, and take our seats in an ease and security of Imperial supremacy to which Rome could never attain.

But all the above causes of our easy supremacy have, as by a devilish malignity of Fate, been added to, intensified and aggravated for these poor Indian peoples, by the peculiar *anomalies and paradoxes* of the Hindoo Sacred Books—in reference especially to the duties of the People to their Kings or Overlords on the one hand, and to the anomalous position of the Brahmins in their relation to both Kings and People on the other. The subject is in itself a peculiarly interesting one; and, besides, it will help to throw light on how we are to handle these Peoples with the view of helping them in the prison-house to which History and Fate have consigned them. A few words will be necessary to bring out its meaning and significance.

In the *Mahabharata*, whose prescriptions are as religiously observed and laid to heart to-day by every

Hindoo as they were forty centuries ago, it is laid down that when the King is no longer able to protect his subjects, or, in other words, when he is conquered, the people can freely transfer their allegiance to the Conqueror, Foreign or Domestic, whoever he may be. Now, with the Spirit of Nationality which is at work to-day, such a religious injunction, except perhaps in the case of China (which has Sacred Books it is true, but only Ethical ones), would be impossible. Napoleon might overrun Europe, Russia might subdue Poland, Austria Italy, or Germany France, but to imagine that these conquered Peoples would welcome their *foreign* Conqueror with huzzas as he rode through their streets, instead of sitting indoors with blinds drawn, in sackcloth and ashes, would be inconceivable. Tribute they might pay, under the compulsion of military force and necessity; but a submission of the heart and will, never. It was reserved for the Hindoo Sacred Scriptures alone, not only to urge this free, willing submission of their Peoples to a Foreign conqueror, but even to give him welcome and hospitality! Now, what shall we say of this? What, but that had all the other causes and conditions of our easy supremacy been made immeasurably more difficult than they are, this prescription of the Hindoo Sacred Books, to bend the knee to the Conqueror, foreign or domestic, would have neutralized them all. But even this does not complete the long tale of "providential" dispensations on our behalf! There are two others equally important;—namely, the anomalous position of the great Brahmin Priesthood towards Kingship; and the peculiar nature of the Hindoo conception of Justice.

In all other nations in the vigour of maturity, the Temporal and Spiritual powers are united; and, like a pyramid with a double apex, have *co-ordinate*

jurisdictions over all their subjects alike. Indeed, there is no more certain sign that an Empire or a Nation is on the eve of profound Constitutional and Social changes, than a growing series of attacks on its Established Priesthood; the Temporal and the Spiritual always rising and falling together, the one with jurisdiction over men's bodies and estates, the other over their minds and wills. The Roman Pontifex Maximus and the Caesars mutually assisted and protected each other; so did the Kings and Priests in Egypt, Assyria, Persia, and Islam; and so did the Pope and Emperor in the Middle Ages, until the Empire began to break up into distinct Nationalities, and they began to quarrel with each other for priority and precedence—but not (it is to be observed), for *exclusive* supremacy. On the other hand, it will be remembered, that before the French Revolution could succeed, it had to destroy the *political* allegiance of the Church to the King; and that before Buonaparte could erect his Democratic Despotism on its ruins, he was obliged to call in again the Pope to his aid, in the Concordat. In the same way it was inevitable that Puritanism should have divorced itself from the Church, before Cromwell and the Parliamentary armies could dethrone King Charles. And so on throughout all History. The only exception that occurs to me is the anomalous position of the Bishops of the Christian Church before the time of Constantine; when its effects were so *politically* disastrous, that I cannot better bring out the equally anomalous position of the great Brahmin Priesthood in India (and one so inimical to Freedom) than by a brief reference to it. For the two are practically identical. They both stood in relation to the Emperors and Kings, not as co-ordinate peaks of a double-apexed pyramid, but rather as seated each

in the constricted neck of an hour-glass, with the Emperors and Kings infinitely above them, and all the rest of the People below them. The Christian Bishops and their flocks, clinging to the words of their Divine Master in the New Testament, were willing to give to Caesar the things that were Caesar's; and so paid their debts and taxes as willingly as their Pagan fellow-citizens. But there they drew the line. They refused to sacrifice to the Pagan Gods; or to salute the images of Pagan Emperors in the streets and market places throughout the wide Empire; they boycotted the Pagan Tribunals, and brought all their private affairs to the jurisdiction of *their own priests*; and worse than all *politically*, they refused to serve in the Army, where they would, from their private virtues, have proved veritable Ironsides; and so left the defence of the Empire to Barbarian Mercenaries, or to the rabble of the slums of great cities. In other words, they and their people would have sat there and seen the Empire overrun and dismembered by Parthians from the East, or Goths from over the Danube or Rhine, and have looked on without a sigh, as no concern of theirs! Now this is precisely the attitude of the Brahmin Priesthood in India towards all Kings whatever, including their own. For, by the definite prescription of their Sacred Books, they were, compared with their King, mere Private secretaries, or Court chaplains at most, to register his decrees, and to be dismissed by a nod; and although like the Christian Bishops and Priests, veritable gods to all the rest of the Peoples and Castes under them, were to the Kings themselves passing phantoms all. And the consequence was, and is, that these Brahmins, without *political* authority or influence over their kings, were as indifferent to the political fortunes of these kings as the Christian

Church before Constantine was to the Rulers of the Roman Empire. It is little wonder, then, that the British having conquered their Kings, were able to walk in and take their seats as the Sovereign Power on the Hindoo throne, without opposition so far as the Brahmins were concerned—and for that matter, may continue to sit there for all time.

But a still worse service has been done to India by the Hindoo Sacred Books, in their prescription as to what should characterize the *Justice* of Kings. It is not Modern justice as we know it and conceive it, but is the *justice of the immemorial antiquity* in which these Books were written. It does not, therefore, we feel sure, err on the side of laxity, but in its mercilessness and rigour is only to be compared to that of Shylock with his pound of flesh; and is pregnantly summed up in this sentence of doom, namely, that "when the Science of Chastisement is perfected, the Golden Age shall have come!" Now that all the Oriental despots, including those of India, have faithfully followed this prescription in the Past, is notorious; and if all the other causes of our easy supremacy were removed, it is only natural that our even-handed British Justice, tempered as it is with Mercy, and dispensed without fear or favour (although slow in its operation but cumulative in its effects), should, when exercised over men of all Races and Creeds, so torn by hatred and antagonism that they cannot dispense it for themselves, prove a veritable and enduring asset in our favour. Roman Imperial Justice was easy and contemptuous, as we know from the case of the Procurator Pontius Pilate; but it had to be paid for, as in all Ancient Imperialisms, by a handsome tribute of the subject people to the Roman Exchequer. But British justice in India, on the contrary, is whole-hearted and serious; entirely free

from venality and corruption ; and except for a side glance at the interests of the Lancashire cotton manufacturers, is entirely in the interest of the subject races.

The above, then, complete the list of causes, so far as they occur to me, of our easy supremacy in the Past and Present. But what of the Future ? The one shadow, and it is as wide as the sky, and likely to be as enduring, is the Modern Political Spirit ; the spirit which impels peoples who are homogeneous enough to make their own self-government possible, first to dream, and then passionately claim when awake, political freedom and independence for themselves, even when, like young Fortinbras in *Hamlet*, they go to their graves like beds, over petty plots of political soil which "are not tomb enough or continent to hide their slain" ; as was seen in the case of Norway and Sweden the other day, who, although as alike in Race, Creed, and Historical association as twins, agreed to dissolve partnership on the ground that one was too aristocratic in its political principles and habits of thought for the democratic spirit of the other ! In ancient times such a spectacle would have been unknown. Even China, who is raising her head, as I write, to strike for independence and Nationality, might, but for this Modern Spirit which has blown over her and been fanned by the successes of Japan, have lain under the domination of the foreign Manchus for ages still to come. It is the same with India, where the recent bomb-throwings and assassinations were the work of a handful of young Brahmins who had imbibed this "modern spirit" until they were drunk with it, in their education in England, America, and on the Continent, and who gave voice to it on their return home through their unbridled Native Press. Here, then, among these educated

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Brahmins, who have lost their own religion, while still retaining their primitive Oriental Social traditions, Sentiments, and Family customs, is the seed-plot and breeding-ground from which we have to expect trouble in the future. Not from the great body of old-fashioned Brahmins, some million or more in number, of whom the young Europeanized Brahmins are but an insignificant though dangerous handful; nor yet from the People themselves, for even the Mutiny was a revolt of the soldiers rather than of the people; nor yet again of the semi-independent Native Princes, over whom, as we have seen, the Brahmins, by their Sacred Books, exercise no power, but are the merest passing shadows, even when they are called to be Prime Ministers in their service. So much so, indeed, that when during the recent commotions some of the disaffected Brahmins of Bengal and Bombay entered the territories of these Princes as "carpet-baggers" with their seditious propaganda, an order from the Prince to begone in twenty-four hours, under short-shrift penalties, was sufficient; and they betook themselves accordingly over the border again!

The above series of considerations will, I trust, have convinced the reader, that it is this Modern Spirit alone which need give us any serious concern as to our future government of India. But unfortunately for us, it is a spirit that cannot be fought with carnal weapons, and can neither be exorcised nor allayed. The most that we can do with it is to give it as free a vent, as wide an outlook, and as fair an arena as possible, consistent with our supremacy; and this brings me to the few rough suggestions which I shall now venture to make as to the *principles* on which the various sections of these vast populations are to be handled in the future.

Let us begin, then, with the Princes of the Native States, by whom we are surrounded, and who still preserve their independence by Treaty or otherwise, under our restricted suzerainty. As I have already said, they need give us no concern, even with their seventy millions of people at their backs; for their Racial and Religious *antagonisms* make them as impotent for a concerted uprising, as the States over which we exercise full and direct sovereignty. Their worst feature lies in that tendency to Oriental extravagance, ostentation, and waste of revenue, to which centuries of tradition and custom have habituated them; but especially to that merciless type of Justice, ending in cruelty, of which I have spoken, and in which they have been indoctrinated by their Sacred Books. But with our Resident standing silently but watchfully behind them at their Courts, it is rarely that this barbarous "off-with-their-head" type of justice is carried to excess; a threat of deposition in extreme cases being enough to bring any recalcitrants back to the tempered type of Modern Justice again. As a rule, almost without exception, a nudge from our Residents here and there is enough to keep these Princes free either from cruelty, extortion, or spendthrift luxury detrimental to their subjects, and to level them up to the higher standards of to-day. Indeed, the best of them, like the Gaekwar of Baroda, are admittedly model Princes, quite up to our own standards.

But is there no other way in which we can help them, and make them still more contented with our Suzerainty? Give them a Representative Council of their own co-ordinate with ours, say some. Not so, said Lord Morley, with his usual penetration into all political problems that rest on deep historical foundations and causes, but keep them each attached



to ourselves by *individual bonds* of reciprocal goodwill, as Rome did with her allies—and not have them sitting all together, comparing, heightening, and discussing their own particular grievances with each other. This done, then give the Heirs of their Royal houses a select and special training for the most honourable, and, in some regiments, the highest positions in our own Native Army—the only career suited to the dignity of Princes, and one which they fully appreciate—as seems to have been the intention of Lord Curzon. And with these bonds of union once well knit and secure, do what is perhaps the most important thing of all, and one first suggested to me by Sir Francis Younghusband, namely, to incite these Princes to a friendly *rivalry* with each other, as it were, and keep them up to the highest spirit of emulation in righteousness and good works, by a graduated series of honours, and especially of dignities, at the Vice-regal, or even at the Imperial Court; and all graduated in strict accordance with *merit* and *fulfilment*. In a word, make up to them in *honours* for any ultimate political *powers* which the necessities of our Supremacy must deny them; with this principle ever present at the bottom of it all, that in the East generally, and in India in particular, *personal dignity and social status*, founded either on heredity or official position, with all their customary surroundings and appurtenances, is the immediate desire of all hearts, especially the hearts of Princes—and not wealth as such, or any mere personal or intellectual eminence or attainment whatever—and for the rest, leave them alone to enjoy their own independent sovereignty as protected by their treaty rights; as much so, indeed, as if they were Afghans, Thibetans, or other outlanders with whom we have no further concern.

And now what shall we say of those young Europeanized Brahmins, led on by older heads, who by capturing a large and influential part of the Native Press, succeeded in bringing to a climax the unrest and disturbances of a few years ago? It is these, more than all others, who have awakened that Modern Spirit in India of which I have spoken, and which, fed by the success of Japan and stimulated anew by the rebellion in China, will never again be allowed to sink into apathy, silence, or rest. For having throughout been put on the rack on the one hand, by the impossibility of freedom which the accursed *mixing of races* must for ever deny them, they have been whipped by the scorpion thought on the other, that as cultured, dignified, enlightened, and high-minded gentlemen, they must, while others are free, be themselves for ever condemned to humiliation, insult, or abasement. What then shall we say of these? and how can we handle them? For my part, I have nothing but the deepest sympathy for them in their despair; and were it for nothing else than to give them some compensation for the cursed fate which, as we have seen, has put all the winning cards in our own hands, I would make amends to them by every means in our power. For, consider it, this great Brahmin caste, to which these men belong, is an Aristocracy of Birth alone, and one more proud, exclusive, and free from the slightest taint of admixture (except in the case of the Princes who are admitted into it) than any that Europe has to show. Compared with it, indeed, the old Austrian aristocracy with their boasted "quarterings" of nobility, are but mongrels and upstarts of yesterday! These active Europeanized young spirits, numbering some thousands in all, have been educated in our methods and nurtured on our books; all the arts of word-mongering

and dialectic which make up our education, and are the stock-in-trade of our own rising politicians, are theirs also; they are as able and accomplished as ourselves, and in manner as dignified and refined; and I am told that they are naturally superior to us in all those sports—cricket, polo, football, and the rest—which we value so highly. How then can we help them to preserve that personal dignity, status, and self-respect, which as Orientals they prize more dearly than aught else beside? Obviously, by following the political maxim of Buonaparte, even during his most despotic *régime*, and by giving them, in accordance with the “modern spirit,” an *equality of opportunity* to all those positions and honours in their own country to which their abilities can carry them (including, of course, Mahommedans, Parsees, and other representative races), even up to the Imperial Legislative (not Executive) Council itself; but all, of course, in due proportion and subordination to the necessities of our Supremacy. But I need say nothing more on this head, for the recent tentative reforms of Lord Morley have already realized it with an admirable penetration and discretion from which I will venture to predict nothing but good; my point (and it follows from all I have already said) being, that compared with our easy and overpowering ascendancy, practically nothing that *any* number of these advanced young spirits can do, or no position they may occupy, short of our Supreme Executive Council, can avail to injure us. It is almost infantile to talk of “the thin end of the wedge,” for if they all had the fulcrum of Archimedes at their disposal to-morrow, they could not move us an inch. The mere presence of our King at the Durbar, with the almost unspeakable reverence and loyalty which the swarming millions, with the old-fashioned Brahmins

at their heads, pay to existing acknowledged Royalty, being sufficient to neutralize them and dwarf them into insignificance. But how if there should be a recrudescence of these bomb-throwings and assassinations in the future, with their treasonable incitations through the Native Press, the reader may ask? The remedy is to sharpen the edge of the Executive axe, and let its shining blade fall swift and clean; and not, as the last Vice-regal administration did, lose valuable time when the house is on fire, sending out from the ordinary Courts of Justice bludgeoning policemen hitting right and left, and detectives sniffing about in the darkness, in the vain search to find those real, but, alas! invisible editors, printers, or proprietors of the incriminated Native sheets who were fanning the flames! For to imagine that Hindoos of any caste, high or low, are going to inform on their *sacred* Brahmins, who they believe can, whether as Lawyers or Priests, destroy their means of livelihood in this world, and damn their souls in the next, is a childish European dream. As well expect (from the opposite point of view) a Catholic priest to reveal the secrets of the confessional, as a Hindoo peasant, artisan, or tradesman to draw on himself the eye and displeasure of a Brahmin.

But these are summary and *temporary* repressive measures, and are no final solution of our problem. What else can we do, then, for these victims and prisoners of Fate? First of all, cut them off from, rather than encourage them in, our ridiculous Word-mongering and over-blown Memory tests as passport to official political appointments, and subject them to strict Scientific tests instead; on the one hand in Physical Science and its application to the Industrial Arts; and on the other in Economics and Sociology, the Philosophy of Civilization, the Causes of the Rise

and Fall of States, and the Political History of their own and other countries ; according to the Napoleonic principle of making the *kind of knowledge* the Government wants, the only *means* by which these Brahmins can attain to the dignity, honour, and status which *they* want. And to prevent their numbers outrunning the positions they are to fill, winnow them out well at the entrance to their examinations, and again at their exit ; and then give them, under vigilant supervision, a fair field and no favour along the whole Official or other ladders, from bottom to top. For the rest, indoctrinate them in the English standards of *personal honour, truthfulness, and good faith*, as well as with Western ideas of Chivalry in the elevation and treatment of women ; and especially of Western Justice, as distinct from the primitive Oriental variety of it in their Sacred Books. In a word, do with them as Augustus Caesar did with the old Aristocratic Senate of Rome, give them the widest extension of authority in all the *civil* affairs of their own country, while reserving the supremacy of ultimate *power*, and the Imperial arm, for ourselves. Ask for a Popular Franchise ? No. These millions would have none but their beloved Brahmins to *represent* them, anyway, under *any* franchise ; and these would both nominate and elect *themselves* ; and so the whole matter would be as broad as it was long. But with this most important difference, that if elected by a Franchise, they would have a *power behind them* which, by its sheer weight of numbers, would so paralyse our Government by worry, boycott, or expense, that we should be glad to leave it all and sail for home ; whereas without the popular franchise, their wings would be clipped for flights of ambition which not we, but Fate itself, as we have seen, has denied them ; while at the same time their *personal*

ambitions would be given free scope for their fullest fruition.

But what about Caste? It cannot be undermined by any *direct* attack whatever; its gradual dissolution must be the work of as many future generations, at least, as its Chinese walls of exclusion have taken ages and centuries to consolidate. If undermined at all, it must be from a gradual eating away of its walls indirectly *from within*. In a primitive Industrial System like that of India, where each artisan, trader, and agriculturist works separately and for himself, Caste, in a dense and diversified population, is an element of Order; but in itself it is fatal to Progress and Industrial Development. As to how it may be gradually undermined, we may see from the rough-and-tumble jostling and admixture of castes in railway carriages; and this gives us the hint that what is wanted is such an extension of Native Machine Industry as shall bring all the castes *together* as necessarily mutual co-operators towards the final product of the Machines; in the same way as the machines themselves are made up of products otherwise separated in Nature—electricity, coal, water, copper, iron, stone, and wood. This, in turn, must, I am aware, sooner or later demand some form of Protection and encouragement of the still nascent Indian Manufacturing Industries—but that is another question, into which I cannot enter here.

But what about the fifty millions of "Outcasts" who have no common home either on earth or in heaven? the reader will ask. Leave them to the Christian missionaries, and the more of these the better; for from them (if they do not interfere with the regular castes) nothing can come but good. Educate these Outcasts in Primary and Industrial Schools; regiment them for employment wherever,

and in proportion as, the Modern Machine Industries are developed ; and so, by the higher *money* rewards which their industrial education gives them, let them by competition with the regular castes act as a *ferment* or solvent still further to break down their iron walls silently from within, and without external Governmental pressure. And as for the People in general, of whatever race, creed, or language, offer them all alike a free and open Primary Education ; and spend as much in endowing and supporting their Schools, up to any grade, as is now given to the Brahmins and the Higher Castes, who can so much better afford to pay for their own education themselves.

The above are only a few rough general principles for the government of India, suggested by my own special studies on the Constitution-building side of Sociology. The reader will already have observed how nearly they coincide with, and, indeed, are mainly based on, the suggestions of some of the ablest of our Indian Administrators ; and with that I must leave them.

## X

### FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION

I WAS the first, as the reader may remember, to lay down the new *principles* of Protection, in a series of articles in the *Fortnightly Review* a year and a half before Mr. Chamberlain took the matter up. But the net results of my labour at the time were practically nil; and my colleagues and myself had to complain that we were left stranded and orphaned on the shore, with none to help us, but pelted rather from the rocks above by the gibes and squibs flung down on us by the superior "young lions" of the Free Trade Press!

Then Mr. Chamberlain himself appeared on the scene, with his detailed tariffs and flaming propaganda, and was supported vigorously by the *Daily Mail*, *Express*, and *Telegraph*, and more slowly and tentatively by the general Conservative Press throughout the country. What, then, were those definite *principles* which, thanks to the War, to the insistence of the Press, and of Mr. Hughes, we have so far gained for the country? They may each be summarized in a word.

(1) To keep our eye on our Exports and not, as Sir Robert Peel and the Free Traders ever since have contended, on our Imports.



(2) On the ill-omened phenomenon of "Dumping,"—of which I was just explaining the mechanism and the cause, when there came the announcement of a gigantic syndicate, headed by Pierpont Morgan, to buy up our great Transatlantic Liners, the Cunard, White Star, and the rest, and transfer them to American hands—a proposition which struck all England, and especially the Free Traders, into consternation, silence and pause!

(3) This led me to point out that the future of Industry will lie in the hands of great Trusts and Combines, like those of America and Germany, and not in Free Competition—as the old Free Trade text-books assumed as an axiom of their Science; Trusts and Combines which would suddenly raise their backs from beneath the table all unsuspected, and upset table, cards, players, stakes, and all!

(4) On another Press position—that "it is as profitable to buy as to sell"—a proposition to which every individual trader, and every nation for that matter, replied by kicking its foot through it in practice!

(5) On the Cosmopolitical theory—that Free Trade is not only the best for the world *as a whole*, but is best also for each *particular nation* in it. This, I blocked by the proviso, that the World would then have to be like the separate States of the American Union—a single great *political unity*.

(4) On the doctrine of Laissez-faire, which, since the time of Carlyle and Ruskin, I was the first to denounce, with others backing me, as a thing to be banished, until the Millennium comes, from the thoughts and imaginations of men.

All the above positions we have now happily gained.

What, then, at the present time, are those *principles* which, as I have said, we have *not yet* sufficiently seen or laid to heart?

They are later positions of mine, contained in my "Wheel of Wealth"; and without them, indeed, all the former would be left hanging in the air, without ultimate scientific support.

(1) My first position is;—to keep our eye fixed almost exclusively on our *Instruments of Production*, and only secondarily on the *numbers of men employed in making or using them*.

For every one of these Instruments of Production—from a spade, a wheel-barrow, a plough, a horse-and-cart, to an engine, a power-loom, a locomotive—has, over the mere *unassisted* human hands and limbs, an *added economic power given by Nature herself*, of from one, five, ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred per cent. *per man employed*—and all like the air we breathe for nothing; whereas the mere men without these machines would (however delicately skilled, as in India and the East), like monkeys, eat their heads off. Now, it is the great Scientists, Inventors, and Organisers, who yoke these gratuitous powers of Nature to the machines, and so feed and clothe four times the population otherwise possible. Without them, indeed, England would be a land of hovels, hamlets, and small villages, as in the Middle Ages; and the country-side, a sheep-walk merely.

(2) As these Instruments of Production range in economic value *per man*, say, from 1 per cent. for a wheel-barrow, up to 5, 10, 20, 50, 80, or even 100 per cent. or more for the greatest Labour-saving machines; it is evident, is it not, that if in our Supreme Industries—our 100 per cent. ones, our Coal, Iron, Shipping, Cotton, Woollen Industries, and the rest—we should, in a fair, stand-up fight, be beaten by the

Foreigner by a paltry 2 or 3 per cent. in our *Home Markets*, we should not only lose our trade, observe, to the extent of the small margin by which we were beaten—the 2 or 3 per cent.—(as the Free Traders imagine); but we should lose it *all*, like the champion bull or stag in a herd, who when beaten by his younger rival, loses not merely the number of the cows or deer *proportioned* to his inferiority—but loses them all!

And what is the lesson to be drawn from this?

Why this—that by a small Insurance, say, of a 5 per cent. tariff on our great 100 per cent. industries, we should have protected ourselves from falling sheer down at a plunge, like Lucifer, to our next strongest line of defence, our 80 per cent. Industries—a drop of 20 per cent.; but we should also have kept inviolate and secure our Home Trade—and this Mr. Mulhall estimates at six times our Foreign Trade; and by the immense stimulus it would give to Labour-saving inventions, and to Organization on a large scale—as in the American Trusts—we should, by our Shipping superiority over all other nations, retain the greatest part of our Foreign Trade as well.

(3) What, then, is to be done? We ought to let in absolutely *free* (except for revenue purposes) all products whatever which it would be a waste of time and human labour to attempt to produce here—fruits of the Southern and Eastern climes, oranges, spices, tobacco, and the rest. These are what I called *complementary* products.

As for our great *competitive* Industries, on the contrary, I suggested that we should draw a line somewhere across our *scale* of Industries; all *above* that line to be protected by a Tariff sufficient to prevent our having to drop down to industries of a lower

grade of percentage in economic power; all *below* the line to be given over to the Foreigner, if it be thought expedient; but not without a definite *quid pro quo* on his part, equivalent to a Protective duty—and haggled for between us and him, with the pertinacity of a fish salesman and his customers on a Saturday night!

(4) But as for our Supreme Industries—those which made, and still uphold, the fortunes of England—our 100 per cent. ones—let us resolutely put on a *sufficient* minimum duty to protect them—and always with the penalty in our eye of seeing (for the sake of a little paint, in the matter of Protective Insurance) the whole line of our Great Industries, drop to our 80 per cent. ones—a fall of 15 per cent.—as we slept!

(5) As for those *Exports* of ours which are a National Monopoly—as China Clay and Steam Coal—which the Foreigner, like Iago with the handkerchief, steals from us to use against us—I should regard them as the apple of our eye; and put a *prohibitive* embargo on their export—even if we had to recoup the owners for their loss.

The above, then, is the New Economy of Protection in a nutshell, in its rough main issues; and if it can be refuted, I for one, as I have said elsewhere, will turn back again to Free Trade to-morrow—always insisting the while that Political Economy is not an *abstract* Science, but is a mixture of Science and Politics; and that no “turn of the Foreign Exchanges,” as Mr. Sidney Webb imagines, will if trade is once started between two nations, keep it *going on for ever*, like the to-and-fro tilting of the two ends of a water trough; but is like the grip of a tiger, an American Trust, or a Hun, where success in crushing your rival out of the field is a matter of sheer *Economic Power* alone; as we see in our trade

## 192 LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

with America to-day, which is blocked for the time by her superior Economic position, and cannot be released by any natural "turn of the Exchanges," but only by the commandeering by our Government of all American Securities held here.

The above are a few rough points which, if strongly insisted on—and especially the one on the Instruments of Production—will, I am convinced, be a real help to our common Protection cause.

## XI

### A LITERARY OUTCAST

[From the *Bookman*]

You will remember that when Horace was issuing his book of Epistles, he added one addressed to the Book itself, as a preface. In it he told the Book to tell the Public that its Author was forty-four years of age; that he was the son of an emancipated slave who was a street-crier in a small provincial town; but that he had "flown beyond his nest," inasmuch as he had been for years the friend and confidant not only of the Emperor, but of the greatest men in the State—in Literature, in Peace, and in War.

Well, that was a fine record, and from the first, and throughout, he had had his reward; and, unlike Swift, required no corrosive epitaph to redress and perpetuate his wrongs.

Now, let me take as a contrast to Horace, a Man of Letters of to-day, but in a different walk of Literature.

Of him you can say that he was a Canadian, born sixty-eight years ago in a small village, and brought up in poverty; that forty odd years ago he came over to England, as a very young man, to "conquer the intellectual world"!—as he half-humorously and half-seriously said in his conceit; that he wrote books to that end; and that, like Horace, although "flying beyond his nest," he received, first and last, the *private* commendations of the greatest existing names

in English thought, of every school—Huxley, Lecky, Sir Leslie Stephen, Dr. Martineau, and many others still living—all of whom, differing as they did fundamentally from each other over wide areas of speculation, differed even more widely from himself.

And, further, that in spite of it, these men, not only by themselves, and “off their own bat,” as it were, succeeded in getting him Government pensions to carry on his work; but later, carried him triumphantly into the — Club itself—the recognized home of all that is greatest, most distinguished, and most select in all departments of life in the English-speaking world.

And, further, you can say that, unknown as he was, the Reviewers of books for the great responsible organs of the Press (much as they are maligned) gave his books as they successively appeared such a series of complimentary notices as, I will venture to say, has not been paralleled in my time on his own subjects in the case of any other writer. That, too, it must be admitted, is a creditable record.

But now, as its reverse and offset, you will also be obliged to set down this:

That, even after his best books had successively appeared, no Editor of any accredited Review could be found who would accept an article from him, even on his own subjects, for twenty years; until Mr. Courtney, much-daring, took him up in the *Fortnightly*; that no publisher could be found to publish his books, except at his own risk and cost, for forty years; that his mere name has never been mentioned more than once in a newspaper among other authors during all that time; nor, so far as he is aware, been even casually mentioned more than half a dozen times in any newspaper, journal, review, or book—except, of course, in their first Press notices.

The last mention of him, he tells me, was a few years ago in a Review; and was intended apparently to give him his *coup de grace*. It ran thus: "We are not aware that — is an author whom people of culture are expected to have read!"

Poor devil! although he took all this semi-humorously and wholly contemptuously, it was not—as with Browning, Meredith, Herbert Spencer, Carlyle, and others who finally "arrived"—with any sourness. He was too active, busy, and light-heartedly buoyant with new ideas for that; and felt that only life and *more books* would be necessary to bring him fame!

But, as the years came and faded, and he was now fighting on a declining day, he began at last to feel, poor fellow, that he must be, in some queer way or other, like those tabooed spots in ancient Rome, where thunderbolts had fallen; and which, as Classical readers will remember, were railed off for none to approach, in the fear of some unseen and unknown calamity happening either to themselves or to the State! He was reminded of poor Samuel Butler (who at last has now come into his own), but who until his death had to complain to Mr. Clodd (who has just written a reminiscence of him) that he was obliged to throw his stack of unsold books at people's heads, like tract distributors in the streets, on the chance that some poor devil might read them! This was, for the good, but sensitive and soured, Butler, the last degradation.

I have understood from my Canadian friend that you, Sir, were the first and the last Editor who ever asked him of your own initiative, and without his importunity, to write an article for him (I think he said it was on Ruskin), and hence my writing this account of him to you. I thought that you, like Mr.



Courtney, must have been a much-daring man—but the immortal gods, I am glad to see, have not as yet struck you with their thunderbolts for your impiety!

But what is the important point in all this? you may ask.

It is intended for Young Men entering on a literary career; in order to ascertain the causes of this curious and fatal discrepancy between the attitude of his *few* “stalwart” supporters who never failed him from the beginning and throughout; and that of the Many who look to them as much as to newspapers or reviews for their guidance.

They have always seemed to himself to be the following:

First, that he was a Canadian at a time when Culture was no more expected to come out of Canada than a prophet out of Nazareth!

Second, that he had been educated at a Canadian University; and so was a “stranger within the gates,” without any personal touch with the young English University men of his own age and time.

Third, that, although writing on the whole range of Academical subjects—Religion, Philosophy, Science, Sociology, Political Economy and Politics, first or last, separately and in their complex relations as a whole—he was not a Professor in any University, in any one of these subjects; but was only an ordinary professional man earning his living by his profession.

Fourth, that, after the deaths of Macaulay, Froude, Carlyle, Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and the rest, these Academicals had each fastened on his particular Specialism; so that as a *united body*, like their German *confrères*, they had succeeded in their bulk and aggregate, in dominating the Intellectual World, in making and unmaking “reputations,” and in bearing the palm alone!

But last, and chief of all—there was no section of Cultivated opinion, even among his own staunch and select body of private backers, who could altogether accept, without detriment to their integrity, the general drift and upshot of his published opinions and speculations. Not the exponents of Christianity—because, although he argued for the existence of an Intelligence governing the World, as against the Agnostics, he was not a believer in any orthodox school of Theology. Not the Scientists—for although he held strongly by Evolution (as his books showed), he did not believe in either Herbert Spencer or Darwin's *materialistic* doctrine of Natural Selection as a full and sufficient, or even credible, solution of the Problem of the World—any more than he did in the doctrines of Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, or the other great philosophers of the Ancient World. Not the Political Economists and Free-traders—for he was the first to start the campaign in favour of Protection, and give to it its Scientific basis and *correlated principles*, in one of the Monthly Reviews, a year and more before Mr. Chamberlain appeared on the scene. Not the Politicians—for he belonged to no existing Political Party; but had even the audacity to propound a new one of his own! Not the Socialists—for he preached that Man was an animal that went in *herds* and *families*, but with a spark of the Divine, or the Ideal, within him, to push him on, under the guidance of Leaders; and could not—as with Mr. Webb, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Wells—be conceived as an aggregate of *separate units*, like hawks, voyaging through life and foraging alone.

Hence my friend's isolation; and hence the published remark of one of his opponents, that he was "an old Canadian Ishmaelite whose hand was against every man's, and who had come to England in middle

life [his actual age was twenty-two!] to revolutionize the World!" With such an ominous bird as my friend hovering around, and not knowing where and when he might next alight and strike, how could his good supporters of the Government Pensions, and the —— Club, venture to emerge on his behalf in print, without compromising their *own* special stand-points and propaganda? It could not be done. He quite understood it, and, indeed, did not expect it. He even warned one young man who had a future before him in Political Economy, and who had been reading his book on that subject, not to mention his name; otherwise the Orthodox Economists would boycott him, and cut him off from all hope of getting the Chair in that Science, to which he aspired!

What, then, was my Canadian friend to do? Wait for the slow and noiseless foot of Posterity—with which poor Hazlitt comforted himself, against not the *neglect* (for he was abused in every newspaper of his time), but the *injustice* of his critics—that same Hazlitt about whom the crowned and laurelled Louis Stevenson himself wrote: "What are we all compared to Hazlitt?" But my Canadian friend was not of the Hazlitt kidney. He did not care a fig for hostile criticism, but would have welcomed it rather than that dark and corroding "conspiracy of silence" under which he lay.

But still the problem continued to perplex and irritate him—as to why there should not be some feasible way of *bridging the gulf between the judgments of the select few, recognized by all, and the many*. He gave it up as insoluble; and so remained all those years be-leed on the rocks, untouched by the wind or tide of popularity—"unknown, un-honoured, and unsung" in any sphere among the great masses of reading men. He had proof that this

was not imagination; for, on the occasions of his getting Government pensions, at least three writers for the Press ventured (in other words) to stake their odds that his name had never even been heard of by their readers!—and that after at least twenty years of work.

And yet his Books have continued to sell in some mysterious, underground way for now nearly forty years; few and stealthily, it is true, as if they had been some “guilty thing surprised”; while all this time, great waves of fresh reputations in his own lines of work—the Drummonds, the Kidds, the Shaws, and the rest, as well as whole hosts of Specialist Academics—with their Theologies, their Philosophies, their Sociologies, their Political Economies—rose and fell. It was evident that my friend had fallen, not between the proverbial two stools, but between them all! Still, his “Old Guard” of stalwarts (some of them, first or last, O.M.’s) were as solid for him as ever—although their numbers were gradually thinning by age or death—and that, too, in spite of his old individual *differences* from them in Stand-point, Interpretation and Belief.

Lately, however, and since he has grown old himself, and the silence still reigns, as if, as he said, “it listened to itself,” he declares to me, that rather than be awed down and girdled in by adverse Fate, like those railed-off spots in Rome, he is determined before he dies, like Macbeth, to jump Posterity and “the life to come,” and in desperation stake his earthly hazards, now and here! But on what? thinks the reader. On Advertisement!—a thing of all others he had throughout most ignored, neglected and despised.

“Good Heavens!” I said in amazement. “Like ‘Pink Pills,’ ‘Dunlop Tyres,’ ‘Hollands Gin,’ and that sort of thing?”

"Precisely."

"But where, how, and when, as Carlyle said of Mahomet, are you to get your sword of execution?"

"Why, first of all, I shall recruit my splendid Press notices in my services—'old veterans,' many of them, I admit—but still unused and better now even than in their prime—and especially since Public Opinion of itself is more and more gravitating towards my leading positions, and away from those of the Public of thirty years ago. And besides these, I shall advertise such opinions on my books as the remnants of my 'Old Guard,' still living, are willing to allow me to print under their own names, and by their own special dictation—always excepting of course those particular books which I knew beforehand would run counter to the special beliefs of each. I think this is a good 'sporting proposition,' don't you? It will be really funny to see the result; and if I can get these men to come to my rescue, I shall ask my publishers to keep their eye on the sales! It is bound to succeed. But what do *you* think of it?"

"Well, if you get these men, won't it seem like a bit of 'log-rolling'?" I gently suggested.

"Not at all! I have never known but one of them personally—for, as you know, I have always been a recluse."

"All right! Go ahead then, and see how you get on. But, as you ask me, I should say, from my own experience of life, that you can back the 'advertisements,' with the cards you have in your hand, against the *private* opinions even of your 'Old Guard of stalwarts,' when their opinions circulate only from hand to hand."

"Good! we shall see; and then I will let you know."

Some months later I met him near his Club, and at once asked him how his "Old Guard" had responded to his proposition?

"Excellently! all to a man, not only wholeheartedly, but with alacrity;" adding with animation: "As you know, Gladstone, the late King Edward and Queen Victoria made many reputations in a day by a word, or a published stroke of their pens—although in the end only the great Critics and those who *know*, have the deciding voice. I neither expect anything, nor wish for anything, but the *reasoned* judgments of the 'best,' when, as in a Law Court, they are apprised of the case in hand, and called on to decide. This thing of mine is only an experiment to beguile the time; and to see if there be any way of bridging the gulf between the opinions of the 'few' and the 'many.' For the many, it may be observed, look more to the opinions of *outstanding individuals*, than to mere Press notices, however good, for their guidance—and if these Great Personalities, either themselves or through their accredited representatives, do not speak out, nothing will avail, unless, indeed, like Hazlitt, you go to your grave relying on—Posterity!"

"But how about the sales?" I inquired.

"I have not yet asked my publishers," he said,—somewhat ominously and downheartedly I thought. ●

"But if your scheme does not come off, will you, as the Tommies say 'be downhearted'?"

"Not I," he replied contemptuously. "Like Dr. Johnson, in his reply to Lord Chesterfield, I am tired, and do not care; I am old, and do not want the 'sweet voices' either of gods or men!"

This he said, I thought, very bitterly, as if in a mordant humour, for some cause or other, unusual with him. And then he went on with a more quiet seriousness of tone:

"It is only, as I have said, an experiment to beguile my time, and may serve as a warning or encouragement, as the case may be, to the young men coming on, as to what they ought to do or avoid; and of what value they are to attach to the views of the 'few' and the 'many.' But I still hold to my opinion, that this can only be brought to a head in the first instance by Advertisement—and then to watch what comes of it. Yes! by base, vulgar advertisement! Most of my books are now nearing the end of their existing editions, and I do not intend at my age, to republish them—and certainly not again at my own expense."

"But should these advertisements not succeed in lifting the veil of silence, and bridging the gulf—what then?"

"Then you may write my epitaph, and say:—'Here lies a Canadian who, coming to his Motherland in his youth, as to his literary home, felt that he had not received in the strictest and best sporting sense "fair play" from the *general* Literary World.' And say besides, that, although Landor even—the 'literary outcast' of his time, who had little but *abuse* for his contemporaries—could live long enough to say on his epitaph that he 'had warmed both hands at the fire of life, and now was ready to depart,' your Canadian friend had gone to his grave with both his hands frozen, and in silence and obscurity!"

## XII

### LETTERS TO THE PRESS

#### (1) A REPLY TO MY CRITICS

AFTER my debate with the Socialists in the *Fortnightly Review* some years ago I was interested to see how the different arguments and positions taken up by myself and my opponents were being received by the Socialist Press. But to my surprise, all were as silent as the grave; and throughout the whole period covered by the controversy, my Press-cutting agents only sent me one solitary expression of opinion! I thought this very strange, to say the least of it, especially as the debate was a kind of "full-dress" one, publicly conducted on the high stage of one of the first Reviews in the English-speaking world; and still more surprising when I noticed that during this whole period there was scarcely a debate between some local Clergyman or Politician on the one hand, and a greater or lesser "light" of Socialism on the other, but was noticed and commented on by the Socialist Press.

I was at first inclined to flatter myself that the reason for this silence of the Socialist Editors in my case was that they were not feeling quite sure that their chosen champions were getting the better of the argument! But, knowing the doughty nature of the Socialists and their intense conviction, I was compelled to come to the conclusion that this was



not the reason of the silence, but that the Editors felt that if attention were called to the debate, the gibes of the leaders *against each other* (for me they treated with all courtesy) would fire the whole Socialist camp, set each section in virulent antagonism to the rest, and do irreparable injury to the unity of the Socialist cause! And here, I think, they are wise. To take an instance or two. Mr. Blatchford in his reply to me is unable even to make a start until he has had his gibe at the Marxians. He tells the reader that his, the Clarionite, wing of Socialism has nothing whatever to do with Continental Socialism; that he himself had never read a line of Marx; and that "English Socialism is not Marxian, it is Humanitarian." So, too, Mr. Snowden, when he takes up the cudgels against me, cannot refrain from first letting me know that, in attacking Marx and the Social Democratic Federation, I am attacking theories as dead as "Joyce's Scientific Dialogues," and the "only Socialist organization in Britain that never learns and never forgets!"

It is little wonder, then, that when Mr. Belfort Bax's turn came to take up my challenge he should have had his firing irons heated up to the due pitch for those recreant "blacklegs," Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald; or that he should wind up his diatribe against them by declaring that the Socialism of these men and of their Parliamentary cohort, was neither more nor less than "a species of bastard Marxism!" On the other hand, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald finds his peculiar *bête noir* in a quite different wing of the Socialist camp—the Fabian; and he seems to have thought it the unkindest cut of all, that I should ever have imagined, that he could by any possibility be a Fabian!—although he admits that he was once a member of that "back-

stairs" body! And I doubt not it was a great relief to his feelings when he had once delivered himself of the gibe, that these Fabians imagined that Socialism was "to sneak in by backstairs, sit in a little bureau, and, partly by sleight-of-hand and partly by deceit, rule the country"; and more than that, that these men had been associated "with every reactionary movement, from Tory Education Bills to South African Wars, from Tariff Reform to Liberal Imperialism!"

The reader will, from all this, now see the reason why the Socialist Press, striving to keep the peace, should have let an impenetrable pall of silence fall on our controversy. Mr. Wells, meantime, who had stuck his blade into one after another of the leaders I have mentioned, and had, by the insinuating graces of his style, metaphorically "cut their throats with an oiled feather," although I had given him every excuse by my attack on him, sat silent and made no sign!

And now to come to the manner in which these Socialist leaders proceeded to handle me and my arguments. To begin with, I may say that they treated me with a courtesy and urbanity which rivalled that of the "most perfect gentle knights" of old! Mr. Blatchford, in fact, went so far as to say he was "sorry for me," presumably because I had got into such bad company! while Mr. Bax laid nearly all my sins at the doors of the *bourgeois* political associations from which I could not disentangle myself!

As for my arguments, well!—that was another matter. With the cry of the Socialist "street-corner" orators ringing in my ears, and with the Socialist Press backing them up in their stereotyped formula that "We, the working men, make all the surplus

wealth of the world, which the capitalists steal from us," I naturally assumed that it was only "Economic Justice" which the Socialist wanted. But I soon learned from Mr. Blatchford that I was entirely mistaken, and that this was not the point at all. The reader will probably share my surprise, even amazement, when he learns what Mr. Blatchford's idea of the matter is. He says, "As a human being I am not concerned for 'economic justice'; I want happiness; and as a human being I do not care whether my fellow creatures get economic justice or not, so long as they are happy"! and then winds up with, "I reject Dr. Crozier's scheme of 'economic justice' because it is not possible, and because it is not desirable"!

Not desirable! There, indeed, was a turning of the tables on me with a vengeance; for I had always imagined that if there was one thing more than another that was the cause of the misery of the world, it was the rankling sense of *injustice*; and that if one thing more than another was calculated to help men to bear the troubles and burdens of life, and give them some measure of comfort and consolation under them, it was the sense that at least they were being *justly* treated. Accordingly in my dilemma I appealed to some of my young Socialist friends of the "street corner" near where I live, as to what they thought of this pronouncement of Mr. Blatchford's. "Rubbish!" said they, "we feared he would give our cause away by sentimentalism"! and then added, "the only men in whom we have confidence are Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Belfort Bax, or better still, a man more or less unknown to the general public—Mr. John Fitzgerald." I accordingly requested Mr. Hyndman to take up my challenge. He refused, but Mr. Bax at once accepted.

How, then, did Mr. Bax reply to me? Practically by denying that I *understood* Marx at all! And yet I had not only mastered Marx's book (as I thought) twenty years ago, but, when writing my "Wheel of Wealth," in which I deal with him, had re-read him most carefully, as well as the expositions of him in the various works of Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Bax themselves. And what I said of Marx's doctrine in my article is precisely what *they* had been saying all the time! What Mr. Bax could not forgive me for was, that I had lifted the veil from what Marx was most solicitously anxious to conceal;—namely, the *supreme* part played in Wealth-production by the great Scientists and Inventors, without whom, and the great organizing Capitalists, the present Population of Working men would have been impossible; as indeed, without the Machines there would not have been enough produce to keep them alive. As mere "hands" attending on the Machines, they would merely "eat their heads off." The Machines and their Organization, that is to say, the Inventors and the organizing Capitalists, are almost everything in Modern Industry; those merely *attending on the machines and working them*, are in comparison but hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Mr. Bax, whose whole theme is *Economic Justice* in the division of the products of Industry (and not like Mr. Blatchford's happy-go-lucky, take-what-you-need "happiness") cannot get out of this, wriggle as he may. What he does is, like Mr. Blatchford, to seize on a phrase I happened to use,—"strict economic justice, neither more nor less"—and pretending to think that I was speaking of a "bank ledger" justice, where accounts have to be settled to a *fraction of a penny* (instead of the broad "economic justice" of great Political Masses or Classes in a State), asks me,

triumphantly, how I am going to arrange my arithmetic for this calculation !

Now I protest that this sort of thing is very poor ; —and beyond it there is nothing in either of them for me to answer. So that (to sum up their respective attitudes) we may figure Mr. Blatchford as standing at his *Clarion* Office window blessing his followers, while showering down on them the *entire* proceeds of his valuable Newspaper over and above what is necessary for his own modest bread and cheese ; while his *followers* themselves, educated up to it by him, stand receiving his largesses in the court-yard below, but with as punctilious a chivalry and courtesy in refusing to press forward, each his claim as against the rest, as if they were gallants bowing deferentially to one another in going in or out of a drawing-room, "After you, please !"

Mr. Bax, on the other hand, we should have to figure as a Moustachioed Sergeant walking up and down the factories and workshops of the world, and after having put the Inventors and Capitalists under hatches, challenging all comers to deny that all this wealth that they see being turned out is the product of the Workmen alone ; and before releasing his captives from arrest, insisting that they shall be paid at the *same* rate per hour, as the humblest hodman or picker up of broken cotton threads in the concern ! Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Bax represent, then, the two extreme poles of Socialism ;—the first a millennial Utopia of all the human virtues in full flower ; the second, a regime of *Economic injustice* rigorously enforced, and elevated into a Religion !

Compared with these dreamers, Mr. Snowden and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald are *reasonable* human beings, and have given me little or nothing to reply to. Like Mr. Blatchford, they agree with me in all my

essential positions, but straightway give them so violent a twist in the Socialist direction as to be almost unrecognizable.

Mr. Snowden, for example, asserts that *my* "statement of the true theory of Human Evolution is the accepted Socialist theory of human evolution too"! Good heavens! But if so, how comes it that I am in the field against him and the Independent Labour Party? Is it that I have gone mad myself, as Asylum doctors and nurses are said to do from too intimate a contact with the distracted conflicting delusions of their patients!

As for Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, his criticism of me was rather one of *pace* than of *principle*; and in my rigorous insistence on the principle of Evolution in Politics, as in other things, he quite agrees with me. But, whereas I contended that he and his Labour Party, in so far as they clung to their Trade Unionism, were getting as much for themselves as they could possibly expect at the *present* stage of Industrial Development; he was attempting illegitimately to jump the element of Time, and to force the pace by coquetting with the Mazzian Socialism with which, as we have seen, he has in principle nothing in common. And I predicted that if he did not resolutely cut himself off from these Utopian Extremists, the moment they were forced to take action in common, on some concrete Political Problem, they would, like the Girondins and the Mountain, be at one another's throats in a fortnight; inasmuch as any bond between them could only be one of phrases, such as "the communal ownership of all the instruments of production, distribution, and exchange," and the like, which, however true for a Millennial time, are not within the sight of the most powerful political telescope of to-day.

And are not my predictions coming true? When

P

Mr. Grayson, with a mixture of sentimentalism borrowed from the Clarionites and a physical force appeal drawn from the original propaganda of the Marxians, stamped his foot, and, melodramatically crushing his hat on his head, stalked out of the House of Commons in affected disgust, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his Party, instead of backing him up, felt obliged to repudiate him. Even Mr. Keir Hardie has had to cut himself (and I presume his party) adrift at once from Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Grayson, and Mr. Hyndman.

(2) THE SPIRIT OF VENDETTA IN PARTY  
POLITICS

*The Daily Mail*, Monday, January 4, 1909

The first definite indication I remember of the "new spirit" was some years ago, when Lord Morley in a public speech, referring to the fact that the Conservatives, who had recently come into power on a purely "khaki vote," were contemplating using their enormous majority for such extraneous and unauthorized purposes as Tariff Reform, the extension of Church privileges in Education, and the like, let fall the hasty and doubtless unconsidered remark, that when a Party came into Power on any platform whatever, it had the right to table any programme it chose, however new and unexpected it might be, and however remote from the main issue which had brought the Party into power, and to force it through Parliament by a brute majority of votes!

Here, I thought to myself, is a *principle* which if it gets rope enough, will bring the already shaky credit of Parliamentary Party Government into bankruptcy within a generation—and coming, too, from

John Morley of all people! But I reflected that it was from John Morley the Party politician, not from John Morley the student of Burke, and watched to see what would come of it.

#### MR. BALFOUR'S STRATEGY.

I had not long to wait, for before many months had passed, Mr. Balfour, rubbing his hands with glee at the free hand thus given him by so wary and far-sighted a Statesman as Mr. Morley, proceeded to push his Party interests to their extreme limits, and to stretch the antagonism between Church and Dissent, the Public and Publicans, and other issues, to the points at which they had stood, say, a good fifty years before; thus violating the first principle of sound Evolutionary Statesmanship—namely, never to widen any old antagonism when once closed, except under the supremest necessity. Otherwise we should soon return to that *vendetta* in political life which in private family life in Sicily, Corsica, and parts of the American continent still exists centuries after having been banished from all civilized States.

But Mr. Balfour had got his cue, and we all know what happened. Church schools with distinctive teaching were quartered on the rates; the Dissenters, alarmed and disgusted, put themselves under the leadership of Dr. Clifford in resistance; and he (quite naturally as a Party politician), in his reaction against this new spirit which had shown itself, straightway took the shortest cut to his end by himself simply refusing, and advising his followers to refuse, to pay these rates. It was evident that the *vendetta* had begun its work; but what concerned me as a Non-party man was that this virus of the political *vendetta* was unconsciously and stealthily insinuating itself



into the Body Politic unperceived ; and had already got much deeper than the mere skin, while no more notice was being taken of it than if it had been a recognized incident in the ordinary Party game, which, as we shall presently see, it had never been.

#### SPREAD OF THE VIRUS.

For in this refusal to pay the Rates we were touching the very vitals of all government whatever—its Public Services—and were coming dangerously near the Russian jurisdiction of the Military and Police—a thing quite different from anything yet seen in the gentlemanly, peaceful jurisdiction of a House of Commons vote, or even in the rough-and-tumble horse-play of the hustings, with its occasional brick-bats thrown in! Meanwhile, the steady-going *Spectator* itself had absorbed some of the virus ; for it plainly told the Dissenters, I remember, that if they did not pay the rates Mr. Balfour would know how to deal with them—as if, indeed, it were only the rowdyism of boys around the street-corner that was afoot, instead of being the indignant revolt of half the population of England! Having fired off this blunderbuss in its excitement, however, it then, when matters began to look threatening, “lay low,” and resumed its usual moderate tone again ; but the affront nevertheless involved the vendetta and, if pushed, civil war in the streets ; and I wondered at the time what next would happen. It was evident that the old timber of Parliamentary tradition was speedily becoming mere matchwood, and when the irrelevant and irresponsible Suffragettes began presently to make a bonfire of it, dancing around it and blowing on it with their bellows just “for the fun of the thing,” this again, although its significance was

concealed by the amusement it afforded, was nevertheless a real symptom of the new disease.

#### THE SOCIALISTS FALL VICTIMS TO IT.

The virus of the "vendetta" was apparently being not only actively absorbed, but becoming rapidly *contagious* as well. The next to move were the Socialists of the extreme left wing, who had always been in principle revolutionary and advocates of Physical Force, and who, seeing their chance in the new spirit that had arisen, boldly came forward to voice it and to give it further definition and extension. Mr. Grayson, accordingly, at the first sign of opposition to his demands, jumped up on the floor of the House of Commons, clapped down his hat on his head like another Cromwell, and stalking out of the House re-echoed the *Spectator's* original threat; but this time it was his "ragged regiment" and tail of derelicts from the slums who would know how to deal with the dotards of that old and impotent Assembly!

It was a melodramatic abortive freak, no doubt, but the infectious new spirit of the political vendetta was visible enough through it. And, as I write, the virus still continues to work. For only the other day a writer in the *Daily Mail*, signing himself "A City Man," seriously proposed that as the Income-tax payers in the kingdom were a sufficiently numerous body, nothing could be easier for them than to combine when their "henroosts" were threatened—and refuse to pay the tax!

#### AND MR. LLOYD-GEORGE.

This is precisely what I expected would occur sooner or later, but having reached this hare-brained flight I imagined it would rest there a while until

still more of the virus had had time to absorb. But no; for on the same night of this article Mr. Lloyd-George himself appeared on the scene, and in a speech to his Welsh fellow-countrymen, instead of "sprinkling cool patience" on their ardent spirits, capped the climax by "going one better" than the "City Man" himself; and suggested to them that it might just be possible for them, if closely pressed—but within the limits of the Law, of course—neither to pay Rates to alien Church schools nor Tithes to that alien Church itself—unless they chose!

Now, if this is not to bring England within sight of the musket, and of Anarchism passing in the weary old round to Despotism again, then History and Civilization have nothing to teach us. In four or five years, then, from the time that John Morley dropped his casual and unconsidered remark into the political seed-field, it had come to this—and this, too, from a Minister of the Crown! It was not so, I repeat, in the days when England became the model of combined Order and Liberty for all nations. Never in the history of the long struggle between the Aristocracy and the People, when the former were the ruling power in the State, did they attempt to reverse or snatch back again what they had once lost in a fair and square fight—not even in the case of the Corn Laws, the abolition of which touched the pockets of every man of them in the kingdom. And the consequence was that the width of antagonism between them, like opposite converging lines, became ever the narrower as time went on, bringing union and healing with it, instead of hatred, distraction, and division.

This is the essence of what I mean by true Evolutionary Statesmanship in Party government—ever more and more *compromise*—and no vendetta.

(3) SOME DANTEAN NEW YEAR'S POLITICAL  
WARNINGS[To the Editor of the *Spectator*]

SIR,—As a constant reader of the *Spectator* for nearly forty years, I have often during that period wished to give expression to an inward complacency of mine to the effect that we, your readers, were somehow or other a class apart; a kind of "chosen people"; all of us like the Ancient Greeks, philosophers in our way—in a word, Intellectual Aristocrats; and I particularly loved to figure ourselves as persons whose opinions on Politics, diverse as they might be, were the result of calm reflection, and not of mere Party shibboleths; of "reasoned conviction" as Lord Morley used to call it; and that we were the slaves neither of Custom, Authority, Routine, nor Family Tradition.

Now this intellectual attitude, which I liked to feel was the bond of your readers, has, I venture to think (and especially since the War) been heightened by the spirit of *initiative*, which the *Spectator* has taken; inasmuch as it had not waited, cap-in-hand, for the *imprimatur* of Parliament, or its routine in-and-out Ministries, but has boldly seized the initiative itself on all questions of the day as they arose; and has given us a provisional scheme of its own, to break our wits upon in advance;—for which, I trust, many of your readers beside myself, must have felt abundantly grateful.

What, then, is the object of this letter? It is to take advantage of the New Year's usual call for calm reflection on the larger issues of the Past and the Future; and to suggest to your readers' consideration, a few points bearing on the wider problems of

the War. For this purpose, I have dipped into the old rag-bag of my books, written years ago, to see how far any of their points, unnoticed at the time, will now stand the strain. If you will allow their introduction to your readers, I will promise to be as brief, if not as terse, as Tacitus himself.

The first larger proposition which I should like your readers to consider with me is what I have elsewhere called : "The primal curse of mixing tribes or nations antagonistic in Race, Colour, or Creed, on the *same area of political soil*"—a proposition to which at the time I could only think of two men who would have given me a general all-round assent—the late Lord Cromer and Sir Francis Younghusband—each from his large Historical knowledge, punctuated by his special experience as an Administrator working for years in regions where these unhallowed mixtures abound. What, then, were my examples ?

(1) The mixing of the Negroes with the Whites in America—with the Negro vote (given under the dream of Absolute Equality) but having to be withdrawn at last by jugglery and political fraud. And with result of it all, what ? In Morals—the raping of White women by Blacks ; and in Law—lynching, and sometimes even the stake !

(2) The mixing of Catholics and Protestants in Ireland—a deadly antagonism, with the impossibility of any reconciliation or Political union except under the shadow of the sword—while all the rest of the Anglo-Saxon world is free.

(3) The mixing of the Jews everywhere on the Continent—some persecuted ; the rest of the Ghetto, by their stiff-necked clinging to their religion, bereaved of all but hope ; waiting by the waters of Babylon in eternal patience, without a Promised Land or a home.

(4) But worse than all,—the mixing and confounding of all these antagonisms alike, Racial and Religious—in the Balkans—not only the *immediate* occasion of the War, but (with the Germans in the background as conspirators) the *means* at hand of pushing it on for Germany's ultimate ends.

The above are *remote and historical*; and their effects, except by shooting whole nations in platoons, as irreversible as Fate. The pity of it all!

But what shall we say of those who with these warnings before them—seeing, but not perceiving, and hearing but not understanding—would do the same thing again to-morrow; and would mix you antagonistic Races with the same *insouciance* and light-hearted complacency, as they would the ingredients of a pudding; imagining it would improve not only the flavour, but the consistency and political digestibility of the mass! It seems incredible; but here are two examples for our warning within the last decade or so—both of which might well fill us with despair.

(1) The first was the hope, indeed the conviction, of all the Western nations, and of all their Political Parties, that the Proclamation of the "Young Turks" to give their Subject-races a "Constitution," would bring in a millennium in the Balkan East—not by the mere good-will expressed, but by that blessed word, "Constitution," which was thrown over them all alike, as a shining canopy, with a legend, "Political Justice" white-painted on it; by means of whose magic efficacy, these wolves and lambs, cats and dogs, hawks and pigeons, would, as in a Barnum's "Happy Family," all lie down for the future peaceably together! But as Hans Breitmann would say: Where is that Constitution now? Or where, indeed, was it long before the War—with these mixed and rival races, still spitting

in each other's faces in the streets, as they passed?—"Constitution" and all!

(2) But worse than this, and in spite of all the lessons of History, was the proposal to import Asiatics into the Transvaal after the Boer War. This proposition was opposed by the Pontiffs of Abstract Political Equality—on what ground, thinks the reader? That they were not to be allowed, as even the Negroes in America were, to have full Civic Equality; the Ballot-box and its collaterals; and (horror of horrors!) the promiscuous Intermarriage of this mingled herd of Chinese, Japanese. Whites and Blacks—even if in the ensuing ages the landscape were piled up from earth to sky with their half-breeds;—with Mr. Wells beating the big drum, since then (in his "Modern Utopia"), in behalf of this gentle persuader to harmony and peace!

Now, what shall we do with these Utopian Mixers of Races, should they again raise their heads after the War? Something Dantean, I fear! Personally, I am a harmless, easy-going individual, but politically—well, I would relegate them to one of the lower regions of the "Inferno"; as the appropriate companions of those whom Dante kept under the pitch and mud, with demons armed with forks prodding them down again as they arose!

And as for those who appeal to "Eternal Justice" in this cause—I should put them (for their impiety in attempting to superintend Providence) in the same circle, but upside down; with their body and legs free, in token of their well-meaning and high aspirations; but with their heads under, to prevent them from ever using again their tongues and pens in that cause!

My second warning would be to those who in any land, should ever mention again that thrice-accursed

word—*Laissez-faire*—from devotion to which not all the oburgations of Carlyle have been able to move them a jot for fifty years; but whom the War has not only awakened from their dream, but after striking into silence, has extinguished. They are *already* in the Inferno—a melancholy gang, moving in slow funereal procession, pale, and as if in despair, and with their heads hooded. There they are, moving along, carrying their bankrupt doctrines hidden under their cloaks—their “Do Nothing,” “Let all drift,”—in the sight of the “Slackers,” the “Not good form to be keen-ers,” and all the other dead dogs and cats the war has thrown into the stream—all jostling along; with the followers of John Bright in the rear carrying in their pockets test tubes to guard against poison! under the blessed text of their master, “Let the buyer beware” for “Adulteration is only another form of Competition!”—and all attended by the wails of the herds who in their devotion have been poisoned by this paralysing Political drug. But as the War has already destroyed them as completely as the English Administration in India did Thuggee—what can we do with them but, with Dante, hasten on, and avert our eyes as we pass;—in the hope that they will leave no progeny!

I am, Sir, etc.,

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER (LL.D.).

*Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, S.W.*

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## (4) THE CONSOLATIONS OF THE CLASSICS

[To the Editor of the *Spectator*]

SIR,—Your contributor "S." in the last number of the *Spectator* tells us that "the learned scholars in the most learned of the Colleges of Oxford" informed him that "he who cannot read the Classics in the original must be wholly unable to appreciate any literature, Ancient or Modern, in the true sense." I should like to support "S." in the gently satirical remarks which sum up his article—namely, that they have forgotten that they themselves did not profess to know a word of the Hebrew in which the prose and poetry of their own Bible was written, except through the medium of our translated Authorized Version; and, further, that they had forgotten that Shakespeare himself knew little or nothing of the Classics in the original. I should like, as I have said, to support "S." in all this, and further to ask these learned gentlemen the following questions:—

(1) How the pupil who has to learn Latin, for example, from Horace, Virgil, Sallust, Juvenal, and the rest (over and above his simple Caesar) is to get the finer flavours and distinctions of the original by creeping blindfolded backwards and forwards for their meaning, through the mazes of separate words, let alone their logic, their delicacies and *nuances* of phrase and sentiment, their finer penetrations, their psychological analyses, the connexions and harmonies either of their Odes, their Epistles, their Satires, their Orations, their Dialogues, or of their books themselves. It is simply impossible, and for the most of us would be hopeless in our short and strenuous lives. I know it, for "I have been there," as the Americans say, and lost many valuable years when I look back at the

results attained. You might as well expect to see the laws or beauty of a circle by creeping along from stage to stage among the *separate* points of its circumference; or the *round* configuration of our globe by walking along its flat streets or over the open country; or, again, the *beauty* of a face by applying the microscope to each inch of its contour or skin! (2) Have our Classical scholars, our Bentleys and Porsons, our Professor Jebb or Professor Jowett, found that their mere Classical proficiency has added an inch to their stature as either poets, prose-writers, or philosophers, in their *own* tongue? Not at all. They are mere respectable mediocrities all. And if not for them, with their exclusive Classical specialism, what do we imagine it can do for the great mass of all-round cultivated men, whether in prose or verse? (3) Unless the pupils of these Classical specialists are above the ambition of the contributors to the "Poets' Corner" of a newspaper, or of the host of Board School grammarians of the suburbs into whose hands Horace felt with horror his own books would fall in their last degradation! who, I ask, are the pupils of these Classical experts whom they hope to turn into "literary men," when they themselves in their own language have never pretended to have a more than second- or third-rate rank? What I myself got from the great Classical authors, all of whom I read before settling down to my own work, was mainly Historical, as from Herodotus, Thucydides, and Tacitus; or Social, as from Aristophanes, Horace, and Juvenal; or Political and Philosophical, from Plato and Aristotle; all of whom can be read in good translations without any detriment to their full meaning or sense. As for the Classical Poets, with their sweetness and verbal harmonies, and their verbal makeshifts to meet the necessities of their metre, and all the insincerities and

want of directness consequent on it, they became at last to me, as Carlyle had at last to say of his own beloved Tennyson's later books, an intolerable weariness. Shakespeare, of course, in the invariable precision of his words to his thoughts, escapes this censure; as also Shelley, Keats, and Burns in their Odes, which sing themselves in the absolute precision and appropriateness of their words; and none of these men owed anything to their Classical scholarship. I have sometimes been asked why I did not write a little book on Education as a completion of my Historical studies. I have always been obliged to reply, "Where is my audience; where (as this article will portend) find listeners from the entrenched—from the School Board teachers up to the University Dons?" But the following in the rough, I would venture to suggest, now that the discussion has been raised by "S." :—

- (1) Let a set of men with a special turn for Classical *research* be set apart in every University as a school for specialists in that department, down to the last scrap of Classical knowledge, as in Germany, and as we are now doing everywhere in Physical Science.
- (2) Let the ordinary Professor, who has often had to complain to me that he has not time for original research, or indeed for anything but teaching young men; let him take his knowledge at second hand from these high "researchers" of the Classics in their secluded topmost story, as subalterns in war do from their Colonels, and these again from their Generals, and the Generals again from the Staff.
- (3) But most important of all, let the great mass of the young men who go up to the Universities previous to their entrance on the work of life; let them before going up to College, and when there, read the great Classics in the most approved *prose translations*. These will give them (even in the old series of Bohn's translations,

with their notes) all that they will afterwards practically want to know about the ancient world. They can, if they like, and have a genius for it, *specialize* on the subtleties of texts and of the *nuance* of phrase and rhythm ; but if not, what they will not know of the Classics or find useful for them in their after life in the world will, strictly speaking, be hardly worth knowing.—I am, Sir, etc.,

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(5) "ABIDE WITH ME"

[To the Editor of the *Spectator*]

SIR,—*A propos* of Mr. Hankey's book, his untimely death, and your kindly reference to my sympathy with his writings, I may say that since this cruel war has pressed so closely on the hearts and consciences of men, I have been often asked by my friends how I *now* feel on the subject of Religion. I have been obliged to answer quite frankly, that although in my books I have maintained that both the Order of Nature and the Progress of Civilization *pointed* to a God—and absolutely negated the idea of a merely brute, impersonal, Materialistic Force—I could never get this pale and somewhat watery Theism of mine close enough to my heart to become a living and life-giving reality. It never influenced by a jot my strictly *scientific* studies—which was right and proper. Neither did it affect my *character*, one way or another, whether for good or evil; so that beyond my own purely *private* resolve to do "the decent thing" in my *personal* relations with

my fellow-men, I have remained, like my great Stoic masters—Marcus Aurelius, Seneca, and Epicurus—a Pagan. I could not, like my “converted” Christian friends, get the “immediate assurance of God” close enough to my own *particular* mind or heart; and so could not, like them, walk erect, free, and unimpeded through the world, without trailing some of the mere expediencies and compliances of the world with me. This I have always felt deeply, and regretted; and this is why I wrote to Mr. Hankey that he at least had got hold of “the right end of the stick” for his unencumbered walk through life; while I was still stranded and orphaned on the shore—and without a home. With Tennyson, I could never get beyond a Providence that looks after the *races* of animals and men with a more than maternal solicitude and care, backed by every conceivable *intellectual* mechanism and device; but a Providence that never seemed to me to be in touch with the *individual* animal or man.

But lately—whether it is because I am getting old, and more or less world-weary, or more sentimental—I have found, curiously enough, a real harmony, both *intellectual and emotional*, in a single simple Hymn. It is that, to me, most sweet and tenderly beautiful of all hymns, “Abide with me.” And the reason is that it is entirely *believable* by all of us—Christian, Pagan, Theist, or Agnostic—in its recognition of an Unchangeable Something, below, above, or within the unceasing flux, change, and decay, both in Nature and in Human Life. It is a Religion in which Intellect is touched with Emotion (for it is intellectually undeniable); as against Matthew Arnold’s “Morality touched with Emotion.” Indeed, it includes Morality—as is seen in the *balances*, everywhere kept, even and level, between all the *races* of animals at each

particular period of the world ; as well as in the *conscience* in man, and is summed up in the second verse of the hymn :

“ Earth’s joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;  
Change and decay in all around I see :  
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me ! ”

This climax, and union at once of aspiration, hope, and real intuition in the hymn, I can truly say, is all the *religious* comfort I can now personally hope to expect in this world ; and I have often wondered what your old and constant readers—comprising those of every form of religion and belief—would think about it. I am quite aware that it is more especially adapted for poor human souls past their meridian, and ageing to their setting ; and not for the young, the adventurous, the ambitious, and the aspiring spirits who have to do the rough work of the world. But to these, too, I can recommend it—as Mr. Hankey in his more immediate and personal way has done—as a real, and not fictitious, background and reserve—an “ Old Guard ” on which to fall, in the unknown and unforeseeable contingencies and catastrophes of life. His has the warm and personal glow ; mine the colder reflection only.

Of course, I am also aware that the World-Problem is not to be settled offhand in an article—as a now old and reverend philosopher once said kindly to me in my youth and conceit, “ You cannot expect to solve the Problem of the World in twenty pages ! ”

I am, Sir, etc.,

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER, LL.D.

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